

This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

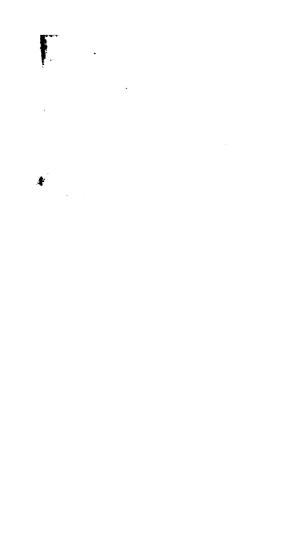
We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + Refrain from automated querying Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at http://books.google.com/

HARVARD DIVINITY SCHOOL Indover-Harvard Theological Library





Evangelical Zutheran Church.

Vargelical Judican

A Physical St. S.

BY AUTHORITY OF

THE MINISTERIUM OF PERSON



BV 410 ·187 1865

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year BY FREDERIC M. BIRD,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the 1 District of Pennsylvania. angelical Lutheran Ministerium of Pennat its Annual Meeting in 1863, appointed the with instructions to prepare a Churchich should contain such portions of its as are necessary for the regular Sunday Luther's Small Catechism, the Augsburg on, and an ample Selection of Hymns, with reference to the doctrine and usages of our. The present Collection of Hymns has been d by the Committee in the partial discharge luty assigned them. In order that the Colmight receive the most careful revision behould be issued in permanent form, the Syndau the Committee to have a small number of the present of the member of the same of the member of the same of the same of the member of the same of the s

PREFACE.

Church, which fully satisfies the wants of our Congregations." The Synod desires to secure the cooperation of such as are thus minded in the revision of this Collection. The Committee has endeavored to make a thorough and careful examination of all the treasures of English hymnology, original and translated, in order to select the hymns of highest literary excellence, restricted by a positive rule that no hymn should be admitted which is in conflict with the doctrine, spirit, or usages of the Lutheran Church. In order that the highest attainable excellence with regard to both these points may be secured, the Committee invite the co-operation and criticisms of those persons in any part of our Church who agree in spirit with them. Suggestions relative to any feature or portion of the book will be gladly received and fully considered.

The translations of German Hymns seem to demand especial examination. The preference has always been given to translations in the measure of the original, when of equal literary merit with others; but of a number of hymns included in this Collection, no satisfactory translation retaining the original measure could be found. Indeed, the extent to which the structure and genius of the English language allow the adoption of the varied and peculiar verse measures of German hymns is an interesting question. It is probable that our Luberan Congregations, familiar with the German

F

chorals, can use a larger number of translations than would be possible to others, and thus introduce them into more general use. The Committee hope that they may be favored with the opinion of those interested in this subject.

The date which accompanies the author's name, appended to each hymn, indicates the year in which the hymn was written or first published, so far as known; except when the letter d. is prefixed to the numerals, pointing out the date of the author's death. The letter a. following a date, suggests that the original text has been more or less altered. When a hymn is of Greek, Latin, or German origin, the name of the English translator is given first, and that of the original author (when known) in a line below, prefixed by Tr.

Any communications with reference to the Book should be sent to the Rev. Frederic M. Bird, Darby Road hear Locust St., West Philadelphia.

While this edition is intended chiefly for the use of members of the Pennsylvania Synod, and of others disposed to co-operate with us in the preparation and use of the Book, a limited number of copies are for sale, and can be obtained by addressing Mr. Bird, as above.

September 23, 1865.



CONTENTS.

ı.—wo	RSHIP.								H
(Praise an General I	Petiti	on	kegi •	ving		•		
	The Lord				•		•		•
	Public W			•		•		•	
,	Close of	wors	nıp)	•		•		•
п.—до	D	•		•		•		•	
III.—cr	EATION A	ND PI	ROV	IDE	NCE.				
(Creation								
	Providenc								
	The Mini	stry	of.	Ang	els		•		•
IV.—six	AND REI	EMP	TIO	N.				•	
v.—TH	E CHURCE	YEA	B.						
	Advent								
4	Christma	5						•	
	New Year	r							
	Epiphany	7						•	
	Example	and	Tes	chii	ng o	f C	hris	ť	
	The Pass			•				•	
	Passion V						•		
	Good Fri			•		•			
	Easter E	ve	•		•		•		
	Easter	•		•		•			
	1scension		•		• -		:		
c	brist's B	ingo	lon	n an	d P	ries	th		
P_1	Bise to	Chri	вŧ						

77 73 3 44 3 37 44		
Her Foundation and Natu		. 258
Her Protection and Defend	ce, (Festiva	al
of the Reformation)	•	263
The Communion of Saint	8 .	. 272
The Ministry .		283
The House of God .		. 290
Missions	•	294
VII.—THE MEANS OF GRACE.		
The Word of God .		. 309
Baptism [and Confirmation	an l	316
The Lord's Supper .	•••]	. 325
The Lord's Supper .	•	. 320
II THE ORDER OF SALVATION.		
· Calling		340
Repentance	_	. 349
Faith and Justification		361
Peace and Joy .	•	389
1 cace and soy .	•.	•
-SANCTIFICATION		

∀ iii	C	ONTEN	rs.			
x. —	THE CROSS AND	CONFO	RT.			
XI	VARIOUS OCCASIO	NS.				
	National Harvest . The Family— Children Private Devot		ng :	and	eve	ning
x 11.—	DEATH AND ETER	NITY.				
	Preparation for Burial . Resurrection Judgment Heaven	or Dea	th :			

DOXOLOGIES.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid, Made us of clay, and formed us men; And when like wandering sheep we stray He brought us to His fold again.

3 We are His people, we His care, Our souls and all our mortal frame: What lasting honors shall we rear, Almighty Maker, to Thy Name?

4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful song High as the heavens our voices raise; And earth, with her ten thousand tongues Shall fill Thy courts with sounding prai

5 Wide as the world is Thy command, Vast as eternity Thy Love; Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely On Israel's God, who made the sky, And earth, and seas, with all their train. His truth forever stands secure; He saves the opprest, He feeds the poor; And none shall find His promise vain.

3 The Lord gives eye-sight to the blind; The Lord supports the sinking mind; He sends the laboring conscience peace: He helps the stranger in distress, The widow and the fatherless, And grants the prisoner sweet release.

4 I'll praise Him while He lends me breath; And when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall employ my nobler powers. My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life and thought and being last, Or immortality endures. Watte. 1719. α.

PSALM 95.

S. M.

1 Come, sound His praise abroad, And hymns of glory sing! Jehovah is the sovereign God, The universal King.

2 He formed the deeps unknown; He gave the seas their bound; The watery worlds are all His own,

And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at His throne;
Come, bow before the Lord.

We are His works, and not our own; He formed us by His word.

4 To-day attend His voice, Nor dare provoke His rod; Come, like the people of His choice And own your gracious Go

3

His mercy melts the stubborn soul, And makes the broken spirit whole.

- 3 Great is our Lord, and great His might, And all His glories infinite; He crowns the meek, rewards the just, And treads the wicked to the dust.
- 4 His saints are lovely in His sight;
 He views His children with delight;
 He sees their hope, He knows their fear,
 And finds and loves His image there.

 Watts. 1719. a.

PSALM 145.

C. M.

1 Long as I live, I'll bless Thy Name, God of eternal love! My work and joy shall be the same, In the bright world above.

a n

- 4 Fathers to sons shall teach Thy Nam And children learn Thy ways; Ages to come Thy truth proclaim, And nations sound Thy praise.
- 5 Thy glorious deeds of ancient date Shall through the world be known Thine arm of power, Thy heavenly s With public splendor shown.
- 6 The world is managed by Thy hands Thy saints are ruled by love; And Thine eternal kingdom stands, Though rocks and hills remove. Watts.

PSALM 145.

- 1 My God, my King, Thy various pra Shall fill the remnant of my days: Thy grace employ my humble tongu-Till death and glory raise the song.
- 2 The wings of every hour shall bear Some thankful tribute to Thine ear; And every setting sun shall see New works of duty done for Thee.
- 3 But who can speak Thy wondrous do Thy greatness all our thoughts excee Vast and unsearchable Thy ways, Vast and immortal be Thy praise.

 Watts.

Te Deum Laudamus.

1 THEE we adore, eternal Lord!
We praise Thy Name with one according to the saints, who here Thy goodness
Through all the world do worship!

6

AAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

Lee aloud all angels cry, heavens and all the powers on high: ee, holy, holy, holy King, ord God of hosts, they ever sing.

The apostles join the glorious throng: The prophets swell the immortal song; Thy martyrs' noble army raise Eternal anthems to Thy praise.

4 From day to day, O Lord, do we Highly exalt and honor Thee! Thy Name we wors to and adore, World without end, for evermore!

Lise

eed:

eds.

u e

5 Vouchsafe, O Lord, we humbly pray,
To keep us safe from sin this day;
Have mercy, Lord! we trust in Thee;
Oh, let us no'er confounded be!
From Thomas Cotterill. 1810.

Nun danket alle Gott.

6, 7.

- 1 Now thank we all our God,
 With grateful hearts and voices,
 Who wondrous things hath done,
 In whom His earth rejoices;
 Who from our mother's arms
 Hath blessed us on our way
 With countless gifts of love,
 And still is ours to-day.
- 2 O may this bounteous God
 Through all our life be near us,
 With ever joyful hearts
 And blessed peace to cheer us;
 And keep us in His grace,
 And guide us when perplexed,
 And free us from all ills,
 In this world and the next.



WORSHIP,

3 All praise and thanks to God
The Father, now be given,
The Son, and Him who reigns
With Them in highest heaven;
The One eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore;

Whom earth and heaven adore; For thus it was, is now, And shall be evermore!

> Catherine Winkworth. 18 Tr. Martin Rinckart. 16.

9

- 1 Holy, holy, holy Lord! Be Thy glorious Name adored. Lord, Thy mercies never fail: Hail, celestial Goodness, hail!
- 2 Though unworthy, Lord, Thine ear, Deign our humble songs to hear. Purer praise we hope to bring, When around Thy throne we sing.
- 3 There no tongue shall silent be; All shall join in harmony; That through heaven's capacious round Praise to Thee may ever sound.
- 4 Lord, Thy mercies never fail: Hail, celestial Goodness, hail! Holy, holy, holy Lord! Be Thy glorious Name adored.

Unknown. 17

10

I Songs of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake, and it was done.

PRAISE AND THANKSGI

songs of praise awoke the m When the Prince of Peace we Songs of praise arose, when Captive led captivity.

- 3 Heaven and earth must pass Songs of praise shall crown t God will make new heavens a Songs of praise shall hail the
- 4 And shall man alone be duml Till that glorious kingdom co No;—the Church delights to Psalms, and hymns, and song
- 5 Saints below, with heart and Still in songs of praise rejoic Learning here, by faith and l Songs of praise to sing above
- 6 Borne upon their latest breatl Songs of praise shall conquer Then, amidst eternal joy, Songs of praise their powers James Mon



- 4 For Thy Providence, that governs
 Through Thine empire's wide domain;
 Wings an angel, guides a sparrow:
 Blessed be Thy gentle reign.
- 5 But Thy rich, Thy free Redemption, Dark through brightness all along; Thought is poor, and poor expression: Who dare sing that awful song!
- 6 From the highest throne in glory To the Cross of deepest woe! All to ransom guilty captives! Flow, my praise, forever flow.

Robert Robinson, 1778.

12

CM.

- 1 What shall I render to my God For all His gifts to me? Sing, heaven and earth, rejoice and praise His glorious majesty.
- 2 0 let me praise Thee while I live, And praise Thee when I die, And praise Thee when I rise again, And to eternity.
- 3 Mysterious depths of endless love, Our admiration raise: My God, Thy Name exalted is Far above all our praise.

John Mason. 1683.

13

. C. M.

1 While Thee I seek, protecting Power!

Be my vain wishes stilled;

And may this consecrated hour

With better hopes be filled.

PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

Thy Love the powers of thought bestowed;
To Thee my thoughts would soar.
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed:
That mercy I adore.

In each event of life, how clear Thy ruling Hand I see! Each blessing to my soul more dear, Because conferred by Thee.

In every joy that crowns my days, In every pain I bear, My heart shall find delight in praise, Or seek relief in prayer.

When gladness wings my favoured hour, Thy Love my thoughts shall fill: Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower, My soul shall meet Thy will.

My lifted eye, without a tear,
The lowering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear:
That heart shall rest on Thee!
Helen Maria Williams. 1788.

С. М.

When all Thy mercics, 0 my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.
Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;

And, after death, in distant worlds, The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and night Divide Thy works no more, My ever grateful heart, O Lord, Thy mercy shall adore.

5 Through all eternity to Thee A joyful song I'll raise: But oh! eternity's too short To utter all Thy praise.

Joseph Addison. 1728. L. M.

15

1 AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise; He justly claims a song from me, His Loving-kindness, 0 how free!

2 He saw me ruined in the fall, Yet loved me notwithstanding all; He saved me from my lost estate, His Loving-kindness, O how great!

3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes, Though earth and hell my way oppose, He safely leads my soul along, His Loving-kindness, 0 how strong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud, Has gathered thick and thundered loud, He near my soul has always stood, His Loving-kindness, O how good!

5 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale, Soon all my mortal powers must fail; O may my last expiring breath His Loving-kindness sing in death! Samuel Medley. 1787.

16 Samuel Mealey. 1761.

1 GLORY be to God on high, God, whose glory fills the sky: Peace on earth to man forgiven, Man, the well-beloved of Heaven.

PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

- 2 Sovereign Father, heavenly King, Thee we now presume to sing; Glad Thine attributes confess, Glorious all, and numberless.
- 3 Hail, by all Thy works adored!
 Hail, the everlasting Lord!
 Thee with thankful hearts we prove,
 Lord of power, and God of love.
- 4 Christ our Lord and God we own, Christ, the Father's only Son; Lamb of God, for sinners slain, Saviour of offending man!
- 5 Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow, Hear, the world's Atonement Thou! Jesus, in Thy Name we pray, Take, O take our sins away!
- 6 Hear, for Thou, O Christ, alone, Art with Thy great Father one; One the Holy Ghost with Thee; One supreme, eternal Three.

Charles Wesley. 1739.

17

10, 11.

1 YE servants of God, your Master proclaim, And publish abroad His wonderful Name; The Name all-victorious of Jesus extol; His kingdom is glorious; He rules over all.

- 2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save; And still He is nigh; His presence we have: The great congregation His triumph shall sin Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.
- 3 Then let us adore, and give Him His right.
 All glory and power, and wisdom and might
 All honor and blessing, with angels above,
 And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love
 C. Wesley

nks for Thy great glory give, ills our souls with light: our heavenly King, the God uther of all might!

ou, begotten Son of God, all time begun; Christ, Thou Lamb of God, other's only Son:

ercy, Thou that tak'st the sins the world away! ercy, Saviour of mankind, lear us when we pray!

who sitt'st at God's right hand, the Father's throne, erey on us, Thou, O Christ, art the Holy One!

ly, with the Holy Ghost, a earth and heaven adore,



GENERAL PETITION.

- 2 Come, holy Sun of heavenly love, Send down Thy radiance from above; And to our inmost hearts convey The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.
- 3 And we the Father's help will claim, And sing the Father's glorious Name: His powerful succor we implore, That we may stand, to fall no more.
- 4 May He our actions deign to bless, And loose the bonds of wickedness; From sudden falls our feet defend, And guide us safely to the end.
- 5 May faith, deep-rooted in the soul, The flesh subdue, the mind control: May guile depart, and discord cease, And all within be joy and peace.
- 6 O hallowed thus be every day!

 Let meekness be our morning ray,
 In the Father's majesty.

Richard Mant. 1837.

5

2

С. М.

- LORD, teach us how to pray aright,
 With reverence and with fear:
 Though dust and ashes in Thy sight,
 We may, we must draw near.
- 2 Burdened with guilt, convinced of sin, In weakness, want, and woe, Fightings without, and fears within, Lord, whither shall we go?
- 3 God of all grace, we come to Thee With broken, contrite hearts; Give, what Thine eye delights to see, Truth in the inward parts.

- 2 O, from earthly cares set free, Let us find our rest in Thee! May our cares and conflicts cease In the calm of Sabbath peace, That Thy people here below Something of the bliss may know, Something of the rest and love In the Sabbath home above!
- 3 Lord, Thy sinful child prepare
 For a place and portion there!
 Give my soul the spotless dress
 Of Thy perfect Righteousness:
 Then at length, a welcome guest,
 I shall enter to the feast,
 Earthly cares and sorrows o'er,
 Joys to last for evermore.

H. L. L. 1862.

Tr. Frederic Gottlieb Klopstock, ab. 1760.

Have mercy, Saviour of mankind, And hear us when we pray!

- 5 O Thou, who sitt'st at God's right hand, Upon the Father's throne, Have mercy on us, Thou, O Christ, Who art the Holy One!
- 6 Thou only, with the Holy Ghost, Whom earth and heaven adore, In glory of the Father art Most high for evermore. Unknown. 1703. a.

19 Splendor Paternæ Gloriæ.

L.M.

1 O Jesus, Lord of heavenly grace, Thou Brightness of Thy Father's face, Thou Fountain of eternal light, Whose beams disperse the shades of night! 24

78.

- 1 Holy Jesus, in whose Name Thou hast bid Thy servants claim Of the Father's love, to grant All the good they wish or want: Trusting in Thy Name alone, Draw we near Thy Father's throne.
- 2 Son of Man, to whom is given, With the Majesty of Heaven, Partner Thou of man's estate, For mankind to mediate: Hear us, when with Thee we plead For Thy flock to intercede!
- 3 Saviour of the world, to Thee
 Ever bows the Church her knee:
 Thee, her only Advocate;
 Thee, exalted to Thy state,
 With the Holy Ghost, most high
 In the Father's majesty.

 Richard Mant

Richard Mant. 1837.

25

C. M.

- 1 Lord, teach us how to pray aright, With reverence and with fear: Though dust and ashes in Thy sight, We may, we must draw near.
- 2 Burdened with guilt, convinced of sin, In weakness, want, and woe, Fightings without, and fears within, Lord, whither shall we go?
- 3 God of all grace, we come to Thee With broken, contrite hearts; Give, what Thine eye delights to see, Truth in the inward parts.

- 4 Give deep humility; the sense
 Of godly sorrow give;
 A strong desire, with confidence,
 To hear Thy voice and live:
- 5 Faith in the only Sacrifice
 That can for sin atone;
 To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes
 On Christ, on Christ alone:
- 6 Give these, and then Thy will be done. Thus strengthened with all might, We, through Thy Spirit and Thy Son, Shall pray, and pray aright. James Montgomery. 182

26

- 1 Come, my soul, thy suit prepare, Jesus loves to answer prayer: He Himself has bid thee pray, Therefore will not say thee nay.
- 2 Thou art coming to a King;
 Large petitions with thee bring;
 For His grace and power are such,
 None can ever ask too much.
- 3 With my burden I begin; Lord, remove this load of sin! Let Thy Blood, for sinners spilt, Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest! Take possession of my breast; There Thy blood-bought right maintain, And without a rival reign.
- 5 While I am a pilgrim here, Let Thy Love my spirit cheer; As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend, Lead me to my journey's end.

GENERAL PETITION.

6 Show me what I have to do, Every hour my strength renew; Let me live a life of faith, Let me die Thy people's death.

John Newton, 1779.

27

8, 7.

- COME, Thou Fount of every blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
 Streams of mercy, never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise.
- 2 Here I raise mine Ebenezer, Hither by Thy help I'm come; And I hope, by Thy good pleasure, Safely to arrive at home.
- 3 Jesus sought me when a stranger, Wandering from the fold of God; He, to rescue me from danger, Interposed His precious Blood.
- 4 O, to grace how great a debtor Daily I'm constrained to be! Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter, Bind my wandering heart to Thee.
- 5 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love; Here's my heart; O take and seal it, Seal it from Thy courts above. Selina, Countess of Huntingdon. ab. 1650. α.

28

8, 7.

1 Visit, Lord, Thy habitation! Breathe Thy peace on all herein; Peace, the foretaste of salvation; Peace, the seal of pardoned sin.

Let Thy love-infusing Spirit
On each heart be shed abroad;
Raise us, by Thy boundless merit,
To become the sons of God.

2 Prince of Peace, be ever near us,
Fix in every heart Thy home;
With Thy sweet communion cheer us,
Quickly let Thy kingdom come.
Answer all our expectation;
Give our longing souls to prove
Strong, abiding consolation,
Heavenly, everlasting love.

From C. Wesley. 1749.

29

LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart!

2 Breathe, O breathe Thy loving spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find Thy promised rest.
Take away the love of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, Almighty to deliver, Let us all Thy life receive; Graciously return, and never, Never more Thy temples leave! Let us see Thy great salvation
Perfectly restored in Thee!
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Fill we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

C.. Wesley, 1746. a.

Te læta, Mundi Conditor C. M.

LKER of earth, to Thee alone
Eternal rest belongs;
d heavenly choirs around Thy throne
Pour forth their endless songs.

t we—ah, holy now no more! Are doomed to toil and pain; cexiles on an alien shore tay sing their country's strain.

Alleluia, dulce Carmen.

8,7

- 1 Alleluia! best and sweetest
 Of the hymns of praise above!
 Alleluia! thou repeatest,
 Angel host, these notes of love.
 This ye utter,
 While your golden harps ye move.
- 2 Alleluia! Church victorious,
 Join the concert of the sky!
 Alleluia! bright and glorious,
 Lift, ye saints, this strain on high!
 Join not yet your melody.
- 3 Alleluia! strains of gladness
 Suit not souls with anguish torn:
 Alleluia! sounds of sadness
 Best become our state forlorn:
 Our offences
 We with bitter tears must mourn.
- 4 But our earnest supplication
 Holy God, we raise to Thee:
 Visit us with Thy salvation,
 Make us all Thy joys to see!
 Alleluia!
 Ours at length this strain shall be.
 John Chandler. 1837.

THE LORD'S DAY.

78.

1 Father, who the light this day
Out of darkness didst create,
Shine upon us now, we pray,
While within Thy courts we wait.
Wean us from the works of night,
Make us children of the light.

THE LORD'S DAY.

Saviour, who this day didst break From the bondage of the tomb, Bid our slumbering souls awake; Shine through all their sin and gloom; Let us, from our bonds set free, Rise from sin, and live to Thee.

3 Blessed Spirit, Comforter, www.Munt Sent this day with power from high; Lord, on us Thy gifts confer, Cleanse, illumine, sanctify; Be Thine influence shed abroad; Lead us to the truth of God.

3 '

L. M. h.

- 1 This day the light, of heavenly birth, First streamed upon the new-born earth: O Lord, this day upon us shine, And fill our souls with light divine.
- 2 This day the Saviour left the grave, And rose, omnipotent to save: O Jesus, may we raised be From death of sin to life in Thee.
- 3 This day the Holy Spirit came, With fiery tongues of cloven flame: O Spirit, fill our hearts this day With grace to hear, and grace to pray.
- 4 O day of Light, and Life, and Grace! From earthly toils sweet resting-place! Thy hallowed hours, best gift of love, We give again to God above.

William Walsham How. 1859

34

С. М.

- 1 Blest day of God, most calm, most bright, The first and best of days; The laborer's rest, the saint's delight, The day of prayer and praise!
- 2 My Saviour's face made thee to shine, His rising did thee raise; This made thee heavenly and divine Beyond the common days.
- 3 The first fruits oft a blessing prove
 To all the sheaves behind;
 And they that do a Sabbath love,
 A happy week shall find.
- 4 This day must I for God appear, For, Lord, the day is Thine; O let me spend it in Thy fear, Then shall the day be mine.

John Mason. 1683. a.

- 35 Licht von Licht, erleuchte mich. 7,8,7.
 - 1 Light of light, enlighten me, Now anew the day is dawning; Sun of grace, the shadows flee, Brighten Thou my Sabbath morning. With Thy joyous sunshine blest, Happy is my day of rest!
 - 2 Fount of all our joy and peace, To Thy living waters lead me; Thou from earth my soul release, And with grace and mercy feed me. Bless Thy Word, that it may prove Rich in fruits that Thou dost love.

THE LORD'S DAY.

- 3 Kindle Thou the sacrifice
 That upon my lips is lying;
 Clear the shadows from mine eyes,
 That, from every error flying,
 No strange fire within me glow
 That Thine altar doth not know.
- 4 Let me with my heart to-day,
 Holy, holy, holy, singing,
 Rapt awhile from earth away,
 All my soul to Thee up-springing,
 Have a foretaste inly given,
 How they worship Thee in heaven.
- 5 Rest in me and I in Thee,
 Build a paradise within me;
 O reveal Thyself to me,
 Blessed Love, who diedst to win me:
 Fed from Thine exhaustless urn,
 Pure and bright my lamp shall burn.
- 6 Hence all care, all vanity, For the day to God is holy: Come, theu glorious Majesty, Deign to fill this temple lowly; Naught to-day my soul shall move, Simply resting in Thy Love.

Miss Winkworth. 1858. Tr. Benjamin Schmolk. 17

36

1 SAFELY through another week,
God has brought as on our way:
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in His courts to-day;
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

- 2 Mercies multiplied each hour
 Through the week, our praise demand;
 Guarded by Thy mighty power,
 Fed and guided by Thy hand;
 Though ungrateful we have been,
 Only made returns of sin.
- 3 While we pray for pardoming grace,
 Through the dear Redeemer's name,
 Show Thy reconciling face,
 Take away our sin and shame:
 From our worldly cares set free,
 May we rest this day in Thee.
- 4 Here we're come, Thy name to praise;
 Let us feel Thy presence near:
 May Thy glory meet our eyes,
 While we in Thy house appear:
 Here afford us, Lord, a taste
 Of our everlasting feast.
- 5 May the Gospel's joyful sound
 Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
 Make the fruits of grace abound,
 Bring relief for all complaints.
 Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
 Till we join the Church above.

John Newton, 1779, a.

37

L. M

- 1 Another Sabbath is begun:
 Another Sabbath is begun:
 Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
 Improve the day thy God has blest.
- 2 Come, bless the Lord, whose Love assigns So sweet a rest to wearied minds; Provides an antepast of heaven, And gives this day the food of seven.

THE LORD'S DAY.

Thon our only Life and Guide!
Never leave us nor foreake:
In Thy light may we abide
Till the endless morning break;
Moving on to Zion's hill,
[Onward, upward,] homeward still!
H. L. L. 1853. a.
Tr. Christian Knorr von Rosenroth, 1684.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

PSALM 132. C. M.
1 Arise, O King of grace, arise,

And enter to Thy rest; Behold, Thy Church, with longing eyes, Waits to be owned and blest.

2 Enter with all Thy glorious train, Thy Spirit and Thy Word; All that the ark did once contain Could no such grace afford.

3 Here, mighty God, accept our vows;

To-day the saints His triumph spread,
And all His wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to the anointed King, To David's holy Son; Help us, O Lord; descend and bring

Salvation from Thy throne.

4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace:

Who comes in God His Father's name, To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The Church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens, in which He reigns,
Shall give Him nobler praise. Watts. 1718.

£

- 2 Mercies multiplied each hour Through the week, our praise demand; Guarded by Thy mighty power, Fed and guided by Thy hand; Though ungrateful we have been, Only made returns of sin.
- 3 While we pray for pardoning grace, Through the dear Redeemer's name, Show Thy reconciling face, Take away our sin and shame: From our worldly cares set free,
- May we rest this day in Thee.

 4 Here we're come, Thy name to praise;
 Let us feel Thy presence near:
 May Thy glory meet our eyes,
 While we in Thy house appear:
 Here afford us, Lord, a taste
- 5 May the Gospel's joyful sound Conquer sinners, comfort saints; Make the fruits of grace abound,
- 40 Morgenglanz der Ewigkeit.

Of our everlasting feast.

- 1 JESUS, Sun of Righteousness, Brightest beam of love divine, With the early morning rays Do Thou on our darkness shine, And dispel with purest light All our [long and gloomy] night!
- 2 Like the sun's reviving ray,
 May Thy Love, with tender glow,
 All our coldness melt away,
 Warm and cheer us forth to go,
 Gladly serve Thee and obey
 All our [life's short earthly] day!

THE LORD'S DAY.

3 Thou our only Life and Guide!

Never leave us nor forsake:
In Thy light may we abide

Till the endless moraing break;

Moving on to Zion's hill,

[Onward, upward,] homeward still!

H. L. L. 1853. a.

Tr. Christian Knorr von Rosenroth. 1684.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

41

PSALM 132.

C. M.

- ARISE, O King of grace, arise, And enter to Thy rest;
 Behold, Thy Church, with longing eyes, Waits to be owned and blest.
- 2 Enter with all Thy glorious train, Thy Spirit and Thy Word; All that the ark did once contain Could no such grace afford.
 - 3 Here, mighty God, accept our vows; Here let Thy praise be spread; Bless the provisions of Thy house, And fill Thy poor with bread.
 - 4 Here let the Son of David reign, Let God's Anointed shine; Justice and truth His court maintain, With love and power divine. Watts, 1719. α

42

PSALM 84.

H. M.

1 Lord of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of Thy Love,
Thine earthly temples are!
To Thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires
My heart aspires,
To see my God.

21



WORSHIP.

2 O happy souls, that prav Where God appoints to hear! O happy men, that pay Their constant service there! They praise Thee still; | That love the way And happy They To Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength Through this dark vale of tears, Till each arrives at length, Till each in heaven appears. O glorious seat, Shall thither bring Our willing feet!

When God our King

Watts. 1719.

4.3

PSALM 122.

C. M.

- 1 Peace be within this sacred place, And joy a constant guest; With holy gifts and heavenly grace Be her attendants blest!
- 2 My soul shall pray for Zion still, While life or breath remains: There my best friends, my kindred dwell, There God, my Saviour, reigns. Watts. 1719.

44

PSALM 92.

L. M.

- 1 Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise Thy Name, give thanks, and sing; To show Thy Love by morning light, And talk of all Thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest, No mortal cares shall seize my breast. My heart shall triumph in my Lord, And bless His works, and bless His Word. 38

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

Thy works of grace, how bright they shine; How deep Thy counsels, how divine! And I shall share a glorious part, When grace hath well refined my heart.

Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy. Watts. 1719.

- 1 Away from every mortal care,
 Away from earth, our souls retreat;
 We leave this worthless world afar,
 And wait and worship near Thy seat.
 - 2 Lord, in the temples of Thy grace, We bow before Thee and adore; We view the glories of Thy face, And learn the wonders of Thy power.
 - 3 Whilst here our various wants we mourn, United prayers ascend on high; And faith expects a sure return Of blessings in variety.
 - 4 Father! my soul would here abide;
 Or, if my feet must hence depart,
 Still keep me, Father, near Thy side,
 Still keep Thy dwelling in my heart.
 From Watts. 1709.

46

- 1 To Thy temple I repair: Lord, I love to worship there; When, within the veil, I meet Christ before the mercy seat.
- 2 I through Him am reconciled, I through Him become Thy child: Abba, Father! give me grace. In Thy courts to seek Thy face.

WORSHIP.

- 3 While Thy glorious praise is sung, Touch my lips, unloose my tongue: That my joyful soul may bless Thee, the Lord my Righteousness.
- 4 While the prayers of saints ascend, God of love, to mine attend; Hear me, for Thy Spirit pleads; Hear, for Jesus intercedes.
- 5 While I hearken to Thy Law, Fill my soul with humble awe; Till Thy Gospel bring to me Life and immortality.
- 6 While Thy ministers proclaim Peace and pardon in Thy Name, Through their voice, by faith may I Hear Thee speaking from the sky.
- 7 From Thy house when I return,
 May my heart within me burn;
 And at evening let me say,
 "I have walked with God to-day."
 James Montgomery. 1825. α.
- 1 Blessed Jesus, wir sind him: 7,8,8.

 1 Blessed Jesus, at Thy word
 We gathered all to hear Thee;
 Let our hearts and souls be stirred
 Now to seek and love and fear Thee;
 By Thy teachings sweet and holy,

Drawn from earth to love Thee solely.

2 All our knowledge, sense, and sight
Lie in deepest darkness shrouded,
Till Thy Spirit breaks our night
With the beams of truth unclouded.
Thou alone to God canst win us,
Thou must work all good within us.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

orious Lord, Thyself impart!
Light of light, from God proceeding,
Open Thou our ears and heart,
Help us by Thy Spirit's pleading.
Hear the cry Thy people raises,
Hear, and bless our prayers and praises.

Miss Winkworth. 1858.
Tr. Tobius Clausnitzer. 1671.

48 Angulare Fundamentum. H. M.

1 CHRIST is our Corner-stone;
On Him alone we build;
With His true saints alone
The courts of heaven are filled:
On His great Love
Our hopes we place,
And joys above.

2 O then, with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring!
Our voices we will raise,
The Three in One to sing;
And thus proclaim
In joyful song,
That glorious Name.

3 Here, gracious God, do Thou
For evermore draw nigh;
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh:
In copious shower,
On all who pray,
Thy blessing pour.

4 Here may we gain from heaven
The grace which we implore,
And may that grace, once given,
Be with us evermore,
til that day

Until that day
When all the blest To endless rest
Are called away.

· Onches.

- 1 Love have I sat beneath the sound Of Thy salvation, Lord; But still how weak my faith is found, And knowledge of Thy Word!
- 2 My Hope, my Portion, and my God, How little art Thou known By all the judgments of Thy rod, And blessings of Thy throne!
- 3 How cold and fceble is my love! How negligent my fear! How low my hope of joys above! How few affections there!
- 4 Great God, Thy sovereign power im To give Thy Word success; "Thy salvation in my heart, "care Thy grace.

~

And fit us to ascend
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,

The Sabbath ne'er shall end;

4 Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,
When Thou and Thine appear,
And follow Thee to heaven our home;
Even so, Amen, Lord Jesus, come!
John Newton. 1779.

8,M.

1 Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace! Let us each, Thy Love possessing, Triumph in redeeming grace. O refresh us, Travelling through this wilderness.

Thanks we give and adoration
For Thy Gospel's joyful sound.
May the fearth and a sound.

WORSHIP.

5 Praise to the God of heaven,
Praise to His only Son;
And praise to Him be given
Who joins them both in One;
The Holy Dove,
Who makes us meet

John Chandler. 1837.

49

C.M

- 1 Long have I sat beneath the sound Of Thy salvation, Lord; But still how weak my faith is found, And knowledge of Thy Word!
- 2 My Hope, my Portion, and my God, How little art Thou known By all the judgments of Thy rod, And blessings of Thy throne!
- 3 How cold and feeble is my love! How negligent my fear! How low my hope of joys above! How few affections there!
- 4 Great God, Thy sovereign power impart
 To give Thy Word success;
 Write Thy salvation in my heart,
 And make me learn Thy grace.
- 5 Show my forgetful feet the way That leads to joys on high; There knowledge grows without decay, And love shall never die.

Watts. 1709. a.

C.

50

1 FREQUENT the day of God returns, To shed its quickening beams; And yet how slow devotion burns, How languid are its flames!

mept our faint attempts to love; Our frailties, Lord, forgive. We would be like Thy saints above, And praise Thee while we live.

3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,

Where the assembly ne'er breaks up, The Sabbath ne'er shall end;

4 Where we shall breathe in heavenly air, When Thou and Thine appear,

And follow Thee to heaven our home; Even so, Amen, Lord Jesus, come! John Newton. 1779 ...

8,<mark>M</mark>.

1 Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace! 54 Let us each, Thy Love possessing, Triumph in redeeming grace.

Travelling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give and adoration For Thy Gospel's joyful sound. May the fruits of Thy salvation In our hearts and lives abound: May Thy presence With us evermore be found.

Hast pleasure in the lay: Deign thus our praises to receive, Though sung by lips of clay!

3 And yet Thyself they cannot know, Nor pierce the veil of light That hides Thee from the thrones below, As in profoundest night:

WORSHIP.

How then can mortal accents frame Due tribute to their King? Thou only, while we praise Thy Name, Forgive us as we sing!

> John Mason Neale. 1862. a. Tr. Metrophanes of Smyrna. ab.

CLOSE OF WORSHIP.

- But still how weak my faith is found,
 And knowledge of Thy Word!
 - 2 My Hope, my Portion, and my God, How little art Thou known By all the judgments of Thy rod, And blessings of Thy throne!
 - 3 How cold and feeble is my love!

 How negligent my fear!

 How low my hope of joys above!

 How few affections there!
 - 4 Great God, Thy sovereign power imps To give Thy Word success; Write Thy salvation in my heart, And make me learn Thy grace.
 - 5 Show my forgetful feet the way
 That leads to joys on high;
 Thata knowledge grows without decay
- 1 On what has now been sown,
 Thy blessing, Lord, bestow;
 The power is Thine alone
 To make it spring and grow:
 Do Thou the gracious harvest raise,
 And Thou alone shalt have the prair-

CLOSE OF WORSHIP.

- I To Thee our wants are known,
 From Thee are all our powers,
 Accept what is Thine own,
 And pardon what is ours:
 Our praises, Lord, and prayers receive,
 And to Thy Word a blessing give.
- 3 Ogrant that each of us,
 Who meet before Thee here,
 May meet together thus,
 When Thou and Thine appear,
 And follow Thee to heaven our home;
 Even so, Amen, Lord Jesus, come!
 John Neuton. 1779.
- 8,7.

 1 Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace!
 Let us each, Thy Lové possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace.
 O refresh us,
 Travelling through this wilderness.
 - 2 Thanks we give and adoration
 For Thy Gospel's joyful sound.
 May the fruits of Thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound:
 May Thy presence
 With us evermore be found.
 - 3 So, whene'er the signal's given
 Us from earth to call away,
 Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
 Glad the summons to obey,
 May we, ready,
 Rise and reign in endless day.

Unknown, 1778. a.



WORSHIP.

55 Ach sei mit Deiner Gnade.

1 Above with us, our Saviour, Nor let Thy mercy cease; From Satan's might defend us, And grant our souls release.

2 Abide with us, our Saviour, Sustain us by Thy Word; That we with all Thy people To life may be restored.

3 Abide with us, our Saviour, Thou Light of endless light; Increase to us Thy blessings, And save us by Thy might.

4 To Father, Son, and Spirit, Eternal One in Three,

As was, and is forever,
All praise and glory be.
Unknown. 1848.
Tr. Charles Bernard Garve.

56

1 LORD, Thou art the Truth and Way Guide us, lest we go astray. Lord, Thou art the Life: by Thee May we gain eternity.

2 In ourselves we cannot trust; Lord, remember we are dust! Thou who all our frailty know'st, Send Thou us Thy Holy Ghost! Uuknown. 18

From the Dan

57

I SAVIOUR! all my sins confessing, Gracious hear me when I cry; Give, through faith, the promised by Freely, fully justify.

46

CLOSE OF WORSHIP.

2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

John Newton, 1779.

GOD.

61

C. M.

- J. HAIL, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, One God in persons Three; Of Thee we make our joyful boast, Our songs we make of Thee.
- 2 Present alike in every place,
 Thy Godhead we adore:
 Beyond the bounds of time and space
 Thou dwell'st for evermore.
- 3 In wisdom infinite Thou art, Thine eye doth all things see; And every thought of every heart Is fully known to Thee.
- 4 Whate'er Thou wilt, in earth below Thou dost, in heaven above; But chiefly we rejoice to know The Almighty God is Love.
- 5 Thou lov'st whate'er Thy hands have made; Thy goodness we rehearse, In shining characters displayed Throughout our universe.
- 6 Mercy, with love, and endless grace, O'er all Thy works doth reign: But mostly Thou delight'st to bless Thy favorite creature, man.

7 Wherefore let every creature give To Thee the praise designed; But chiefly, Lord, the thanks receive, The hearts of all mankind. C. Wesley. 1766.

62

C. M.

1 Blest be our everlasting Lord, Our Father, God, and King! Thy sovereign greatness we record, Thy glorious power we sing.

2 By Thee the victory is given:
 The majesty divine,
 Wisdom and might, and earth and heaven,
 And all therein, are Thine.

3 The kingdom, Lord, is Thine alone, Who dost Thy right maintain, And, high on Thine eternal throne, O'er men and angels reign.

4 Riches, as seemeth good to Thee, Thou dost, and honor give; And kings their power and dignity Out of Thy hand receive.

5 Thou hast on us the grace bestowed, Thy greatness to proclaim; And therefore now we thank our God, And praise Thy glorious Name.

6 Thy glorious Name, Thy nature's powers,
Thou hast to man made known;
And all the Deity is ours,
Through Thy incarnate Son.

C. Wesley. 1762. a.

63
1 THOUSANDS of thousands stand around
Thy throne, O God most high;
Ten thousand times ten thousand sound

Thy praise: but who am I?

50

Which doth all beings keep!
Thy Knowledge is the only line
To sound so vast a deep.

4 Thou art a Sea without a shore, A Sun without a sphere; Thy time is now and evermore, Thy place is every where.

5 How good art Thou, whose Goodness is Our parent, nurse and guide; Whose streams do water paradise, And all the earth beside!

6 Thy hidden wonders, God of grace! I humbly here adore; Show me Thy Glory and Thy face, That I may praise Thee more. John Mason. 1683. a. 4 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present to Thy view.
To Thee there's nothing old appears;
To Thee there's nothing new

To Thee there's nothing new.

5 Our lives through various scenes are dra

And vexed with trifling cares;
While Thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

6 Great God, how infinite art Thou!

How frail and weak are we!

Let the whole race of creatures bow,

And pay their praise to Thee. Watts.'1

65

1 Holy and reverend is the Name Of our eternal King. Thrice holy, Lord! the angels cry:

Thrice holy, let us sing.

2 Holy is He in all His works, And saints are His delight; But sinners and their wicked ways

Shall perish from his sight.

3 The deepest reverence of the mind

Pay, O my soul, to God; Lift with thy hands a holy heart To His sublime abode.

4 Thou, righteous God! preserve my sor From all pollution free: The pure in heart are Thy delight, And they Thy face shall see.

John Needham. 1

PSALM 111.
Songs of immortal praise belong
To my almighty God:
He hath my heart, and He my tongue,
To spread His Name abroad.

HIS WISDOM AND OMNISCIENCE.

- 2 How great the works His Hand hath wrought! How glorious in our sight! And men in every age have sought His wonders with delight.
- 3 How most exact is nature's frame! How wise the eternal Mind! His counsels never change the scheme That His first thoughts designed.
- 4 When He redeemed the sons of men, He fixed His covenant sure: The orders that His lips pronounce To endless years endure.
- 5 Nature and time and earth and skies Thy heavenly skill proclaim. What shall we do to make us wise, But learn to read Thy Name?
- 6 To fear Thy power, to trust Thy grace, 'Is our divinest skill; And he's the wisest of our race, Who best obeys Thy will.

Watts. 1719. L. M.

- 87 PSALM 139.
- 1 Lord, Thou hast searched and seen me through; Thine eye commands, with piercing view, My rising and my resting hours, My heart and flesh, with all their powers.
- 2 Within Thy circling power I stand, On every side I find Thy hand: Awake, asleep, at home, abroad, I am surrounded still with God.
- 3 Could I so false, so faithless prove,
 To quit Thy service and Thy love,
 Where, Lord, could I Thy presence shun,
 Or from Thy dreadful glory run?

- 4 The veil of night is no disguise, No screen from Thy all-scarching eyes; Thy hand can seize Thy foes as soon Through midnight shades, as blazing noon.
- 5 O may these thoughts possess my breast, Where're I rove, where're I rest! Nor let my weaker passions dare Consent to sin, for God is there.

Watte. 17

From Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady. 16

68 PSALM 139.

- 1 Lord, all I am is known to Thee! In vain my soul would try To shun Thy presence, or to fice The notice of Thine eye.
- 2 Thine all-surrounding sight surveys My rising and my rest, My public walks, my private ways, And secrets of my breast.
- 3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord, Before they're formed within; And ere my lips pronounce the word, He knows the sense I mean.
- 4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high Where can a creature hide? Within Thy circling arms I lie, Beset on every side.
- 5 So let Thy grace surround me still, And like a bulwark prove, To guard my soul from every ill, Secured by sovereign love.

Watts. 1719

69

PSALM 103,

S. M.

- 1 O Bless the Lord, my soul! Let all within me join, And aid my tongue to bless His Name, Whose favors are divine.
- 2 O bless the Lord, my soul!
 Nor let His mercies lie
 Forgotten in unthankfulness,
 And without praises die.
 - 3 'Tis He forgives thy sins; 'Tis He relieves thy pain; 'Tis He that heals thy sicknesses,
- And gives thee strength again.

 4 He crowns thy life with Love,
 When ransomed from the grave;
 He that redeemed my soul from hell
 - Hath sovereign power to save.

 He fills the poor with good;
 He gives the sufferers rest:
 The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
- And justice for the opprest.

 6 His wondrous works and ways
 He made by Moses known;
 But sent the world His truth and grace
 By His beloved Son. Watts. 1719. a.

70

PSALM 103.

S. M

- My soul, repeat His praise, Whose mercies are so great;
 Whose anger is so slow to rise, So ready to abate.
- 2 God will not always chide; And, when his wrath is felt, His strokes are fewer than our crimes, And lighter than our guilt.

3 High as the heavens are raised Above the ground we tread, So far the riches of His grace Our highest thoughts exceed.

4 His power subdues our sins;
And His forgiving Love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the fiel
It withers in an hour.

6 But Thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

Watts.

71

PSALM 145.

1 Sweet is the memory of Thy grace, My God, my heavenly King! Let age to age Thy righteousness In sounds of glory sing.

2 God reigns on high, but ne'er confines His goodness to the skies; Through the whole earth His bounty shi And every want supplies.

3 With longing eyes, Thy creatures wait On Thee for daily food; Thy liberal hand provides their meat, And fills their mouths with good.

4 How kind are Thy compassions, Lord! How slow Thine anger moves! But soon He sends His pardoning word, To cheer the souls He loves.

HIS MERCY AND PAITHFULNESS.

Jreatures, with all their endless ra	ce,	
Thy power and praise proclaim	;	
But saints, who taste Thy richer g	race,	
Delight to bless Thy Name.	Watte.	1719
72	C. .	М.

72

1 Ye humble souls, approach your God

With songs of sacred praise;
For He is good, immensely good,
And kind are all His ways.

2 All nature owns His guardian care; In Him we live and move: But nobler benefits declare The wonders of His Love.

3 He gave His Son, His only Son,
To ransom rebel worms.
'Tis here He makes His goodness known
In its divinest forms.

4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come;
 "Tis here our hope relies;
 A safe defence, a peaceful home,
 When storms of trouble rise.

5 Thine eye beholds with kind regard The souls who trust in Thee; Their humble hope Thou wilt reward With bliss divinely free.

6 Great God, to Thy almighty Love
What honors shall we raise?
Not all the raptured songs above
Can render equal praise.

Anne Steele, 1760.

73 C. M.

1 Thy ceaseless, unexhausted Love, Unmerited and free, Delights our evil to remove, And help our misery.

- 2 Thou waitest to be gracious still;
 Thou dost with sinners bear;
 That, saved, we may Thy goodness feel,
 And all Thy grace declare.
- 3 Thy goodness and Thy truth, to me, To every soul abound;
 A vast unfathomable sea, Where all our thoughts are drowned.
 - 4 Its streams the whole creation reach, So plenteous is the store; Enough for all, enough for each, Enough for evermore.
 - 5 Faithful, O Lord, Thy mercies are, A rock that cannot move:
 A thousand promises declare Thy constancy of love.
 - 6 Throughout the universe it reigns, Unalterably sure; And, while the truth of God remains, His goodness must endure. C. Wesley. 1762.

74 8, 7.

- 1 Gon is Love: His mercy brightens All the path in which we rove; Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens: God is Wisdom, God is Love.
- 2 Chance and change are busy ever; Man decays, and ages move: But His mercy waneth never; God is Wisdom, God is Love.
- 3 Even the hour that darkest seemeth
 Will His changeless goodness prove;
 From the gloom His brightness streameth:
 God is Wisdom, God is Love.

HIS WORKS.

. He with earthly cares entwineth Hope and comfort from above: Everywhere His glory shineth; God is Wisdom, God is Love. Sir John Bowring. 1825.

CREATION.

75 10, 11.

- 1 My soul, praise the Lord, speak good of His Name! His mercies record, His bounties proclaim. To God, their Creator, let all creatures raise The song of thanksgiving, the chorus of praise!
- 2 Though hid from man's sight, God sits on His throne, Yet here by His works their Author is known. The world shines a mirror its Maker to show; And heaven views its image reflected below.
- 3 By knowledge supreme, by wisdom divine, God governs this earth with gracious design. O'er beast, bird, and insect, His Providence reigns, Whose will first created, whose Love still sustains.
- 4 And man, His last work, with reason endued, Who, falling through sin, by grace is renewed: To God, his Creator, let man ever raise The song of thanksgiving, the chorus of praise.

Thomas Park. 1807.

76

L. M.

1 THE spacious firmament on high. With all the blue ethereal sky. And spangled heavens, a shining frame, Their great Original proclaim.

CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

- 2 The unwearied sun, from day to day, Does his Creator's power display, And publishes to every land The work of an Almighty Hand.
- 3 Soon as the evening shades prevail, The moon takes up the wondrous tale; And nightly to the listening earth Repeats the story of her birth:
- 4 Whilst all the stars that round her burn, And all the planets in their turn, Confirm the tidings as they roll, 'And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 5 What though in solemn silence all Move round this dark terrestrial ball, What though no real voice nor sound Amidst their radiant orbs be found;
- 6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice,
 For ever singing as they shine,
 "The Hand that made us is divine."

 Joseph Addison, 1728.

78.

- 77 Himmel, Erde, Luft, und Meer.
 - 1 Heaven and earth, and sea and air, All their Maker's praise declare: Wake, my soul, away and sing, Now thy grateful praises bring.
 - 2 See the glorious orb of day Breaking through the clouds his way: Moon and stars with silvery light Praise Him through the silent night.
 - 3 See how He hath everywhere
 Made this earth so rich and fair;
 Hill and vale and fruitful land,
 All things living, show His Hand.

- bee the water's ceaseless flow,
 Ever circling to and fro:
 From the sources to the sea,
 Still it rolls in praise to Thee.
- 6 Lord, great wonders workest Thou!
 To Thy sway all creatures bow:
 Write Thou deeply in my heart
 What I am, and what Thou art!

From Miss Winkworth. 1858. Tr. Joachim Neander. 1677.

78
C. M.
Thou wast, O God, and Thou wast blest
Before the world begun;
)f Thine Eternity possest
Before time's glass did run.
'hou needest none Thy praise to sing,
As if Thy joy could fade:
ould'st Thou have needed anything,
Thou couldst have nothing many the state of the state



CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

As waters haste unto their sea, And earth unto its earth, So let my soul return to Thee, From whom it had its birth.

4 But ah! I'm fallen on the night, And cannot come to Thee: Yet speak the word, "Let there be light;" It shall enlighten me.

And let Thy Word, most mighty Lord, Thy fallen creature raise:

O make me o'er again, and I Shall sing my Maker's praise. John Mason, 1

-

PROVIDENCE.

1 God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform:
He plants His footsteps in the sen,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines Of never-failing skill, He treasures up His bright designs, And works His sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take: The clouds ye so much dread Are big with mercy, and shall break In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense, But trust Him for His grace; Behind a frowning Providence He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast, Unfolding every hour. The bud may have a bitter taste, But sweet will be the flower.

PROVIDENCE.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err, And soan His works in vain. God is His own interpreter, And He will make it plain.

William Cowper. 1779.

80

C. M.

- 1 Thy way, O God, is in the sea; Thy paths I cannot trace, Nor comprehend the mystery Of Thy unbounded grace.
- 2 Here the dark veils of flesh and sense My captive soul surround; Mysterious deeps of Providence My wondering thoughts confound.
- 3 As through a glass, I dimly see
 The wonders of Thy Love;
 How little do I know of Thee,
 Or of the joys above!
- 4 'Tis but in part I know Thy will:
 I bless Thee for the sight;
 When will Thy Love the rest reveal,
 In glory's clearer light?
- 5 With rapture shall I then survey Thy Providence and Grace, And spend an everlasting day In wonder, love, and praise.

John Fawcett. 1782.

81

PSALM 23.

S. M.

 THE Lord my Shepherd is, I shall be well supplied:
 Since He is mine, and I am His, What can I want beside?

CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

He leads me to the place Where heavenly pasture grows, Where living waters gently pass, And full salvation flows.

If e'er I go astray, He doth my soul reclaim, And guides me in His own right way, For His most holy Name.

While He affords His aid, I cannot yield to fear: Though I should walk through death's dark sha My Shepherd's with me there.

The bounties of Thy love Shall crown my following days: Nor from Thy house will I remove, Nor cease to speak Thy praise. Watts. 17

82 PSALM 23. L. M. (

- THE Lord my pasture shall prepare, And feed me with a shepherd's care; His presence shall my wants supply, And guard me with a watchful eye; My noon-day walks He shall attend, And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint, Or on the thirsty mountain pant; To fertile vales and dewy meads My weary wandering steps He leads, Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow, Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in a bare and rugged way, Through devious lonely wilds I stray, Thy bounty shall my pains beguile; The barren wilderness shall smile, With sudden greens and herbage crowned, And streams shall murmur all around.

PROVIDENCE.

4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still:
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Joseph Addison. 1728.

83

PSALM 34.

C. M.

- 1 Through all the changing scenes of life, In trouble and in joy, The praises of my God shall still My heart and tongue employ.
 - 2 Of His deliverance I will boast, Till all that are distrest From my example comfort take, And charm their griefs to rest.
 - 3 0, magnify the Lord with me, With me exalt His Name! When in distress on Him I called, He to my rescue came.
 - 4 The hosts of God encamp around The dwellings of the just; Deliverance He affords to all Who on His succor trust.
 - 5 O, make but trial of His Love: Experience will decide How blest are they, and only they, Who in His truth confide.
 - 6 Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then Have nothing else to fear; Make you His service your delight, He'll make your wants His care.

'Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady. 1696. a.

84

C. M.

- 1 How are Thy servants blest, O Lord! How sure is their defence! Eternal Wisdom is their guide, Their help Omnipotence.
- 2 From all my griefs and straits, 0 Lord! Thy mercy sets me free; Whilst in the confidence of prayer My heart takes hold on Thee.
- 3 In midst of dangers, fears, and death, Thy goodness I'll adore; And praise Thee for Thy mercies past, And humbly hope for more.
- 4 My life, while Thou preserv'st my life, Thy sacrifice shall be; And 0, may death, when death shall come, Unite my soul to Thee!
 Joseph Addison. 1728. a.

85

С. М.

- 1 My God, my only Help and Hope, My strong and sure Defence, For all my safety and my peace I bless Thy Providence.
- 2 The daily favors of my God I cannot sing at large: Yet let me make this holy boast, I am the Almighty's charge.
- 3 Lord, in the day Thou art about The paths wherein I tread; And in the night, when I lie down, Thou art about my bed.

PROVIDENCE.

4 Naked I came into the world, And nothing with me brought; And nothing have I here deserved, Yet have I lacked nought.

5 I do not bless my laboring hand, My laboring head, or chance; Thy Providence, most gracious God, Is mine inheritance.

John Mason. 1683.

86

C. M.

1 LORD, what is man, that child of pride,
That boasts his high degree?
If one poor moment he be left,
He sinks, and where is he?

2 In Thee I live, and move, and am; Thou deal'st me out my days; As Thou renew'st my being, Lord, Let me renew Thy praise.

3 From Thee I am, through Thee I am, And for Thee I must be; 'Twere better for me not to live, Than not to live to Thee.

4 My God, Thou art my glorious Sun, By whose bright beams I shine: As Thou, Lord, ever art with me, Let me be ever Thine.

5 Thou art my living Fountain, Lord, Whose streams on me do flow; Myself I render unto Thee. To whom myself I owe.

6 As Thou, Lord, an immortal soul
Hast breathed into me;
So let my soul be breathing forth
Immortal thanks to Thee.
John Mason. 1883

CREATION AND PROVIDENCE ..

C. 1

- 1 Seine on our souls, eternal God!
 With rays of beauty shine:
 - O let Thy favor crown our days, And all their round be Thine.
- 2 Did we not raise our hands to Thee, Our hands might toil in vain: Small joy success itself could give, If Thou Thy Love restrain.
- 3 'Tis ours the furrows to prepare,
 And sow the precious grain;
 'Tis Thine to give the sun and air,
 And to command the rain.
- 4 With Thee let every week begin, With Thee each day be spent, For Thee each fleeting hour improved, Since each by Thee is lent.
- 5 Thus cheer us through this toilsome ros Till all our labors cease; And heaven refresh our weary souls With everlasting peace.

Philip Doddridge. 1655.

88

- 1 0 God of Jacob, by whose hand
 Thy people still are fed;
 Who, through this weary pilgrimage,
 Hast all our fathers led!
- 2 To Thee our humble vows we raise, To Thee address our prayer; And in Thy kind and faithful breast Deposit all our care.
- 3 Through each perplexing path of l Our wandering footsteps guide; Give us by day our daily bread, And raiment fit provide.

68

PROVIDENCE.

- A O spread Thy covering wings around, Till all our wanderings ccase; And at our Father's loved abode Our souls arrive in peace.
- 5 To Thee, as to our covenant God, We'll our whole selves resign; And thankful own, that all we are, And all we have, is Thine.

Doddridge. 1755. a.

C. M.

9

- 1 And art Thou with us, gracious Lord, To dissipate our fear? Dost Thou proclaim Thyself our God, Our God forever near?
- 2 Doth Thy right hand, which formed the earth, And bears up all the skies, Stretch from on high its friendly aid, When dangers round us rise?
- 3 And wilt Thou lead our weary souls To that delightful scene, Where rivers of salvation flow Through pastures ever green?
- 4 On Thy support our souls shall lean,
 And banish every care;
 The gloomy vale of death shall smile,
 If God be with us there.
- 5 While we His gracious succour prove, 'Midst all our various ways, The darkest shades through which we pass Shall coho with His praise.

Doddridge. 1755.

CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS.

90 Christe, qui sedes Olympo. 10,

- 1 O Logo are the strains of the angels of light Who praise Him that reigns in glory and mig May we too, combining our own feeble lays, Now please him by joining their chorus of pra
- 2 Blest spirits of light, how fair their abode! They stand in the height before our great Go-Forevermore sharing His counsels of love, His people preparing for regions above.
- 3 When sickness assails, they save us from fear When breath of life fails they still hover nead And so when, life ended, our spirits take flig! By them we're attended to mansions of light.
- 4 O praise Him who gave the Son of His Love And Him who to save came down from above And let equal praises the Spirit extol, Who comforts and raises and strengthens the: John Chandler. 1841,

91 Tibi, Christe, Splendor Patris. 8, 7

- 1 JESUS, Brightness of the Father, Life and Strength of all who live! In the presence of the angels, Glory to Thy name we give: And Thy wondrous praise rehearze, Singing in harmonious verse.
- 2 Blessed Lord, by their protection, Shelter us from harm this day: Keep us pure in flesh and spirit; Save us from the enemy: And vouchsafe us, by Thy grace, In Thy paradise a place.

THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS.

3 Glory to the almighty Father,
Let our voices now repeat;
Glory to the great Redeemer;
Glory to the Paraclete;
Three in One, and One in Three,
Throughout all eternity.

Edward Caswall. 1848. a.
Tr. Rabanus Morus. d. 856.

92

108.

- 1 STARS of the morning, so gloriously bright, Filled with celestial resplendence and light; These that, where night never followeth day, Raise the "Thrice holy, Lord!" ever and aye:
- 2 These are Thy counsellors; these dost Thou own, Lord God of Sabaoth! nearest Thy throne. These are Thy ministers; these dost Thou send, Help of the helpless ones! man to defend.
- 3 Still let them succor us; still let them fight,
 Lord of angelic hosts! battling for right:
 Till, where their anthems they ceaselessly pour,
 We with the angels may bow and adore.

 John Mason Neale. 1862. a.
 Tr. Joseph of the Studium. ab. 850.

SIN AND REDEMPTION.

9.3

L. M.

- 1 BURIED in shadows of the night, We lie till Christ restores the light; Wisdom descends to heal the blind, And chase the darkness of the mind.
- 2 Our guilty souls are drowned in tears, Till His atoning Blood appears: Then we awake from deep distress, And sing, "The Lord our Righteousness."



- 3 Our very frame is mixed with sin; His Spirit makes our natures clean; Such virtues from His sufferings flow. At once to cleanse and pardon too.
- 4 Jesus beholds where Satan reigns, Binding his slaves in heavy chains: He sets the prisoners free, and breaks The iron bondage from their necks.
- 5 Poor helpless worms in Thee possess Grace, wisdom, power, and righteousness; Thou art our mighty All, and we Give our whole selves, O Lord, to Thee. Watts. 1709.

94

C. M

- 1 How helpless guilty nature lies, Unconscious of its load! The heart unchanged can never rise To happiness and God.
- 2 Can aught beneath a power divine The stubborn will subdue? 'Tis Thine, Almighty Saviour, Thine To form the heart anew.
- 3 'Tis Thine the passions to recall, And upwards bid them rise; And make the scales of error fall From reason's darkened eves.
- 4 To chase the shades of death away, And bid the sinner live, A beam of heaven, a vital ray 'Tis Thine alone to give.
- 5 O change these wretched hearts of ours. And give them life divine! Then shall our passions and our powers, Almighty Lord, be Thine.

Anne Steele. 17

S. M.

LIKE sheep we went astray, And broke the fold of God; Each wandering in a different way, But all the downward road.

2 How dreadful was the hour When God our wanderings laid,

And did at once His vengeance pour Upon the Shepherd's head!

How glorious was the grace, When Christ sustained the stroke!

His Life and Blood the Shepherd pays, A ransom for the flock.

4 His honor and His breath Were taken both away:

Joined with the wicked in His death, And made as vile as they.

5 But God shall raise His head O'er all the sons of men,

And make Him see a numerous seed, To recompense His pain.

"I'll give Him," saith the Lord, "A portion with the strong:

He shall possess a large reward, And hold His honors long." Watts, 1709.

06

S. M.

O WHERE shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?

'Twere vain the ocean-depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.
The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;

'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

2 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a Life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that Life is love.
There is a Death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
O what eternal horros hang
Around the second death!

3 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that Death to shun,
Lest we be banished from Thy face,
And evermore undone!
Here would we end our quest:
Alone are found in Thee
The Life of perfect love,—the Rest

Of immortality.

James Montgomery. 1825.

97

L. M.

- 1 In vain would beasting reason find The path to happiness and God; Her weak directions leave the mind Bewildered in a doubtful read.
- 2 Jesus, Thy words alone impart Eternal life; on these I live; Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart, Than all the powers of nature give.
- 3 Here let my constant feet abide; Thou art the true, the living Way: Let Thy good Spirit be my Guide To the bright realms of endless day.
- 4 The various forms that men devise,

 To shake my faith with treacherous art,

 I scorn as vanity and lies,

 And bind Thy Gospel to my beart.

 From Anne Steele. 1760.

C. M.

1 In vain we seek for peace with God By methods of our own: Blest Saviour, nothing but Thy Blood Can bring us near the throne.

2 'Tis Thy atoning Sacrifice Hath answered all demands; And peace and pardon from the skies Are blessings from Thy hands.

3 'Tis by Thy Death we live, O Lord;
'Tis on Thy Cross we rest:
Forever be Thy Love adored,
Thy Name forever blest.

Unknown.

99

C. M.

1 LORD, we confess our numerous faults, How great our guilt has been: Foolish and vain were all our thoughts, And all our lives were sin.

But, O my soul, forever praise,
 Forever love His Name,
 Who turns thy feet from dangerous ways
 Of folly, sin and shame.

3 'Tis not by works of righteousness Which our own hands have done; But we are saved by sovereign grace Abounding through His Son.

4 'Tis from the meroy of our God
That all our hopes begin;
'Tis by the Water and the Blood
Our souls are washed from sin.

5 'Tis through the purchase of His Death Who hung upon the Tree, The Spirit is sent down to breathe

On such dry bones as we.

REDEMPTION.

6 Raised from the dead we live anew; And, justified by grace, We shall appear in glory too, And see our Father's face. Watts. 1

100

PSALM 136. 1 Give to our God immortal praise! Mercy and truth are all His ways.

Wonders of grace to God belong: Repeat His mercies in your song.

2 Give to the Lord of lords renown, The King of kings with glory crown. His mercies ever shall endure. When lords and kings are known no mo

3 He sent His Son with power to save From guilt and darkness and the grave. Wonders of grace to God belong:

Repeat His mercies in your song.

4 Through this vain world He guides our And leads us to His heavenly seat. His mercies ever shall endure. When this vain world shall be no more.

Watte, 1

I

101

1 FATHER, how wide Thy glory shines! How high Thy wonders rise! Known through the earth by thousand si By thousands through the skies.

2 Those mighty orbs proclaim Thy power, Their motions speak Thy skill; And on the wings of every hour We read Thy patience still.

3 But when we view Thy strange design To save rebellious worms, Where justice and compassion join In their divinest forms;

the dying Son atones; , the dear mysteries of His Cross! The triumph of His groans!

Watts. 1709.

H. M.

Blow ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Jesus, our great High Priest, Hath full Atonement made:

Ye weary spirits, rest, Ye mournful souls, be glad: The year of jubilee is come; Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Extol the Lamb of God,

5 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face.
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

C. Wesley, 1755.

103

S. M.

- 1 Grace! 'tis a charming sound,
 Harmonious to the ear!
 Heaven with the echo shall resound,
 And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contrived the way
 To save rebellious man;
 And all the steps that Grace display
 Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace led my roving feet
 To tread the heavenly road;
 And new supplies each hour I meet,
 While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown,
 Through everlasting days;
 It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
 And well deserves the praise.

Doddridge. 1755.

104

C. M.

- 1 Salvation, 0 the joyful sound!
 "Tis music to our ears;
 A sovereign balm for every wound,
 A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
 At hell's dark door we lay;
 But we arise by grace divine,
 To see a heavenly day.

REDEMPTION.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

Watts. 1709. a.

C. M.

105

1 O THAT I had an angel's tongue,
That I might loudly sing

The wonders of redeeming Love, To Thee, my God and King!

2 Let the redeeméd of the Lord Their thankful voices raise:

Can we be dumb whilst angels sing Our great Redeemer's praise?

3 0 sing aloud in boundless grace, Which thus hath set thee free; Extol with songs; my savéd soul,

Thy Savior's Love to thee.

4 Give endless thanks to God, and say,
What Love was this in Thee,

That Thou hast not withheld Thy Son,
Thine only Son, from me!

5 Thy deep and glorious counsels, Lord, With trembling I adore: Blessed, thrice blessed be my God,

Blessed for evermore.

John Mason. 1683. a. .

106

C. M.

1 What are the heavens, O God of heaven?
Thou art more bright, more high:
What are bright stars, and brighter saints,
To Thy bright majesty?

2 Thou'rt far above the songs of heaven, Sung by the holy ones; And dost Thou stoop and bow Thine ear

To a poor sinner's groans?

3 My precious Saviour's guiltless Blood First washed away my sin, And Thy Eternal Spirit was My Advocate within.

4 It could not be that Thou should'st hear A mortal, sinful worm; But that my prayors presented are In a most glorious form.

5 Thou heard'st my prayer for Jesus' sake, Whom Thou dost hear always: Lord, hear through that prevailing Name My voice of joy and praise.

John Mason, 1682

107

- 1 All that I was, my sin, my guilt, My death, was all my own; All that I am, I owe to Thee, My gracious God, alone.
- 2 The evil of my former state
 Was mine, and only mine;
 The good in which I now rejoice
 Is Thine, and only Thine.
- 3 The darkness of my former state, The bondage, all was mine; The light of life in which I walk, The liberty, is Thine.
- 4 Thy grace first made me feel my sin, And taught me to believe; Then in believing, peace I found, And now I live, I live.
- 5 All that I am, even here on earth, All that I hope to be When Jesus comes and glory dawns, I owe it, Lord, to Thee.

Horatius Bonar. 1

REDEMPTION.

8 I heard the voice of Jesus s C. M.

I I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast.
I came to Jesus as I was,

Weary, and worn, and sad; I found in Him a resting place, And He has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say, Behold, I freely give The living water; thirsty one, Stoop down, and drink, and live. I came to Jesus, and I drank Of that life-giving stream;

My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say, I am this dark world's Light; Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright. I looked to Jesus, and I found In Him my Star, my Sun; And in that Light of life I'll walk, Till travelling days are done.

Horatius Bonar. 1856

109

S.

I was a wandering sheep,
 I did not love the fold;
 I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
 I would not be controlled.
 I was a wayward child,
 I did not love my home;
 I did not love my Father's voice,
 I loved afar to roam.

2 The Shepherd sought His sheep, The Father sought His child;
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild;
They found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone;

They bound me with the bands of love,
They saved the wandering one.

I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be controlled;
But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
I love, I love the fold!
I was a wayward child,
I once preferred to roam;
But now I love my Father's voice,
I love, I love His home.

Horatius Bonar, 18.

110

s

1 Lond, with glowing heart I'd praise The For the bliss Thy Love bestows, For the pardoning grace that saves me, And the peace that from it flows. Help, O God, my weak endeavor; This dull soul to rapture raise: Thou must light the flame, or never Can my love be warmed to praise.

REDEMPTION.

2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee, Wretched wanderer, far astruy; Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee From the paths of death away. Praise, with love's devoutest feeling, Him who saw thy guilt-born fear, And, the light of hope revealing, Bade the blood-stained Cross appear.

3 Lord, this hosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express:
Low before Thy footstool kneeling,
Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless.
Let Thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise:
And, since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth Thy praise.

Francis Scott Key. 1826.

111

L. M.

Christi Blut und Gerechtigkeit.

- 1 LORD, I believe were sinners more Than sands upon the ocean shore, For all Thou hast the ransom given, Purchased for all peace, life, and heaven.
- 2 Lord, I believe the price is paid For every soul, the Atonement made; And every soul Thy grace may prove, Loved with an everlasting Love.
- 3 Jesus, be endless praise to Thee, Whose boundless mercy hath for me, For me, and all Thine hands have made, An overlasting ransom paid.
- 4 Ah, give to all Thy servants, Lord, With power to speak Thy quickening Word, That sinners to Thy wounds may flee, And find eternal life in Thee.

5 Thou God of power, Thou God of love, Let the whole world Thy mercy prove: Now let Thy Word o'er all prevail; Now take the spoils of death and hell.

John Wesley. 1740. Tr. Nicholas Louis, Count Zinzendorf. 1739.

ADVENT.

112 Instantis Adventum' Dei. S. M.

1 THE Advent of our God Our prayers must now employ, And we must meet Him on His road

With hymns of holy joy.

2 The everlasting Son
Incarnate soon shall be:

He will a servant's form put on, To make His people free.

3 Daughter of Zion, rise
And greet thy lowly King,
And do not wickedly despise
The mercies He will bring.

4 As Judge, in clouds of light,
He will come down again,
And all His scattered saints unite
With Him in heaven to reign.

5 Before that dreadful day
May all our sins be gone;
May the old man be put away,
And the new man put on!

6 Praise to the Saviour Son From all the angel host: Like praise be to the Father done,

And to the Holy Ghost.

John Chandler, 1837.

ADVENT.

13 Jordanis Oras Prævia.

L. M.

- 1 On Jordan's bank the Baptist's ery Announces that the Lord is nigh: Come then and hearken, for He brings Glad tidings from the King of kings.
 - 2 Then cleansed be every breast from sin, Make straight the way for God within! And let us all our hearts prepare For Christ to come and enter there.
 - 3 For Thou art our Salvation, Lord, Our Refuge and our great Reward. Without Thy grace our souls must fade, And wither like a flower decayed.
- 4 Stretch forth Thy hand, to health restore, And make us rise, to fall no more: Once more upon Thy people shine, And fill the world with love divine.
- 5 To Him who left the throne of heaven To save mankind, all praise be given: Like praise be to the Father done, And Holy Spirit, Three in One. John Chandler. 1837. a.

114 Veni, veni, Emmanuel. L. M.

1 O COME, O come, Emmanuel,
And ransom captive Israel,
That mourns in lonely exile here,
Until the Son of God appear.
[Rejoice! rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!]

2 O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free Thine own from Satan's tyranny; From, depths of hell Thy people save, And give them victory o'er the grave. [Rejoice! rejoice! Emmanuel Shall come to thee. O Israel!



3 O come, Thou King of David, come, And open wide our heavenly home: Make safe the way that leads on high, And close the path to misery. [Rejoice! rejoice! Emmanuel Shall come to thee, O Israel!]

4 O come, O come, Thou Lord of might,
Who to Thy tribes, on Sinai's height,
In ancient times didst give the law,
In cloud and majesty and awe.
[Rejoice! rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!]

5 O come, Thou Day-Spring, come and cheer Our spirits by Thine Advent here: And drive away the shades of night, And pierce the clouds, and bring us light! [Rejoice! rejoice! Emmanuel Shall come to thee, O Israel!] From John Muson Neale, 1851,

115 In noctis umbra desides.

L.M

- 1 DESIRE of nations, Lord of grace, Redeemer of a sinful race, In pity hearken to the groan Of those whom sin hath overthrown!
- 2 Come, Jesus, come! our sins forgive, And let Thy ransomed people live! O, if in Adam all must die, In Thee we claim the victory!
- 3 To God the Son, who came from heaven

 To save mankind, all praise be given:

 And God the Father we adore,

 And Holy Ghost, for evermore.

John Chandler. 1837

ADVENT.

Vox clara ecce intonat. 1 HARK! an awful voice is sounding: "Christ is nigh!" it seems to say; "Cast away the dreams of darkness, O ve children of the day!"

2 Startled at the solemn warning, Let the earth-bound soul arise; Christ, her Sun, all sloth dispelling, Shines upon the morning skies.

3 Lo, the Lamb, so long expected, Comes with pardon down from heaven. Let us haste, with tears of sorrow, One and all, to be forgiven.

4 So, when next He comes with glory,
Wrapping all the earth in fear,
With His mercy He may shield us,
And with words of love draw near.

5 Honor, glory, virtue, merit, To the Father and the Son, With the everlasting Spirit, While eternal ages run.

Edward Caswall. 1848. a.

117

Wie soll ich Dich empfangen.

1 O How shall I receive Thee,
How greet Thee, Lord, aright?
All nations long to see Thee,
My Hope, my heart's Delight!
O kindle, Lord most holy,
Thy lamp within my breast,
To do in spirit lowly
All that may please Thee best.
2 Thy Zion palms is strewing.

2 Thy Zion palms is strewing, And branches fresh and fair; My heart, its powers renewing, An anthem shall prepare. 8, 7.



My soul puts off her sadness
Thy glories to proclaim;
With all her strength and gladness
She fain would serve Thy Name.

3 I lay in fetters groaning,
Thou comest to set me free!
I stood, my shame bemoaning,
Thou comest to honor me!
A glory Thou dost give me,
A treasure safe on high,
Thou wilt not fail nor leave me
As earthly riches fly.

4 Love caused Thy incarnation,
Love brought Thee down to me.
Thy thirst for my salvation

Procured my liberty.

O Love beyond all telling,
That led Thee to embrace,
In love all love excelling,
Our lost and fallen race!

5 Rejoice then, ye sad-hearted,
Who sit in deepest gloom,
Who mourn o'er joys departed,
And tremble at your doom:
He who alone can cheer you,
Is standing at the door;
He brings His pity near you,
And bids you weep no more.

Unknown. 1859. Tr. Paul Gerhardt. 1653.

C. M.

118

Auf, auf, ihr Reichsgenossen.

1 Arise, the kingdom is at hand,
The King is drawing nigh;
Arise with joy, thou faithful band,
To meet the Lord most high!

ADVENT.

2 Look up, ye souls weighed down with care, The Sovereign is not far. Look up, faint hearts, from your despair, Behold the Morning Star!

3 Look up, ye drooping hearts, to-day! The King is very near:

O cast your griefs and fears away, For lo, your Help is here!

4 Hope, O ye broken hearts, at last!
The King comes on in might;
He loved us in the ages past,
When we lay wrapped in night:

5 Now fear and wrath to joy give place, Now are our sorrows o'er, Since God hath made us in His grace His children evermore.

 6 O rich the gifts Thou bringest us, Thyself made poor and weak;
 O Love beyond compare that thus Can foes and sinners seek!

7 For this we raise a gladsome voice On high to Thee alone, And evermore with thanks rejoice Before Thy glorious throne.

> From Miss Winkworth. 1858. Tr. John Rist. 1651.

119 Ermuntert euch, ihr Frommen. 7, 6.

1 Rejoice, all ye believers,
And let your lights appear!
The evening is advancing,
And darker night is near.
The Bridegroom is arising,
And soon He draweth nigh.
Up! pray, and watch, and wrestle—
At midnight comes the cry\



2 The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near;
Go meet Him as He cometh,
With hallelujahs clear.
The marriage-feast is waiting,
The gates wide open stand;
Up, up, ye heirs of glory;
The Bridegroom is at hand!

3 Ye saints, who here in patience
Your cross and sufferings bore,
Shall live and reign for ever,
When sorrow is no more.
Around the throne of glory
The Lamb ye shall behold,
In triumph cast before Him
Your diadems of gold!

4 Our Hope and Expectation,
O Jesus! now appear;
Arise, Thou Sun so longed for,
O'er this benighted sphere!
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see

The day of earth's redemption, That brings us unto Thee!

H. L. L., 1853.
Tr. Laurentius Laurenti. 1700.

120

Macht hoch die Thür.

L. M.

1 Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates!
Behold, the King of glory waits;
The King of kings is drawing near,
The Saviour of the world is here.
Life and salvation He doth bring;
Wherefore rejoice, and gladly sing,
All praise, 0 [Father] God, to Thee!
Creator, wise is Thy deeree!

ADVENT.

- 2 The Lord is just, a Helper tried, Mercy is ever at His side; His kingly erown is holiness, His sceptre, pity in distress. The end of all our woe He brings: Wherefore the earth is glad and sings, All praise, O Son [of God], to Thee! O Saviour, great Thy deeds shall be!
 - 3 O, blest the land, the city blest,
 Where Christ the Ruler is confest!
 O happy hearts and happy homes
 To whom this King in triumph comes!
 The cloudless Sun of joy He is,
 Who bringeth pure delight and bliss:
 [All] praise, [O] Holy Ghost, to Thee!
 Blest Spirit, for Thy comfort free!
 - PART II.
- 4 Fling wide the portals of your heart;
 Make it a temple, set apart
 From earthly use for heaven's employ,
 Adorned with prayer, and love, and joy.
 So shall your Sovereign enter in,
 And new and nobler life begin.
 All praise, O [gracious] God, be Thine,
 For word, and deed, and grace divine!
- 5 Redcemer, come! I open wide
 My heart to Thee; here, Lord, abide!
 Let me Thy inner presence feel,
 Thy grace and love in me reveal.
 Thy Holy Spirit guide us on,
 Until our glorious goal be won!
 Eternal praise and [deathless] fame
 Be offered, Saviour, to Thy Name!

Miss Winkworth. 1855, Tr. George Weissel. 18

121 Nun komm, der Heiden Heiland.

78.

- 1 Come, Thou Saviour of our race, Choicest Gift of heavenly grace! O Thou blessed Virgin's Son, Be Thy race on earth begun.
- 2 Not of mortal blood or birth, He descends from heaven to earth: By the Holy Ghost conceived, Truly man to be believed.
- 3 Wondrous birth! O wondrous Child Of the Virgin undefiled! Though by all the world disowned, Still to be in heaven enthroned.
- 4 From the Father forth He came, And returneth to the same: Captive leading death and hell,— High the song of triumph swell.
- 5 Equal to the Father now, Though to dust Thou once didst bow; Boundless shall Thy kingdom be; When shall we its glories see?
- 6 Brightly doth Thy manger shine; Glorious is its light divine: Let not sin o'ercloud this light, Ever be our faith thus bright.

William M. Reynolds. 1850. Tr. Martin Luther. d. 1546. From Ambrose, d. 387.

122

L. M.

1 Hosanna to the living Lord!
Hosanna to the Incarnate Word!
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heaven Hosanna sing.

ADVENT.

- 2 O Saviour, with protecting care, Return to this Thy house of prayer; Where we, assembled in Thy Name, Thy sacred parting promise claim.
- 3 But chiefest, in our cleanséd breast, Bid Thine eternal Spirit rest, And make our secret soul to be A temple pure, and worthy Thee.
- 4 So in the last and dreadful day,
 When earth and heaven shall melt away,
 Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
 Shall swell the sound of praise again.
 Reginald Heber. 1827. α.

123

PSALM 72.

7, 6.

- 1 Hall to the Lord's Anointed,
 Great David's greater Son!
 Hail, in the time appointed,
 His reign on earth begun!
 He comes to break oppression,
 To set the captive free;
 To take away transgression,
 And rule in equity.
- 2 He comes with succor speedy
 To those who suffer wrong;
 To help the poor and needy,
 And bid the weak be strong;
 To give them songs for sighing;
 Their darkness turn to light,
 Whose souls, condemned and dying,
 Were precious in His sight.
- 3 He shall come down like showers Upon the fruitful earth; And love, joy, hope, like flowers, Spring in His path to birth.

Before Him, on the mountains, Shall peace, the herald, go; And righteousness, in fountains, From hill to valley flow.

4 For Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His Name shall stand for ever;
That Name to us is Love.

James Montgomery, 1822.

bames Monigomery. 1022.

124

1 HARK, the glad sound, the Saviour comes, The Saviour promised long! Let every heart prepare a throne, And every voice a song.

- 2 On Him the Spirit, largely poured, Exerts His sacred fire; Wisdom and might, and zeal and love, His holy breast inspire.
- 3 He comes the prisoners to release, In Satan's bondage held: The gates of brass before Him burst, The iron fetters yield.
- 4 He comes from thickest films of vice To clear the mental ray, And on the eyeballs of the blind To pour celestial day.
- 5 He comes, the broken heart to bind, The bleeding soul to cure, And with the treasures of His grace To enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad hosannahs, Prince of Peace! Thy welcome shall proclaim; And heaven's eternal arches ring With Thy beloved Name.

Doddridge. 1755.

8, 7.

25

1 Light of those whose dreary dwelling Borders on the shades of death, Come, and by Thy Love's revealing,

Come, and by Thy Love's revealing, Dissipate the clouds beneath.

2 Thou, new heaven and earth's Creator, In our deepest darkness rise; Scattering all the night of nature, Pouring eyesight on our eyes.

3 Still we wait for Thine appearing:
Life and joy Thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor, benighted heart.

4 Come, and manifest the favor God hath for our ransomed race; Come, Thou mighty Prince and Savior, Come, and bring the Gospel grace.

5 By Thine all-restoring merit, Every burdened soul release; Every weary, wandering spirit Guide into Thy perfect peace.

C. Wesley. 1745. a.

8, 7.

126

1 Come, Thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set Thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in Thee.
Israel's Strength and Consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art;
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.



2 Born Thy people to deliver: Born a Child, and yet a King; Born to reign in us forever, Now Thy gracious kingdom bring. By Thine own eternal Spirit, Rule in all our hearts alone: By Thine all-sufficient merit, Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

C. Wesley. 1745.

CHRISTMAS.

27

8, 7.

- 1 HARK! what mean those holy voices. Sweetly sounding through the skies? Lo! the angelic host rejoices; Heavenly hallelujahs rise.
- 2 Listen to the wondrous story, Which they chant in hymns of joy: "Glory in the highest, glory! Glory be to God most high!
- 3 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven, Reaching far as man is found; Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven: Loud our golden harps shall sound.
- 4 "Christ is born, the great Anointed; Heaven and earth, His praises sing! O receive whom God appointed For your Prophet, Priest, and King.
- 5 "Hasten, mortals, to adore Him; Learn His Name, and taste His joy; Till in heaven ye sing before Him, Glory be to God most high!"

CHRISTMAS.

6 Let us learn the wondrous story Of our great Redeemer's birth; Spread the brightness of His glory, Till it cover all the earth.

John Cawood, 1814.

And error snall decay,
And Christ shall wield His sceptre,
Our Lord and God for aye.

John Mason Neale. 1862.a.
Tr. Anatolius. ab. 450.

131 Vom Himmel hoch da komm ich hir. L. M.

- 1 Good news from heaven the angels bring, Glad tidings to the earth they sing:
 To us this day a Child is given,
 To crown us with the joy of heaven.
- 2 This is the Christ, our God and Lord, Who in all need shall aid afford: He will Himself our Saviour be, From all our sins to set us free.
- 3 To us that blessedness He brings, Which from the Father's bounty springs: That in the heavenly realm we may With Him enjoy eternal day.
- 4 All hail, Thou noble Guest, this morn, Whose Love did not the sinner scorn: In my distress Thou comest to me; What thanks shall I return to Thee?
- 5 Were earth a thousand times as fair, Beset with gold and jewels rare, She yet were far too poor to be A narrow cradle, Lord, for Thee.
- 6 Ah, dearest Jesus, holy Child, Make Thee a bed, soft, undefiled, Within my heart, that it may be A quiet chamber kept for Thee.



7 Praise God upon His heavenly throne, Who gave to us His only Son: For this His hosts, on joyful wing, A blest New Year of mercy sing.

> From Arthur Tozer Russell. 18-And Miss Winkworth. 18 Tr. Martin Luther. 1535.

132 Wir singen Dir, Immanuel. 1

- 1 Emmanuel! we sing Thy praise, Thou Prince of Life! Thou Fount of Grace With all Thy saints, Thee, Lord, we sing; Praise, honor, thanks, to Thee we bring!
- 2 E'er since the world began to be, How many a heart hath longed for Thee! And Thou, O long-expected Guest, Hast come at last to make us blest!
- 3 Now art Thou here: we know Thee now, In lowly manger liest Thou: A Child, yet makest all things great; Poor, yet is earth Thy robe of state.
- 4 Now fearless I can look on Thee:
 From sin and grief Thou set'st me free:
 Thou bearest wrath, Thou conquerest deat
 Fear turns to joy Thy glance beneath.
- 5 Thou art my Head, my Lord divine: I am Thy member, wholly Thine; And in Thy Spirit's strength would still Serve Thee according to Thy will.
- 6 Thus will I sing Thy praises here, With joyful spirit year by year: And they shall sound before Thy throne, Where time nor number more is known.

From Miss Winkworth, 18' Tr. Paul Gerhardt, 1658. for to the world; the Lord is come!

Let earth receive her King.

Let every heart prepare Him room,

And heaven and nature sing.

I Joy to the earth; the Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow, Nor thorns infest the ground. He comes to make His blessings flow Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the nations prove The glories of His Righteousness, And wonders of His Love. [Watts. 1719.

134 Du wesentliches Wort.

S. M.

1 O SAVIOUR of our race, Welcome indeed Thou art, Blessed Redeemer, Fount of grace, To this my longing heart!

2 Light of the world, abide
Through faith within my heart;
Leave me to seek no other guide,
Nor e'er from Thee depart.

3 Thou art the Life, O Lord!
Sole Light of life Thou art!
Let not Thy glorious rays be poured
In vain on my dark heart.

4 Star of the East, arise! Drive all my clouds away; Guide me till earth's dim twilight dies Into the perfect day. From Miss Winkworth. 1 Tr. Laurentius Laurenti.

NEW YEAR.

Our Lord's Circumcision. 135

1 THE year begins with Thee, And Thou begin'st with woe,

To let the werld of sinners see That blood for sin must flow.

2 Thine infant cries, O Lord, Thy tears upon the breast, Are not enough—the legal sword Must do its stern behest.

3 Am I a child of tears, Cradled in care and woe?

And seems it hard my vernal years Few vernal joys can show? 4 Seemeth it strange to me

My own will to deny? Seemeth it sad, my soul, to thee, Under the yoke to lie?

5 I look, and hold my peace: The Giver of all good Even from the womb takes no rele From suffering, tears, and l

6 That I may reap in love, Help me to sow in fear: So life a winter's morn may prov To a bright endless year. From Joh 136

L. M.

- 1 Great God! we sing that mighty Hand, By which supported still we stand: The opening year Thy mercy shows; Let mercy crown it, till it close.
- 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad, Still we are guarded by our God; By His incessant bounty fed, By His unerring counsel led.
- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own; The future, all to us unknown, We to Thy guardian care commit, And, peaceful, leave before Thy feet.
- 4 In scenes exalted or deprest,
 Be Thou our joy, and Thou our rest;
 Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
 Adored through all our changing days.
- 5 When death shall interrupt our songs, And seal in silence mortal tongues; Our Helper God, in whom we trust, In better worlds our souls shall boast.

Doddridge. 1755.

137

78.

- 1 For Thy mercy and Thy grace, Constant through another year, Hear our song of thankfulness: Father and Redeemer, hear.
- 2 In our weakness and distress, Rock of strength! be Thou our Stay: In the pathless wilderness, Be our true and living Way.
- 3 Which of us death's awful road In the coming year shall tread? With Thy rod and staff, O God, Comfort Thou his dying bed.

4 Make us faithful; make us pure: Keep us evermore Thine own: Help Thy servants to endure: Fit us for the promised crown.

5 So within Thy palace gate We shall praise, on golden strings Thee, the only Potentate, Lord of lords, and King of kings,

138

WHILE with ceaseless course the Hasted through the former ye Many souls their race have run Never more to meet us here; Fixed in an eternal state,

They have done with all be We a little longer wait,

But how little, none can kr

2 As the winged arrow flies Speedily, the mark to find As the lightning from the sl Darts, and leaves no trace Swiftly thus our fleeting de Bear us down life's rapid Upward, Lord, our spirits All below is but a dream

3 Thanks for mercies past 1 Pardon of our sins ren Teach us henceforth how With eternity in view Bless Thy Word to you Fill us with a Saviou And when life's short t May we dwell with

EPIPHANY.

2 Once far off, but now invited, We approach Thy sacred throne; In Thy covenant united, Reconciled, redeemed, made one. Now revealed to eastern sages, See the star of mercy shine; Mystery hid in former ages, Mystery great of Love divine.

3 Hail, Thou all-inviting Saviour!
Gentiles now their offerings bring;
In Thy temple seek Thy favor,
Jesus Christ, our Lord and King.
May we, body, soul and spirit,
Live devoted to Thy praise,
Glorious realms of bliss inherit,
Gratoful anthems ever raise.

Robert Robinson. ab. 1780.

- At that manger rude and bare;
 So may we, with holy joy,
 Pure and free from sin's alloy,
 All our costliest treasures bring,
 Christ! to Thee, our heavenly King.
 - 4 Holy Jesus! every day
 Keep us in the narrow way;
 And, when earthly things are past,
 Bring our ransomed souls at last
 Where they need no star to guide,
 Where no clouds Thy glory hide.
 - 5 In the heavenly country bright Need they no created light: Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown, Thou its Sun which goes not down; There for ever may we sing Hallelujahs to our King.

William Chatterton Dix. 1860.

4 Make us faithful; make us pure Keep us evermore Thine own: Help Thy servants to endure: Fit us for the promised crown

5 So within Thy palace gate We shall praise, on golden str. Thee, the only Potentate, Lord of lords, and King of kin Henry Downton

138

1 While with ceaseless course t
Hasted through the former
Many souls their race have ru
Never more to meet us here
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all bel

5 Here behold the Day-spring rise, Pouring eye-sight on your eyes: God in His own light survey, Shining to the perfect day.

6 Sing, ye morning stars again! God descends on earth to reign: Deigns for man His life to employ: Shout, ye sons of God, for joy.

C. Wesley.

141

HAIL, Thou Source of every blessin
Sovereign Father of mankind!
Gentiles now, Thy grace possessing,
In Thy courts admission find.
Grateful now we fall before Thee,
In Thy Church obtain a place;
Now by faith behold Thy glory,
Praise Thy truth, adore Thy grace

EPIPHANY.

2 Once far off, but now invited,
We approach Thy sacred throne;
In Thy covenant united,
Reconciled, redeemed, made one.
Now revealed to eastern sages,
See the star of mercy shine;
Mystery hid in former ages,
Mystery great of Love divine.

3 Hail, Thou all-inviting Saviour!
Gentiles now their offerings bring;
In Thy temple seek Thy favor,
Jesus Christ, our Lord and King.
May we, body, soul and spirit,
Live devoted to Thy praise,
Glorious realms of bliss inherit,

Grateful anthems ever raise, Robert Robinson, ab. 1780.

!42 Werde Licht du Volk der Heiden. 78.

1 ALL ye gentile lands awake!
Thou, O Salem, rise and shine!
See the Day-spring o'er you break,
Heralding a morn divine;
Telling, God hath called to mind
Those who long in darkness pined.

2 Lo, the shadows flee away, For our Light is come at length, Brighter than all earthly day, Source of being, life and strength. Whose on this Light would gaze, Must forsake all evil ways.

3 Yes, the glory of the Lord
Hath arisen on us to-day!
We have seen the light outpoured,
That must surely drive away
All things that to night belong,
All the sad earth's woe and wong.

4 Thy arising, Lord, shall fill All my thoughts in sorrow's hour ; Thy arising, Lord, shall still All my dread of death's dark powe Through my smiles and through my t Still Thy light, O Lord, appears.

5 Let me, Lord, in peace depart From this evil world to Thee! Where Thyself sole brightness art, Thou hast kept a place for me; In the radiant city there. Crowns of light Thy saints shall wear Miss Winkworth. Tr. John Rist.

143 O Jesu Christe, wahres Licht.

1 O CHRIST, our true and only Light, Illumine those who sit in night; Let those afar now hear Thy voice, And in Thy fold with us rejoice.

2 Fill with the radiance of Thy grace The souls now lost in error's maze, And all, O Lord, whose secret minds Some dark delusion hurts and binds.

3 And all who else have strayed from Th O gently seek! Thy healing be To every wounded conscience given, And let them also share Thy heaven.

4 0 make the deaf to hear Thy Word, And teach the dumb to speak, dear Lo Who dare not yet the faith avow, Though secretly they hold it now.

5 Shine on the darkened and the cold, Recall the wanderers to Thy fold, Unite those now who walk apart, Confirm the weak and doubting heart.

RPIPHANY.

6 So they with us may evermore
Such grace with wondering thanks adore,
And endless praise to Thee be given,
By all Thy Church in earth and heaven.

Miss Winkworth. 1858.
Tr. John Hermann. 1630.

144

H.M.

1 GREAT Father of mankind,
We bless that wondrous grace
Which could for Gentiles find
Within Thy courts a place.
How kind the care | For us to raise
Our God displays, | A house of prayer!

2 Though once estranged far, We now approach the throne; For Jesus brings us near,

And makes our cause His own:

Strangers no more, And find our home,
To Thee we come. And rost secure.

3 To Thee our souls we join, And love Thy sacred Name; No more our own, but Thine,

We triumph in Thy claim.

Our Father-King, Our souls embrace,
Thy covenant grace Thy titles sing.

4 May all the nations throng
To worship in Thy house;
And Thou attend the song,

And smile upon their vows;
Indulgent still, To join the choir
Till earth conspire On Zion's hill.

Doddridge. 1755.

145

H.M.

1 Arise, 0 God, and shine, In all Thy saving might, And prosper each design

100

t healing earth -2 Bring distant nations no. To sing Thy glorious praise; Let every people near
And learn Thy holy Thy cause,
And learn Thy holy Thy cause,
Reign, mighty God, assert The And govern by Thy rightcous laws! 3 Put forth Thy glorious power, That Gentiles all may see, And earth present her store God, our own God, His Church shall bless, You, our own You, And Sile the world with righteousness. 4 To God the only wise, The one immortal King,

Let hallelujahs rise From every living thing: Let all that breathe, on every coast, Draise Father, Son, and Holy Chost. Unknown. 1829 . the Temple.

PRESENTATION OF CHRIST.

3 Jesus, by Thy Presentation,
Thou who didst for us endure,
Make us see our great salvation,
Seal us with Thy promise sure;
And present us, in Thy glory,
To Thy Father, cleansed and pure,
Unknown, 1857.

47 Herr Jesu, Licht der Heiden. S. M.

Light of the gentile world!

Thy people's joy and love!

Thy people's joy and love!

Drawn by Thy Spirit we are come
Thy presence, Lord, to prove.
Within Thy temple walls
We wait with earnest mind,

As Simeon waited long of old,
His Saviour God to find.

Thou wilt be found of us, O Lord, in every place,

Where Thou hast promised faithfully
We should behold Thy face.
Thou yet dost suffer us

Who oft are gathered here,
To bear Thee in the arms of faith,
As once that aged seer.

3 Be Thou our Bliss, our Light, Shining 'mid pain and loss,

Our Sun of strength in time of fear,
The glory round our cross:
A glow in sinking hearts,
A sunbeam in distress,

Physician, nurse, in sickness' hours, In death our happiness!

4 O let us, Lord, prevail
With Simeon at the last;
May we take up his dying song
When life is waning fast.

"Let me depart in peace, Since that mine aged eyes Have seen the Saviour here on earth, Have seen His glory rise."

5 Yes, with the eye of faith My Jesus I behold;

No foe can rob me of my Lord,
Though fierce his threats and bold.
I dwell within Thy heart,
Thou dost in mine abide:

Not sorrow, pain, nor death itself, Can tear me from Thy side.

> Miss Winkworth. 1855. Tr. John Franck. 1674.

EXAMPLE AND TEACHING OF CHRIST.

148

L.M.

- 1 My dear Redeemer, and my Lord! I read my duty in Thy Word: But in Thy life the law appears Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal, Such deference to Thy Father's will, Such love, and meekness so divine, I would transcribe and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air Witnessed the fervor of Thy prayer: The desert Thy temptations knew, Thy conflict, and Thy victory too.
- 4 Be Thou my pattern; make me bear More of Thy gracious image here. Then God the Judge shall own my name Among the followers of the Lamb.

Watts. 1709.

EXAMPLE OF CHRIST.

EARLES OF CHRISIS
149 C. M.
1 Behold, where in a mortal form
Appears each grace divine!
The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.
2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was His divine employ.
3 'Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek He stood.
His foes, ungrateful, sought His life;
He labored for their good.
4 In the last hour of deep distress,
Before His Father's throne,
With soul resigned He bowed, and said,
"Thy will, not mine, be done!"
5 Be Christ our Pattern and our Guide!
His image may we bear!
O may we tread His holy steps,
His joy and glory share!
William Enfield. 1772. a.
150 C. M.
1 In duties and in sufferings too
Thy path, my Lord, I'd tread;
As Thou hast done, so would I do,
Depending on Thy grace.
2 With earnest zeal, 'twas Thy delight
To do Thy Father's will;
O may that zeal my love excite
Thy precepts to fulfil!
3 Unsullied meekness, truth and love,
Through all Thy conduct shine;
O may my whole deportment prove
A copy, Lord, of Thine!
Benjamin Beddome. 1818. a.
113

151

1 0 SAVIOUR, whom that holy morn Gave to our world below, To mortal want and labor born,

And more than mortal woe!

2 Incarnate Word, by every grief, By each temptation tried,

Who lived to yield our ills relief, And to redeem us, died!

3 If gayly clothed and proudly fed, In dangerous wealth we dwell,

Remind us of Thy manger bed,

And lowly cottage cell.

4 If prest by poverty severe, In envious want we pine,

O may Thy Spirit whisper near,

How poor a lot was Thine! 5 Through fickle fortune's various scene,

From sin preserve us free; Like Us Thou best a mourner been,

Reginald Heber. 182' May we rejoice with Thee.

15%

BEHOLD, the Prince of Peace, The chosen of the Lord,

God's Well-beloved Son, fulfils The sure prophetic Word.

No royal pomp adorns This King of righteousness Meekness and patience, truth and love,

Combose His bringely dress.

Jesus, Thou Light of men!

Thy doetrine life imparts. O may we feel its quickening power To warm and glad our hearts!

EXAMPLE AND TEACHING OF CHRIST.

4 Cheered by its beams, our souls
Shall run the heavenly way.
The path which Thou hast marked and trod
Shall lead to endless day.

John Needham. 1768. a.

153

1 FEEBLE, helpless, how shall I
Learn to live and learn to die?
Who, O God, my guide shall be?
Who shall lead Thy child to Thee?

- 2 Blessed Father, gracious One, Thou hast sent Thy holy Son; He will give the light I need, He my trembling steps will lead.
- 3 Through this world, uncertain, dim, Let me ever lean on Him; From His precepts wisdom draw, Make His life my solemn law.
- 4 Thus in deed, and thought, and word, Led by Jesus Christ the Lord, In my weakness, thus shall I Learn to live and learn to die.

William H. Furness. 1844.

THE PASSION.

154

8,7.

78.

- 1 In the Cross of Christ I glory, Towering o'er the wrecks of time; All the light of sacred story Gathers round its head sublime.
- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me, Hopes deceive, and fears annoy, Never shall the Cross forsake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.



- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
 Light and love upon my way,
 From the Cross the radiance streaming
 Adds new lustre to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the Cross are sanctified; Peace is there that knows no measure, Joys that through all time abide. Sir John Bowring, 182

155

S. M

- 1 Nor all the blood of beasts, On Jewish altars slain, Could give the guilty conscience peace, Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb, Takes all our stains away;
- A Sacrifice of nobler name,
 And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand On that dear head of Thine, While like a penitent I stand,
- And there confess my sin.

 My soul looks back to see
 The burden Thou didst bear,
- When hanging on the cursed tree, And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice
 To see the curse remove;
 We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
 And sing His bleeding Love. Watts. 1

156

C. P. M

1 O Thou who didst Thy glory leave,

Apostate sinners to retrieve

From nature's deadly fall,

THE PASSION.

Thou hast redeemed me with a price, Nor shall my sins in judgment rise, For Thou hast borne them all.

2 Jesus was punished in my stead, Without the gate my Surety bled, To explate my stain; On earth the Godhead deigned to dwell, And made of infinite avail The sufferings of the Man.

3 Behold the Lord for rebels given!
Behold, the incarnate King of heaven
Did for His foes expire!
Amazed, O earth, the tidings hear;

Amazed, O earth, the tidings hear; He bore, that we might never bear His Father's righteous ire.

4 Ye saints, the Man of sorrows bless,
The God, for your unrighteousness,
Deputed to atone:

Praise Him, till, with the heavenly throng, Ye sing the never-ending song, And see Him on His throne.

Augustus Montague Toplady. 1759. a.

157

C. M.

1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood Drawn from Immanuel's veins; And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day; And there may I, as vile as he, Wash all my sins away!

2 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious Blood Shall never lose its power, Till all the ransomed Church of God Be saved, to sin no more.



- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming Love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song, I'll sing Thy power to save, When this poor lisping, stammering tongue Lies silent in the grave.
- 6 Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared (Unworthy though I be) For me a blood-bought free reward, A golden harp for me!
- 7 'Tis strung and tuned for endless years,
 And formed by power divine
 To sound in God the Father's ears
 No other name but Thine.

William Cowper. 1779. a. 158

- 1 Dust and ashes, sin and guilt,— CHRIST, for me Thy Blood was spilt; Cleanse Thou me from guilt and sin, Make me pure without, within; Soul and body, at Thy word, Be to saving health restored.
- 2 Flesh and blood, this mortal frame, Thou wert pleased to wear the same: Though Thy nature was divine, Thou didst condescend to mine. Let me for Thy mercy's sake, Thy Divinity partake.
- 3 From the ruins of the Fall,
 Me to grace and glory call:
 Me, O Lord my Righteousness!
 With Thine image re-impress.
 Thou didst stoop to earth for me:
 Raise me up to heaven with Thee.

 James Montgomery. 1858.

118

THE PASSION.

159

8, 7, 7.

- 1 Who is this that comes from Edom, All His raiment stained with blood, To the captive speaking freedom, Bringing and bestowing good; Glorious in the garb He wears, Glorious in the spoil He bears?
- 2 'Tis the Saviour, now victorious, Travelling onward in His might; 'Tis the Saviour; O how glorious To His people is the sight! Satan conquered and the grave, Jesus now is strong to save.
- 3 Mighty Victor! reign forever,
 Wear the crown so dearly won;
 Never shall Thy people, never,
 Cease to sing what Thou hast done:
 Thou hast fought Thy people's foes;
 Thou hast healed Thy people's woes.
 Thomas Kelly, 1809. a.

160

Ira justa Conditoris.

8, 7, 7.

- 1 He who once, in righteous vengeance, Whelmed the world beneath the flood, Once again in mercy cleansed it With the stream of His own Blood, Coming from His throne on high On the painful Cross to die.
- 2 O the wisdom of the Eternal!
 O the depth of Love divine!
 O the sweetness of that mercy
 Which in Jesus Christ doth shine!
 We were sinners doomed to die;
 Jesus paid the penalty.

- 3 When before the Judge we tremble, Conscious of His broken laws. May the Blood of his Atonement Cry sloud, and plead our cause; Bid our guilty terrors cease, Be our pardon and our peace.
- 4 Prince and Author of salvation!
 Lord of majesty supreme!
 Jesus! praise to Thee be given
 By the world Thou didst redeem:
 Glory to the Father be,
 And the Spirit, One with Thee.

 Edward Caswall. 184

161

- 1 GLORY be to Jesus,
 Who, in bitter pains,
 Poured for me the life-blood
 From His sacred veins!
- 2 Grace and life eternal In that Blood I find; Blest be His compassion, Infinitely kind!
- 3 Blest through endless ages
 Be the precious stream,
 Which from endless torments
 Did the world redeem!
- 4 Abel's blood for vengeance Pleaded to the skies; But the Blood of Jesus For our pardon cries!
- 5 Oft as earth exulting Wafts its praise on high, Angel hosts rejuicing Make their glad reply.

THE PASSION.

6 Lift we then our voices,
Swell the mighty flood;
Louder still, and louder
Praise the precious Blood!
Edward Caswall. 1858.

162

C. M.

- 1 Come let us join our cheerful songs With angels round the throne. Ten thousand thousand are their tongues. But all their joys are one.
- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
 "To be exalted thus."
 "Worthy the Lowb" our line reals."

"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply, For He was slain for us.

- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
 Honor and power divine;
 And blessings more than we can give,
 Be, Lord, forever Thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky, And air, and earth, and seas, Conspire to lift Thy glories high, And speak Thine endless praise!
- 5 The whole creation join in one,
 To bless the sacred Name
 Of Him that sits upon the throne,
 And to adore the Lamb. Watts. 1709.

163

C. M.

- 1 Now to the Lamb that once was slain Be endless blessings paid; Salvation, glory, joy, remain For ever on Thy head!
- 2 Thou hast redeemed our souls with Blood,
 Hast set the prisoners free,
 Hast made us kings and priests to God,
 And we shall reign with Thee. Watta. 1709.

s. M.

Who brought the news of pardon down, HOSANNA to the Son And bought it with His Blood!

To Christ the anointed King,

Be endless blessings given! Let the whole earth His glory sing, Who made our peace with meaven. Watts. 1709.

PASSION WEEK.

165 1 O THOU who through this boly week The sick to cure, the lost to seek,

To raise up them that fall:

2 We cannot understand the woe Thy Love was pleased to bear:

O Lamb of God, we only know That all our hopes are there!

3 Thy feet the path of suffering trod;

Thy hand the victory won: What shall we render to our God For all that He hath done?

4 To God the Father, God the Son,

And God the Holy Ghost, By men on earth be honor done,

And by the heavenly host. John Mason Neale Palm Sunday.

Rine on, ride on in majesty! In lowly pomp ride on to die!

O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin O'er captive death and conquered

PASSION WEEK.

2 Ride on, ride on in majesty! The angel armies of the sky Look down with sad and wondering eyes, To see the approaching Sacrifice.

3 Ride on, ride on in majesty! Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh: The Father on his sapphire throne Awaits His own anointed Son.

4 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die!
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign.

Henry Hart Milman. 1827. a

167

1 Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the Cross I spend,
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.

2 Here I rest, forever viewing Mercy streaming in His Blood; Precious drops, my soul bedewing, Plead and claim my peace with God.

3 Truly blessed is this station, Low before His Cross to lie; While I see divine compassion Beaming in His gracious eye.

4 Love and grief my heart dividing, With my tears His feet I bathe; Constant still, in faith abiding, Life deriving from His death.

5 Lord, in ceaseless contemplation, Fix my thankful heart on Thee, Till I taste Thy full salvation, And Thine unveiled glory see.

Walter Shirley, 1760.

- 1 The Saviour comes! no outward pomp Bespeaks His presence nigh; No earthly beauty shines in Him To draw the carnal eve.
- 2 Rejected and despised of men, Behold a Man of wee! And grief His close companion still Through all His life below!
- 3 Yet all the griefs He felt were ours, Ours were the woes He bore: Pangs, not His own, His spotless soul With bitter anguish tore.
- 4 We held Him as condemned of heaven, An outcast from His God; While for our sins He groaned, he bled, Beneath His Father's rod.
- 5 His sacred Blood hath washed our souls From sin's polluting stain; His stripes have healed us, and His Death Revived our souls again.
- 6 We all, like sheep, had gone astray In ruin's fatal road: On Him were our transgressions laid; He bore the mighty load.
- He died to bear the guilt of men,
 That sin might be forgiven:
 He lives to bless them and defend,
 And plead their cause in heaven.
 William Robertson. d. 1743.

169

724

8, 7.

1 Hall, Thou once despised Jesus!
Hail, Thou Galilean King!
Thou didst suffer to release us;
Thou didst free salvation bring.



PASSION WEEK.

By the dread mysterious hour Of the insulting tempter's power; Turn, O turn a favoring eye, Hear our solemn Litany!

- 3 By Thine hour of dire despair,
 By Thine agony of prayer;
 By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
 Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;
 By the gloom that veiled the skies
 O'er the dreadful sacrifice;
 Listen to our humble cry,
 Hear our solemn Litany!
- 4 By Thy deep expiring groan;
 By the sad sepulchral stone:
- Riv the sad sepulchral stone:

 It to liberty restored us
 By the very bonds He bare;
 And His nail-pierced limbs afford us
 Each a stream of mercy rare;
 Lo! He draws us

Lo! He draws us To the Cross, and keeps us there.

- 4 When His painful life was ended,
 When the spear transfixed His side:
 Blood and water thence descended,
 Pouring forth a double tide:
 This to cleanse us,
 That to heal us, is applied.
- 5 Jesus! may Thy promised blessing Comfort to our souls afford; May we, now Thy Love possessing, And at length our full reward,

Ever praise Thee, As our ever-glorious Lord!

John Chandler. 1837. a. Tr. Santolius Maglorianus. ab. 1650. Learn of Jesus Christ to unc. Where they laid His breathless clay; Early hasten to the tomb, ilis solitude and gloom; Who hath taken Him away? Christ is risen !—He meets our eyes: James Montgomery. 1825. Saviour, teach us so to rise. 78. Thursday in Passion Week. While for our sins He grosned, he bled, 5 His sacred Blood hath washed our souls Beneath His Father's rod. His stripes have healed us, and His Death Revived our souls again. & We all, like sheep, had gone astray In rule 8 laust rusu;

Prome vocen,
Now, my soul, th
Sing aloud in
Of the sorrows I
And the agoni
Which ou
Sinless bore, f

- 2 He the ruthless
 Ransom for o
 Sinners by His
 Raising thos
 Bore out
 - 3 He to liberty r
 By the very
 And His nailEach a stree
 Lo! Ho
 To the Cros
 - 4 When His pa When the s Blood and ws Pouring fo This t That to he

'77 O Haupt voll Blut und Wünden. 7,6. 1 O SACRED Head, now wounded,

With grief and shame weighed down, Now scornfully surrounded

With thorns, Thy only crown!

O sacred Head, what glory, What bliss, till now, was Thine!

Yet, though despised and gory,

I joy to call Thee mine.

2 How art Thou pale with anguish, With sore abuse and scorn! How does that visage languish, Which once was bright as morn! What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered, Was all for sinners' gain; Mine, mine was the transgression, But Thine the deadly pain.

3 Lo, here I fall, my Saviour! 'Tis I deserve Thy place! Look on me with Thy favor, Vouchsafe to me Thy grace. Receive me, my Redeemer; My Shepherd, make me Thine! Of every good the Fountain, Thou art the Spring of mine!

4 What language shall I borrow To thank Thee, dearest Friend. For this Thy dying sorrow, Thy pity without end! O make me Thine for ever, And should I fainting be, Lord, let me never, never Outlive my love to Thee.

GOOD FRIDAY.

5 Forbid that I should leave Thee;
O Jesus, leave not me;
In faith may I receive Thee,
When death shall set me free.
When strength and comfort languish,
And I must hence depart,
Release me then from anguish
By Thine own wounded heart.

James W. Alexander. 1849. a. Tr. Paul Gerhardt. 1659. From Bernard of Claircaux. 1153.

178 proj no gracija C. M.

Yet once more, to seal his doom, Christ must sleep within the tomb.

2 Fierce and deadly was the anguish
Which on yonder Cross He bore;
How did soul and body languish
Till the toil of death was o'er!
But that toil, so fierce and dread,
Bruised and crushed the serpent's head.

3 Close and still the cell that holds Him,
While in brief repose He lies;
Deep the slumber that enfolds Him,
Veiled awhile from mortal eyes;
Slumber such as needs must be
After hard-won victory.

4 We this night with plaintive voicing Chant His requiem soft and low; Logicz strains of loud rejoicing 179

> 1 Behold the amazing sight, The Savior lifted high! Behold the Son of God's delight Expire in agony!

S. M.

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a tribute far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

And all in torture died;
'Twas Love that bowed His fainting hea
And oped His gushing side.

4 Drawn by such cords as these, Let all the world combine, With cheerful ardor, to confess The energy divine.

how does that visage languish,
Which once was bright as morn!
What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered,
Was all for sinners' gain;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain.

3 Le, here I fall, my Saviour!

'Tis I deserve Thy place!
Look on me with Thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.
Receive me, my Redeemer;
My Shepherd, make me Thine!
Of every good the Fountain,
Thou art the Spring of mine!

4 What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For man the creature's sin!

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face, While His dear cross appears; Dissolve my heart in thankfulness, And melt my eyes in tears.



GOOD FRIDAY.

5 But drops of grief can ne'en The debt of love I owe. Here, Lord, I give myself a 'Tis all that I can do.

1 0 1

EASTER EVE.

184

1 ALL is o'er, the pain, the sorrow,
Human taunts and Satan's spite;
Death shall be despoiled to-morrow
Of the prey he grasps to-night;
Yet once more, to seal his doom,
Christ must sleep within the tomb.

2 Fierce and deadly was the anguish Which on yonder Cross He bore; How did soul and body languish Till the toil of death was o'er! But that toil, so fierce and dread, Bruised and orushed the serpent's hea

3 Close and still the cell that holds Him
While in brief repose He lies:
Deep the slumber that enfolds Him,
Veiled awhile from mortal eyes;
Slumber such as needs must be
After hard-won victory.

4 We this night with plaintive voicing Chant His requiem soft and low; Loftier strains of loud rejoicing From to-morrow's harps shall flow: Death and hell at length are slain, Christ hath triumphed, Christ doth re



4 Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were a tribute far too small; Love so amazing, so divine, Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Trom out het deathi y siet p My soul doth start, to ween

So sad a wonder, that Thou, Saviour, diest!

2 Thy bitter anguish o'er, To this dark tomb they bore

Thee, Life of life-Thee, Lord of all creation! The hollow rocky cave Must serve Thee for a grave,

Who wast Thyself the Rock of our salvation!

3 O Prince of Life! I know That when I too lie low, Thou wilt at last my soul from death awaken:

Wherefore I will not shrink From the grave's awful brink: The heart that trusts in Thee shall ne'er be shaken.

4 To me the darksome tomb Is but a narrow room, Where I may rest in peace, from sorrow free. Thy Death shall give me power

To cry in that dark hour. O Death! O Grave! where is your victory?

5 The grave can naught destroy: Only the flesh can die,

And even the body triumphs o'er decay: Clothed by Thy wondrous might In robes of dazzling light,

This flesh shall burst the grave at that Last Day.

6 My Jesus, day by day, Help me to watch and pray, Beside the tomb where in my heart Thou'rt laid.

RASTER EVE.

. Thy bitter Death shall be
My constant memory,
My guide at last into death's awful shade.

Mice Winkworth, 18

Miss Winkworth. 1855. Tr. Solomon Franck. 1716.

186

1 Jesus, Thy soul, for ever blest,
Hath gone among the dead,
And to his peaceful place of rest

The dying thief hath led.

2 And all for us; that when, ere long, We shall resign our breath, We may not fear to go among

The unseen shades of death.

3 In death's dark vale I soon must be,
But I will nothing fear;

Thy rod and staff will comfort me;
Thou hast Thyself been there.

Unknown, 1847.

C. M.

187 Der Du, Herr Jesu, Ruh und Rast. L. M.

- 1 Lord Jesus, who, our souls to save, Didst rest and slumber in the grave, Now grant us all in Thee to rest, And here to live as seems Thee best.
- 2 Give us the strength, the dauntless faith, That Thou hast purchased with Thy Death, And lead us to that glorious place, Where we shall see the Father's face.
- 3 O Lamb of God, who once was slain, We thank Thee for that bitter pain. Let us partake Thy Death, that we May enter into Life with Thee.

Miss Winkworth. 1868. Tr. George Werner. 1588.



188

8, 7.

- 1 Hail, all hail, Thou Lord of glory!
 Thee our Father, Thee we own!
 Abraham heard not of our story,
 Israel ne'er our name hath known:
- 2 But, Redeemer, Thou hast sought us,
 Thou hast heard Thy children's wail;
 Thou with Thy dear Blood hast bought us;
 Hail, Thou mighty Victor, hail!
 Unknown. 1854.

EASTER.

189

L. M.

- 1 Hz dies, the Friend of sinners dies! Lo! Salem's daughters weep around. A solemn darkness veils the skies; A sudden trembling shakes the ground.
- 2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two For Him who groaned beneath your load: He shed a thousand drops for you, A thousand drops of richer blood.
- 3 Here's love and grief beyond degree: The Lord of glory dies for men! But lo, what sudden joys we see! Jesus, the dead, revives again.
- 4 The rising God forsakes the tomb! The tomb in vain forbids His rise: Cherubic legions guard Him home, And shout Him welcome to the skies.
- 5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell How high your great Deliverer reigns. Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell, And led the monster, Death, in chains.

140

MARTER.

6 Say, "Live for ever, wondrous King,
Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask the monster: "Where's thy sting?
And where's thy victory, boasting grave?"
Watte. 1709. a.

190

78.

- 1 CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day, Sons of men and angels say. Raise your joys and triumphs high; Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done, Fought the fight, the battle won; Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er; Lo! He sets in blood no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal; Christ hath burst the gates of hell! Death in vain forbids His rise; Christ hath opened Paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious King; Where, O Death, is now Thy sting? Dying once, He all doth save; Where thy victory, O Grave?
- 5 Soar we now where Christ has led, Following our exalted Head: Made like Him, like Him we rise; Ours the cross, the grave, the skies!
- 6 What though once we perished all, Partners in our parents' fall: Second life we now receive, In our heavenly Adam live.
- 7 Hail, the Lord of earth and heaven! Praise to Thee by both be given: Thee we greet triumphant now; Hail, the Resurrection Thou!

C. Wesley. 1739.

THE day of Resurrection! Earth! tell it out abroad! The Passover of gladness, The Passover of God! From death to Life eternal, From earth unto the sky, Our Christ hath brought us over, With hymns of victory. 2 Our hearts be pure from evil, That we may see aright The Lord in rays eternal Of resurrection light: And listoning to His accents, May hear, so calm and plain,
May hear, so calm and plain,
His own "All hail!",—and May raise the victor strain. 3 Now let the heavens be joyful! Let earth her song begin! Let the round world keep triumph, And all that is therein ; Their notes let all things blend, In grateful exultation For Christ the Lord hath risen, John Mason Neale. 1862. a. Our Joy that hath no end. Tr. John of Damasous, ab. Trochaic 7 COME, We faithful, raise the strain Of triumphant gladness!

God hath brought His Israel
God hath brought His Israel
Into joy from sadness!

2 "Tis the spring of souls to-day:
Christ hath burst His prison;
And from three days' sleep in (
As a sun, hath risen.

EASTER.

- 3 All the winter of our sins, Long and dark, is flying From His light, to whom we give Thanks and praise undying.
- 4 Neither might the gates of death, Nor the tomb's dark portal, Nor the watchers, nor the seal, Hold Thee as a mortal:
- 5 But to-day amidst the twelve Thou didst stand, bestowing That Thy peace, which evermore Passeth human knowing.

John Mason Neale. 1862. Tr. John of Damascus, ab. 760.

193 Jesu, meine Zuversicht.

78.

- 1 JESUS my Redeemer lives, Christ my Trust is dead no more; In the strength this knowledge gives, Shall not all my fears be o'er? Calm, though death's long night be fraught Still with many an anxious thought?
- 2 Jesus my Redeemer lives,
 And His life I soon shall see;
 Bright the hope this promise gives;
 Where He is I too shall be.
 Shall I fear then? Can the Head
 Rise and leave the members dead?
- 3 Close to Him my soul is bound, In the bonds of hope enclasped; Faith's strong hand this hold hath found, And the Rock hath firmly grasped. Death shall ne'er my soul remove From her refuge in Thy Love.

- 4 I shall see Him with these eyes,
 Him whom I shall surely know;
 Not another shall I rise;
 With His love my heart shall glow;
 Only there shall disappear
 Weakness in and round me here.
- 5 We who suffer, sigh and moan,
 Fresh and glorious there shall reign:
 Earthly here the seed is sown,
 Heavenly it shall rise again;
 Natural the death we die,
 Spiritual our life on high.
- 6 Saviour, help us, that our heart-Rise betimes from earthly lust; Let us there with Thee have part, Here obey our Lord and trust. Fix our hearts beyond the skies, Whither we ourselves would rise!

Miss Winkworth. 1855. a.
Tr. Louisa Henrietta of Brandenburg. 1653.

194 Jesus lebt! mit Ihm auch ich. 7,8,7.

- 1 JESUS lives! no longer now
 Can thy terrors, Death, appal me;
 Jesus lives! and this I know,
 From the dead He will recall me.
 Brighter scenes will then commence;
 This shall be my confidence.
- 2 Jesus lives! to Him the throne Over all the world is given: I shall go where He is gone, Live and reign with Him in heaven. God is pledged: weak doubtings, hence! This shall be my confidence.

BASTER.

- 3 Jesus lives, who died for me;
 Then, alone to Jesus living,
 Pure in heart I'll ever be,
 Glory to my Saviour giving.
 God will be a sure Defence;
 This shall be my confidence.
- 4 Jesus lives! I know full well,
 Naught from me His heart shall sever;
 Life nor death, nor powers of hell,
 Tear me from His keeping ever.
 Freely God doth grace dispense;
 This shall be my confidence.
- 5 Jesus lives! henceforth is death But the gate of Life immortal; This shall calm my trembling breath, When I pass its gloomy portal. "Lord," I'll ory, as fails each sense, "Lord, Thou art my confidence!"

Frances Elizabeth Cox. 1841. a. Tr. Christian F. Gellert, 1757.

195 Willkommen, Held im Streite. C. M.

- 1 Welcome, Thou Victor in the strife, Welcome from out the care! To-day we triumph in Thy life Around Thine empty grave.
- 2 Our enemy is put to shame, His short-lived triumph o'er; Our God is with us, we exclaim, We fear our foe no more.
- 3 The dwellings of the just resound With songs of victory; For in their midst Thou, Lord, art found, And bringest peace with Thee.

- 4 O let Thy conquering banner wave O'er hearts Thou makest free; And point the path that from the grave Leads heavenward up to Thee.
- 5 We bury all our sin and crime
 Deep in our Saviour's tomb,
 And seek the treasure there, that time
 Nor change can e'er consume.
- 6 Fearless we lay us in the tomb, And sleep the night away, If Thou art there to break the gloom, And call us back to day.
- 7 Death hurts us not: his power is gone,
 And pointless all his darts:
 God's favor now on us hath shone,
 Joy filleth all our hearts.

 Miss Winkworth. 1855.
 Tr. Benjamin Schmolk. 1712.

196

C. M.

- 1 FATHER of Jesus Christ, my Lord, My Savior, and my Head,
 - I trust in Thee, whose powerful word Hath raised Him from the dead.
- 2 Thou knowest for my offence He died, And rose again for me; Fully and freely justified, That I might live to Thee.
- 3 Eternal life to all mankind Thou hast in Jesus given; And all who seek, in Him, shall find The happiness of heaven.
- 4 Obedient faith, that waits on Thee, Thou never wilt reprove; But Thou wilt form Thy Son in me, And perfect me in love.

ASCENSION.

100 Jesu, nostra Redemptio. C. M.

- 1 O CHRIST, our Hope, our heart's Desire, Redemption's only Spring! Creator of the world art Thou, Its Savior and its King.
 - 2 How vast the mercy and the Love Which laid our sins on Thee, And led Thee to a cruel death, To set Thy people free!
 - 3 But now the bands of death are burst, The ransom has been paid; And Thou art on Thy Father's throne, In glorious robes arrayed.
 - 4 0 may Thy mighty Love prevail Our sinful souls to spare!
 - O may we come before Thy throne, And find acceptance there!
 - 5 O Christ, be Thou our present Joy, Our future great Reward; Our only glory may it be To glory in the Lord!

John Chandler. 1837.

:01

C.M.

- 1 O Thou, who thus exalted art,
 On whom our souls rely,
 Grant to us now, in mind and heart.
 To dwell with Thee on high!
- 2 And when at length, redeemed by Thee,
 The just that sleep shall rise,
 With theirs our happy portion be,
 A home beyond the skies.

Unknown. 1854.

KINGDOM AND PRIESTHOOD OF CHRIST.

202

1 THE Head that once was crowned with thorns
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

2 The highest place that heaven affords Is His by sovereign right: The King of kings and Lord of lords, And heaven's eternal Light.

3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His Love,
And grants His Name to know.

4 To them the Cross, with all its shame, With all its grace, is given; Their name an everlasting name, Their joy the joy of heaven.

5 They suffer with their Lord below, They reign with Him above; Their profit and their joy to know The mystery of His Love.

6 The Cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him:
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

Thomas Kelly. 1820.

203

8, 7, 7.

C. M.

1 Hark, ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above!
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;
Jesus reigns, the God of love.
See, He sits on yonder throne;
Jesus rules the world alone.

160

KINGDOM AND GLORY OF CHRIST.

- 2 Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens All above, and makes it fair; Lord of life, Thy smile enlightens, Cheers and charms Thy people here. When we think of Love like Thine, Lord, we own it Love divine.
- 3 King of glory, reign forever;
 Thine an everlasting crown:
 Nothing from Thy Love shall sever
 Those whom Thou hast made Thine own;
 Happy objects of Thy grace,
 Destined to behold Thy face.
- 4 Savior, hasten Thine appearing;
 Bring, O bring the glorious day,
 When, the awful summons hearing,
 Heaven and earth shall pass away.
 Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,
 "Glory, glory to our King."

Thomas Kelly. 1804. a.

204

H. M.

1 REJOICE, the Lord is King!
Your Lord and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above:

Lift up your heart, &c.

3 His kingdom cannot fail,

He rules o'er earth and heaven:

The keys of death and hell

Are to our Jesus given.

Lift up your heart, &c.



- 4 He sits at God's right hand, Till all His foes submit, And bow to His command, And fall beneath His feet. Lift up your heart, &c.
- 5 He all His foes shall quell, Shall all our sins destroy; And every bosom swell With pure seraphic joy: Lift up your heart, &c.
- 6 Rejoice in glorious hope;
 Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
 And take His servants up
 To their eternal home:
 We soon shall hear the archangel's voice,
 The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice!
 C. Wesley. 1749.
- 5 Siegesfürst und Ehrenkönig. 78.
 1 Conquering Prince and Lord most high!
 Majesty enthroned in light!
 All the heavens before Thee lie,
 Far beyond them spreads Thy might.
 Shall I fall not at Thy feet,
 And my heart with rapture beat,
 Now Thy glory is displayed,
 Thine ere yet the worlds were made?
- 2 Far and wide, Thou Heavenly Sun, Now Thy brightness streams abroad, And heaven's host anew hath won Light and gladness from its Lord. So let earth's remotest end To Thy righteous sceptre bend: Make Thy way before Thee plain, O'er all hearts and spirits reign.

KINGDOM AND PRESTHOOD OF CHRIST.

- 3 Of Thy oup shall I not drink,
 Now Thy glories o'er me shine?
 Shall my courage ever sink,
 Now I know all power is Thine?
 I will trust Thee, O my King,
 And will fear no earthly thing;
 Henceforth will I bow the knee
 To no ruler, save to Thee.
- 4 Lo, Thy presence filleth now
 All Thy Church in every place.
 To my heart, O enter Thou!
 See, it thirsteth for Thy grace.
 Come, Thou King of glory, come,
 Deign to make my heart Thy home.
 There abide and rule alone,
 As upon Thy heavenly throne,
- 5 Parting, Thou dost bring Thy life, God and heaven, most inly near: Let me rise o'er earthly strife,

As though still I saw Thee here; And my heart, transplanted hence, Strange to earth and time and sense; Dwell with Thee in heaven even now, Where our only joy art Thou!

Miss Winkworth. 1858. a. Tr. Gerhard Tersteegen. 1731.

206

L. M.

- 1 I know that my Redeemer lives! What comfort this sweet sentence gives! He lives, He lives, who once was dead, He lives, my ever-living Head.
- 2 He lives to bless me with His Love, He lives to plead for me above, He lives my hungry soul to feed, He lives to help in time of need.



- 3 He lives to grant me rich supply, He lives to guide me with His eye, He lives to eomfort me when faint, He lives to hear my soul's complaint.
- 4 He lives to silence all my fears, He lives to wipe away my tears, He lives to calm my troubled heart, He lives, all blessings to impart.
- 5 He lives, and grants me daily breath; He lives, and I shall conquer death; He lives, my mansion to prepare; He lives, to bring me safely there.
- 6 He lives, all glory to His Name!
 He lives, my Jesus, still the same;
 O the sweet joy this sentence gives,
 I know that my Redeemer lives!
 From Samuel Medley. 1800.

97 H. M.

JESUS, my great High Priest,
 Offered His Blood and died;
 My guilty conscience seeks
 No sacrifice beside.
 His powerful Blood did once atone,
 And now it pleads before the throne.

2 To this dear Surety's hand
Will I commit my cause;
He answers and fulfils
His Father's broken laws.
Behold my soul at freedom set;
My Surety paid the dreadful debt.

3 My Advocate appears
For my defence on high;
The Father bows His ears,
And lays His thunder by.
Not all that hell or ain can say,
Shall turn His heart, His Love away.

ETERNAL PRIESTROOD OF CHRIST.

4 Should all the hosts of death,
And powers of hell unknown,
Put their most dreadful forms
Of rage and mischief on,
I shall be safe, for Christ displays
Superior power and guardian grace.

Watte. 1709.

08

H. M.

1 Arise, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on His hands.

- 2 He ever lives above,
 For me to intercede;
 His all-redeeming Love,
 His precious Blood to plead;
 His Blood atoned for all our race,
 And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
- 3 Five bleeding wounds He bears,
 Received on Calvary;
 They pour effectual prayers,
 They strongly speak for me;
 Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,
 Nor let that ransomed sinner die!
- 4 The Father hears Him pray,
 His dear anointed One;
 He cannot turn away
 The Presence of His Son;
 His Spirit answers to the Blood,
 And tells me I am born of God.

 5 My God is reconciled,
 His pardoning voice I hear:

He owns me for His child,



I can no longer fear; With confidence I now draw nigh, And Father, Abba Father! cry.

C. Wesley. 1742.

09

L. M. 61.

- 1 When gathering clouds around I view, And days are dark and friends are few, On Him I lean, who, not in vain, Experienced every human pain; He sees my wants, allays my fears, And counts and treasures up my tears.
- 2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray From heavenly wisdom's narrow way, To fly the good I would pursue, Or do the sin I would not do; Still He, who felt temptation's power, Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.
- 3 When vexing thoughts within me rise, And sore dismayed, my spirit dies, Still He, who once vouchsafed to bear The sickening anguish of despair, Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry, The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.
- 4 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend, Which covers what was once a friend:
 And from his voice, his hand, his smile, Divides me for a little while;
 Thou, Saviour, seest the tears I shed,
 For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.
- 5 And O, when I have safely past
 Through every conflict but the last,
 Still, still unchanging, watch beside
 My painful bed, for Thou hast died;
 Then point to realms of cloudless day,
 And wipe the latest tear away.

Sir Robert Grant, 1812.

PRAISE TO CHRIST.

1. 6 See all your sins on Jesus laid:
The Lamb of God was slain:
His soul was once an offering made
For every soul of man.

7 Glory to God, and praise, and love, Be ever, ever given; By saints below and saints above, The Church in earth and heaven.

C. Wesley. 1740. a.

?15

H. M.

LET earth and heaven combine,
 Angels and men agree,
 To praise in songs divine
 To Him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

6 O that with yonder sacred throng We at His feet may fall; We'll join the everlasting song, And crown Him Lord of all.

From Edward Perronet. 1785.

213

~ M

3 For me and all mankind
The Lamb of God was slain:
My Lord His life resigned
For every soul of man:
Loving to all, He none passed by,
He would not have one sinner die.

4 O unexampled Love!
O all-redeeming grace!

Of Thy clemency imploring
So to write it in our heart,
That hereafter, upward soaring,
We with angels may have part.

From John Mason Neale. 1851.



16

н. м.

I Join all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore:
All are too mean to speak His worth;
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

2 But 0, what gentle terms,
What condescending ways,
Doth our Redeemer use,

To teach His heavenly grace! Mine eyes with joy and wonder see What forms of love He bears for me.

3 Arrayed in mortal flesh,
He like an angel stands;
And holds the promises

And pardons in His hands: Commissioned from His Father's throne, To make His grace to mortals known.

4 Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless Thy Name;

By Thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came;
he joyful news of sing forgiven

The joyful news of sins forgiven, Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

5 Be Thou my Counsellor,
My Pattern and my Guide;
And through this desert land
Still keep me near Thy side;
O let my feet ne'er run astray,
Nor rove, nor seek the crooked way!

Watte. 1709. 17 8, 7, 7.

One there is, above all others,
 Well deserves the name of Friend.
 His is love beyond a brother's,

PRAISE TO CHRIST.

Costly, free, and knows no end. They who once His kindness prove, Find it everlasting Love.

- 2 Which of all our friends, to save us, Could or would have shed his blood? But this Saviour died to have us Reconciled in Him to God. This was boundless Love indeed: Jesus is a Friend in need.
- 3 When He lived on earth abaséd,
 Friend of sinners was His name:
 Now, above all glory raiséd,
 He rejoices in the same.
 Still He calls them brethren, friends,
 And to all their wants attends.
- 4 O for grace our hearts to soften!
 Teach us, Lord, at length to love.
 We, alas! forget too often
 What a Friend we have above.
 But when home our souls are brought,
 We will love Thee as we ought.

John Newton. 1779.

218

C. M.

- 1 How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds In a believer's ear! It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole, And calms the troubled breast; 'Tis manna to the hungry soul, And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear Name! the Rock on which I build, My Shield and Hiding-place; My never-failing Treasury, filled With boundless stores of grace.



- 4 By Thee my prayers acceptance gain, Although with sin defiled; Satan accuses me in vain, And I am owned a child.
- 5 Weak is the effort of my heart, And cold my warmest thought; But, when I see Thee as Thou art, I'll praise Thee as I ought.
- 6 Till then, I would Thy Love proclaim
 With every fleeting breath;
 And may the music of Thy Name
 Refresh my soul in death.

John Newton, 1779.

78.

- 1 SWEETER sounds than music knows Charm me in Emmanuel's Name; All her hopes my spirit owes To His birth, and Cross, and shame.
- 2 When He came, the angels sung, "Glory be to God on high!"
 Lord, unloose my stammering tongue; Who should louder sing than I?
- 8 Did the Lord a man become,
 That he might the law fulfil,
 Bleed and suffer in my room,
 And canst thou, my tongue, be still?
- 4 No; I must my praises bring, Though they worthless are, and weak; For, should I refuse to sing, Sure the very stones would speak.
- 5 0 my Saviour, Shield, and Sun,
 Shepherd, Brother Lord, and Friend—
 Every precious name in one!

 I will love Thee without end.

 John Neuton, 1779. a.

COMMUNION WITH CHRIST.

COMMUNION WITH CHRIST.

220	Jesu	dulcis	Мето	ria.	C. 2	И.
	 _					

1 JESUS! the very thought of Thee With sweetness fills my breast; But sweeter far Thy face to see, And in Thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the memory find

A sweeter sound than Thy blest Name, O Savior of mankind!

3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek!

To those who fall, how kind Thou art, How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The Love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only Joy be Thou! As Thou our Prize wilt be; Jesus, be Thou our Glory now, And through eternity!

> Edward Caswall. 1848. Tr. Bernard of Clairvaux. 1153.

221 Jesu Rex admirabilis.

С. М.

1 O JESUS! King most wonderful, Thou Conqueror renowned; Thou Sweetness most ineffable, In whom all joys are found!

2 When once Thou visitest the heart, Then truth begins to shine: Then earthly vanities depart, Then kindles love divine.



- 3 0 Jesus, Light of all below!
 Thou Fount of life and fire!
 :Surpassing all the joys we know,
 All that we can desire,—
- 4 May every heart confess Thy Name, And ever Thee adore; And, seeking Thee, itself inflame To seek Thee more and more.
- 5 Thee may our tongues forever bless;
 Thee may we love alone;
 And ever in our lives express
 The image of Thine own.
 Edward Caswall. 1848. a.

Tr. Bernard of Clairvaux. 1153.

- 12 LORD, and whither shall we go? Thou alone hast words of life! In our stormy griefs below, Who, but Thou, can heal the strife Sin and sorrow round us bring, In life's vale while wandering?
 - 2 Blessed Christ! embodied Word! Thou alone art Life and Light: Saints who have Thy truth preferred Walk in peace, and worship right: Thou alone to sin canst say, "I am Love, the Living Way."
 - 3 Sun of Grace, O ever shine
 Round our paths, where'er they lead!
 Midnight feels a ray divine
 Breaking through the darkest need,
 If we hear, when most dismayed,
 "It is I, be not afraid!"
 - 4 Pardon, peace, and purity,
 Gifts without, and grace within,
 Love and light which set us free



COMMUNION WITH CHRIST.

From the curse and chain of sin,— These, Emmanuel, Thou canst give, While upon Thy words we live.

5 Not a want, Thou canst not fill; Not a fear, Thou wilt not tame; If, indeed, repentance will Rest upon Thy glorious Name, High o'er every guilt and grave Shall Redemption's banner wave!

6 Saviour, be our Polar Star,
Shaded by no sinful night;
Shed upon us from afar
Living beams of holy light:
When we reach our radiant home,
We shall know the Way we come.

Robert Montgomery. 1848.

223

C. M.

- 1 LORD, should we leave Thy hallowed feet, To whom should we repair? Where else such holy comforts meet, As spring eternal there?
- 2 Earth has no fount of true delight, No pure perennial stream; And sorrow's storm, and death's long night, Obscure life's brightest beam.
- 3 Unmingled joys 'tis Thine to give, And undecaying peace; For Thou canst teach us so to live, That life shall never cease.
- 4 Thou only canst the cheering words Of endless life supply; Anointed of the Lord of lords, The Son of God most high!

George Washington Dome. 1826.



24	. C. 2
1 Thou art the Way: to Thee alone From sin and death we flee:	
And he who would the Father seek,	
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.	

- 2 Thou art the Truth: Thy Word alone Sound wisdom can impart: Thou only canst inform the mind, And purify the heart.
- 3 Thou art the Life: the rending tomb Proclaims Thy conquering arm: And those who put their trust in Thee, Nor death nor hell shall harm.
- 4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:
 Grant us that way to know,
 That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
 Whose joys eternal flow.

 George W. Doane. 1826

- 1 HOLY Jesus, Saviour blest, When by passion strong possest Through this world of sin we stray, Thou to guide us art the Way.
- 2 Holy Lord, when error's night Dims and blinds our elouded sight, Through the mists of sin to shine, Thou dost rise, the Truth divine.
- 3 Holy Jesus, when our power Fails us in temptation's hour, All unequal to the strife, Thou to aid us art the Life.
- 4 Who would reach the heavenly home, Who would to the Father come, Who the Father's presence see, Jesus, he must come by Thee.

COMMUNION WITH CHRIST.

- 5 Channel of the Father's grace, Image of the Father's face, Savior blest, incarnate Son, With the Father Thou art One.
- 6 Glory to the Father be, Glory, only Son, to Thee; And, of equal power confest, Glory to the Spirit blest.

Richard Mant. 1837. a.

226 Guter Hirte, willst Du nicht. 7, 8, 7.

- 1 WILT Thou not, my Shepherd true, Spare Thy sheep, in mercy spare me? Wilt Thou not, as shepherds do, In Thine arms rejoicing bear me, Bear me where all troubles cease, Home to folds of joy and peace?
- 2 See how I have gone astray, How earth's labyrinths oft mislead me; Bring me back into Thy way, In Thine own green pastures feed me: Gather me within the fold, Where Thy lambs Thy light behold.
- 3 With Thy flock I long to be,
 With the flock to whom 'tis given,
 Safe to feed, and, praising Thee,
 Roam the happy plains of heaven:
 Free from fear of sinful stain,
 They can never stray again.
- 4 Lord, I here am sore beset,
 Fears at every step confound me;
 Lo! my foes have spread their net,
 And with craft and might surround me:
 Such their snares on every side,
 Safe Thy sheep can ne'er abide.



5 Jesus, Lord! my Shepherd true, O from wolves Thy sheep deliver; Help, as shepherds wont to do, From their jaws preserve me ever. Bid Thy trembling wanderer come To his everlasting home.

Frances Elizabeth Cox. 1841. Tr. Angelus Silesius. 1657.

78.

7

٠.

1 JESUS, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last!

- 2 Other refuge have I none;
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
 Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me!
 All my trust on Thee is stayed,
 All my help from Thee I bring:
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
 More than all in Thee I find:
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is Thy Name;
 I am all unrighteousness:
 False and full of sin I am;
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

COMMUNION WITH CERIST.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound:
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

C. Wesley. 1740.

231

7, 6, 8.

1 Jasus, Name all names above,
Jesus, best and dearest,
Jesus, Fount of perfect love,
Holiest, tenderest, nearest;
Jesus, Source of grace completest,
Jesus tenderest, Jesus sweetest,
Jesus, Well of power divine,
Make me, keep me, seal me Thine!

2 Thou didst call the prodigal;
Thou didst pardon Mary:
Thou whose words can never fall,
Love can never vary;
Thou whose wounds are ever pleading,
And Thy Passion interceding,
From my misery let me rise
To a home in Paradise!

3 Jesus, crowned with thorns for me, Scourged for my transgresssion! Witnessing, through agony, That Thy good confession; Jesus, clad in purple raiment, For my evils making payment; Let not all Thy wee and pain, Let not Calvary, be in vain!

4 When I reach Death's bitter sea,
And its waves roll higher,
Help the more forsaking me,
As the storm draws nigher:
Jesus, leave me not to languish,
Helpless, hopeless, full of anguish!
Tell me,—"Verily I say,
Thou shalt be with Me to-day!"
John Mason Neale. 1862.
Tr. Theoctistus of the Studium. ab.

SUNDAY AFTER ASCENSION.

232

- 1 RULER of the hosts of light, Death hath yielded to Thy might; And Thy Blood hath marked a road Which will lead us back to God.
- 2 From Thy dwelling-place above, From Thy Father's throne of love, With Thy look of mercy bless Those without Thee comfortless.
- 3 Bitter were Thy throes on earth, Giving to the Church her birth, From the spear-wound opening wid In Thine own life-giving side.
- 4 Now in glory Thou dost reign, Won by all Thy toil and pain; Thence the promised Spirit send, While our prayers to Thee ascend.
- 5 Jesus, praise to Thee be given, With the Father, high in heaven; Holy Spirit, praise to Thee Now and through eternity.

Unknown.

SUNDAY AFTER ASCENSION.

233

S. M.

- 1 LEAVE us not comfortless,
 O Thou our risen Lord!
 But send Thy Spirit down, to bless
 And guide us with Thy Word.
- 2 By Him Thy gifts impart,
 Light, peace, and joy, and love;
 Seal of adoption in our heart,
 Earnest of heaven above.

Josiah Conder. 1836.

234

78.

- 1 FATHER, glorify Thy Son;
 Answer His prevailing prayer;
 Send that Intercessor down,
 Send that other Comforter,
 Whom believingly we claim,
 Whom we ask in Jesus' name.
- 2 Wilt Thou not the promise seal,
 True and gracious as Thou art,
 Send the Comforter to dwell
 Every moment in our heart?
 Yes, Thou must the grace bestow:
 Jesus said, it shall be so.

C. Wesley. 1747.

235

L. M. 6 l.

- 1 FATHER—for Thou my Father art—
 Send forth the Spirit of Thy Son;
 Breathe Him into my longing heart,
 And make me know as I am known:
 Make me Thy conscious child, that I
 May "Father, Abba Father," cry!
- 2 0 that the Comforter would come! Nor visit as a transient guest, But fix in me His constant home,

And keep possession of my breas And make my soul His loved about The temple of the living God!

C. Wesley. 1

WHITSUNDAY.

236

C. B

- 1 Let songs of praises fill the sky: Christ, our ascended Lord, Sends down His Spirit from on hig According to His word: All hail the day of Pentecost, The coming of the Holy Ghost!
- 2 The Spirit, by His heavenly breath Creates new life within; He quickens sinners from the death Of trespasses and sin: All hail the day of Pentecost, The coming of the Holy Ghost!
- 3 The things of Christ the Spirit take And shows them unto men: The fallen soul His temple makes; God's image stamps again: All hail the day of Pentecost, The coming of the Holy Ghost!
- 4 Come, Holy Spirit, from above,
 With Thy celestial fire;
 Come, and with flames of zeal and
 Our hearts and tongues inspire.
 Be this our day of Pentecost,
 The coming of the Holy Ghost!
 Thomas Cotteril

WHITSUNDAY.

237

LORD God, the Holy Ghost! In this accepted hour, As on the day of Pentecost,

Descend in all Thy power. We meet with one accord

In our appointed place, And wait the promise of our Lord, The Spirit of all grace.

Like mighty rushing wind Upon the waves beneath, Move with one impulse every mind, One soul, one feeling breathe.

The young, the old inspire With wisdom from above; And give us hearts and tongues of fire, To pray, and praise, and love.

Spirit of light, explore,

And chase our gloom away; With lustre shining more and more,
Visit Thou these hearts of Thine, And our inmost being fill: If Thou take Thy grace away,

Nothing pure in man will stay; All his good is turned to ill.

4 Heal our wounds, our strength renew On our dryness pour Thy dew; Wash the stains of guilt away: Bend the stubborn heart and will; Melt the frozen, warm the chill; Guide the steps that go astray.

5 Thou on those who evermore Thee confess and Thee adore, In Thy sevenfold gifts descend;

THE CHURCH YEAR. Lord, to-day Thy people learneth No new wonder, no strange tale; Lord, to day Thy people yearneth Here the Holy Ghost to hail! O'er again to write the story Our weak, trembling souls aspire: Unto us may come the glory, Full on us may fall the fire!

3 Hath the Holy Ghost been holden By those ancient saints alone? Only may the ages olden Call the Comforter their own? Ah, their portion we inherit, Ours the sorrow, ours the sin: We bessech the Holy Spirit; We the Comforter would win.

Thomas H. Gill. 1848. a.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

3 The things of Christ the Spirit takes, And shows them unto men: The fallen soul His temple makes; God's image stamps again: All hail the day of Pentecost, The coming of the Holy Ghost!

4 Come, Holy Spirit, from above, Come, and with figures of seal and le Our hearts and tongues inspire Be this our day of Pentecost, The coming of the Holy Ghost! Thomas Cotteril

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

5 Come, all the faithful bless; Let all, who Christ confess, His praise employ: Give virtue's rich reward; Victorious death accord,

Unknown. 1662. a. Tr. Charlemagne. d. 814.

Veni Sancte Spiritus. 40

- 1 Holy Spirit, Lord of Light, From Thy clear, celestial height, Thy pure beaming radiance give; Come, Thou Father of the poor! Come with treasures which endure! Come. Thou Light of all that live!
- 2 Thou, of all consolers best, Visiting the troubled breast, Dost refreshing peace bestow: Thou in toil art comfort sweet, Pleasant coolness in the heat, Soluce in the midst of woe.
- 3 Light immortal! Light divine! Visit Thou these hearts of Thine, And our inmost being fill: If Thou take Thy grace away, Nothing pure in man will stay; All his good is turned to ill.
- 4 Heal our wounds, our strength renew; On our dryness pour Thy dew; Wash the stains of guilt away: Bend the stubborn heart and will; Melt the frozen, warm the chill; Guide the steps that go astray.
- 5 Thou on those who evermore Thee confess and Thee adore, In Thy sevenfold gifts descend;



2 Lord, to-day Thy people learneth
No new wonder, no strange tale;
Lord, to-day Thy people yearneth
Here the Holy Gheet to bail!

Tr. Robert II. of France. d. 1031.

Veni Sanete Spiritus.

6.4

- 1 Come, Holy Ghost, in love Shed on us from above Thine own bright ray! Divinely good Thou art; Thy sacred gifts impart Te gladden each sad heart: O come to-day!
- 2 Come, tenderest Friend, and best, Our most delightful Guest, With soothing power: Rest, which the weary know, Shade, 'mid the neontide glow, Peace, when deep griefs overflow,— Cheer us, this hour!
- 3 Come, Light serene, and still
 Our inmost bosoms fill;
 Dwell in each breast:
 We know no dawn but Thine;
 Send forth Thy beams divine,
 On our dark souls to shine,
 And make us blest!
- 4 Exait our low desires;
 Extinguish passion's fires;
 Heal every wound:
 Our stubborn spirits bend;
 Our icy coldness end;
 Our devious steps attend,
 While heavenward bound.

THE MOLY SPIRIT.

5 Come, all the faithful bless; Let all, who Christ confess, His praise employ: Give virtue's rich reward; Victorious death accord, And, with our glorious Lord, Eternal joy!

Ray Palmer. 1858. Tr. Robert II. of France. d. 1031.

- 242 Nunc Sancte nobis Spiritus. L. M.
 - 1 Blest Spirit, one with God above, Thou Source of life and holy love, O cheer us with Thy sacred beams, Refresh us with Thy plenteous streams.
 - 2 O may our lips confess Thy Name, Our holy lives Thy praise proclaim: With love divine our hearts inspire, And fill us with Thy holy fire.
- a need to the control of the control
- Conduct me safe, conduct me far From every sin and hurtful snare; Lead me to God, my final Rest, In His enjoyment to be blest.
- Lead me to holiness, the road That I must take, to dwell with God; Lead to Thy Word, that rules must give, And sure directions how to live.
- i Lead me to means of grace, where I May own my wants, and seek supply; Lead to Thyself, the Spring from whence To fetah all quickening influence.

- 3 Thou strong Defence, Thou holy Light, Teach us to know our God aright, And call Him Father from the heart: The Word of life and truth impart:
- 4 That we may love not doctrines strange, Nor e'er to other teachers range, But Jesus for our Master own, And put our trust in Him alone.
- 5 Thou sacred Ardor, Comfort sweet, Help us to wait with ready feet And willing heart at Thy command, Nor trial fright us from Thy band.
- 6 Lord, make us ready with Thy powers; Strengthen the flesh in weaker hours, That as good warriors we may force Through life and death to Thee our course!

Miss Winkworth. 1855. a. Tr. Martin Luther. 1524.

244

O Du allersüste Freude.

3 Come, Light serone, and still Our inmost bosoms fill; Dwell in each breast: We know no dawn but Thine; Send forth Thy beams divine, On our dark souls to shine, And make us blest!

4 Exalt our low desires;
Extinguish passion's fires;
Heal every wound:
Our stabborn spirits bend;
Our iey coldness end;
Our devious steps attend,
While heavenward bound.



THE HOLY SPIRIT.

8 Convince us of our sin, Then lead to Jesus' Blood;
And to our wondering view reveal The secret Love of God.

4 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,

To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life on every part,
And new create the whole.

5 Dwell, therefore, in our hearts;

Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise and love
The Father, Son, and Thee.

Joseph Hart. 1759. a.

248

L. M.

- 1 Comm, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove, With light and comfort from above. Be Thou my Guardian, Thou my Guide; O'er every thought and step preside.
- 2 The light of truth to me display, That I may know and choose Thy way; Plant holy fear within my heart, That I from Thee may no'er depart.
- 3 Conduct me safe, conduct me far From every sin and hurtful snare; Lead me to God, my final Rest, In His enjoyment to be blest.
- 4 Lead me to holiness, the road That I must take, to dwell with God; Lead to Thy Word, that rules must give, And sure directions how to live.
- 5 Lead me to means of grace, where I May own my wants, and seek supply; Lead to Thyself, the Spring from whence To fetch all quickening influence.

6 Lead me to Christ, the living Way, Nor let me from His pastures stray. Lead me to heaven, the seat of bliss, Where pleasure in perfection is.

Simon Browne. 1720. o

249

- 1 GRACIOUS Spirit, Dove divine! Let Thy light within me shine: All my guilty fears remove, Fill me with Thy heavenly love.
- 2 Speak Thy pardoning grace to me, Set the burdened sinner free; Lead me to the Lamb of God. Wash me in His precious Blood.
- 3 Life and peace to me impart; Seal salvation on my heart; Breathe Thyself into my breast, Earnest of immortal rest.
- 4 Let me never from Thee stray. Keep me in the narrow way: Fill my soul with joy divine, Keep me, Lord, for ever Thine. John Stocker. 1806. a

- Holy Ghost, with light divine, Shine upon this heart of mine! Chase the shades of night away, Turn the darkness into day.
- 3 Let me see my Savior's face, Let me all His beauties trace: Show those glorious truths to me. Which are only known to Thee.
- 3 Holy Ghost, with power divine, Cleanse this guilty heart of mine: In Thy mercy pity me, From sin's bondage set me free.

TRINITY.

Thee, holy Father, we confess:
Thee, holy Son, adore;
And Thee, the Holy Ghost, we bless,
And worship evermore.

4 Hail! holy, holy, holy Lord, Our heavenly song shall be; Supreme, essential One, adored In co-eternal Three!

C. Wesley. 1767. d.

254

C. M.

With joy our voices we unite,
 And lift our hearts above,
 To God, the God of power and might,
 To God, whose name is Love.

2 To Him, who us, and earth, and skies, With all their armies made, From us, from all, let anthems rise,

To God the Father paid.

3 To Him, whose Death for all mankind,

For us, redemption won,
By us, by all, be songs combined,
In praise to God the Son.

4 To Him, who us and all His fold With sanctity arrays, To God, from all His saints enrolled, The Holy Ghost, be praise.

5 To God, whose Name His Word reveals, Whom all His saints confess, Whose grace His faithful promise seals, To save, to cleanse, to bless:

6 To God, from whom all blessings flow, Eternal One in Three, From all his saints, above, below, Eternal glory be !

255

FATHER, in whom we live, In whom we are and move, The glory, power, and praise receive Of Thy oreating Love.

Incarnate Deity, Let all the ransomed race Render in thanks their lives to Thee, For Thy redeeming grace.

Spirit of holiness,

Let all Thy saints adore Thy sacred energy, and bless Thy heart-renewing power.

Eternal triune Lord, Let all the hosts above, Let all the sons of men, record, And dwell upon Thy Love. C. West

256

1 Cours, Thou almighty King, Help us to praise! Father all glorious, O'er all victorious, Come and reign over us, Ancient of days.

2 Jesus, our Lord, descend From all our foes defend Nor let us fall; Let Thine almighty aid Our sure defence be me Our souls on Thee be Lord, hear our

TRIBITY.

3 Come, Thou incarnate Word, Gird on Thy mighty sword, Our prayer attend: Come, and Thy people bless, And give Thy Word success; Spirit of holiness, On us descend.

4 Come, holy Comforter, Thy sacred witness bear In this glad hour: Thou who almighty art, Now rule in every heart, And ne'er from us depart, Spirit of power!

5 To the great One in Three Eternal praises be, Hence, evermore! His sovereign Majesty May we in glory see, And to eternity Love and adore.

C. Wesley. 1757. a.

L. M.
FATHER of heaven! whose Love profound

A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
To us Thy pardoning Love extend.
Almight Son! incarnate Word!
Z See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage?
Grace which, like the Lord, the Giver,
Never fails from age to age.



THE CHURCH.

4 Jehovah! Father, Spirit, Son!
Mysterious Godhead! Three in One!
Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend!
Thomas Cotterill. 182:

THE CHURCH.

258

PSALM 118.

C.

- Behold the sure Foundation Stone Which God in Zion lays,
 To build our heavenly hopes upon,
 And His eternal praise.
- 2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear, And saints adore the Name; They trust their whole salvation here, Nor shall they suffer shame.
- 3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest, Reject it with disdain; Yet on this Rock the Church shall rest, And envy rage in vain.
- 4 What though the gates of hell withstood, Yet must this Building rise:
 'Tis Thine own work, almighty God, And wondrous in our eyes.

 Watts. 171

2 Jesus, our Lord, descend; From all our foes defend, Nor let us fall; Let Thine almighty sid Our sure defence be made; Our souls on Thee be stayed; Lord, hear our call!

C. .

262

1 CHURCH of the everlasting God, The Father's gracious choice,

Amid the voices of this earth

How feeble is thy voice! 2 Thy words, amid the words of earth, How noiseless and how low! Amid the hurrying crowds of time, Thy steps how calm and slow!

3 But 'mid the wrinkled brows of earth, Thy brow how free from care; 'Mid the flushed cheeks of riot here,

Thy cheek how pale and fair! 4 Amid the restless eyes of earth.

How steadfast is thine eye, Fixed on the eternal loveliness Of scenes beyond the sky!

Horatius Bonar. 1856. 263 Verzage nicht, o Hauflein klein. C.P.

·260

1 GLORIOUS things of Thee are spoken. Zion, City of our God: He, whose word cannot be broken. Formed thee for His own abode.

On the Rock of Ages founded. What can shake thy sure repose? With salvation's walls surrounded.

Thou may'st smile at all thy foes. 2 See, the streams of living waters. Springing from eternal love. Well supply thy sons and daughters. And all fear of want remove. Who can faint while such a river

Ever flows their thirst to assuage? Grace which, like the Lord, the Giver, Never fails from age to age.

THE CHURCH,

4 Jehovah! Father, Spirit, Son!
Mysterious Godhead! Three in One!
Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend!
Thomas Cotterill. 1827

THE CHURCH.

258

PSALM 118.

C. 1

4.0

- 1 Behold the sure Foundation Stone Which Ged in Zion lays, To build our heavenly hopes upon, And His eternal praise.
- 2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear, And saints adore the Name; They trust their whole salvation here, Nor shall they suffer shame.

He pours around thy head.

The nations round With lustre new,
Thy form shall view. Divinely crowned.

3 In honor to His Name, Reflect that sacred light, And loud that grace proclaim

Which makes thy darkness bright.

Pursue His praise,
Till sovereign Love
Thy glory raise.

4 There, on His holy hill,
A brighter Sun shall rise,
And with His radiance fill
Those fairer, purer skies;

While round His throne, | In nobler spheres
Ten thousand stars | His influence own
Doddridge, 17:

C. M.

1 CHURCH of the everlasting God, The Father's gracious choice, Amid the voices of this earth

How feeble is thy voice!

2 Thy words, amid the words of earth. How noiseless and how low! Amid the hurrying crowds of time, Thy steps how calm and slow!

3 But 'mid the wrinkled brows of earth, Thy brow how free from care: 'Mid the flushed cheeks of riot here. Thy cheek how pale and fair!

4 Amid the restless eyes of earth, How steadfast is thine eve. Fixed on the eternal loveliness Of scenes beyond the sky! Horatius Bonar, 1856, a.

263 Verzage nicht, o Hauflein klein. C.P.M.

1 FEAR not, O little flock, the foe Who madly seeks your overthrow; Dread not his rage and power: What though your courage sometimes faints, His seeming triumph o'er God's saints Lasts but a little hour.

2 Be of good cheer; your cause belongs To Him who can avenge your wrongs; Leave it to Him, our Lord. Though hidden yet from mortal eyes, Salvation shall for you arise: He girdeth on His sword!

3 As true as God's own Word is true. Not earth nor hell with all their crew Against us shall prevail. A jest and by-word are they grown: God is with us; we are His own; Our victory cannot fall.

THE CHURCH.

4 Amen, Lord Jesus, grant our prayer!
Great Captain, now Thine arm make bare;
Fight for us once again!
So shall Thy saints and martyrs raise
A mighty chorus to Thy praise,
World without end. Amen.
Mise Winkworth. 1855.
From Gustavae Adolphus. 1631.

264.

PSALM 48.

S. M.

I GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let His praise be great;
He makes His churches His abode,
His most delightful seat.

2 These temples of His grace, How beautiful they stand! The horse of our native back,

And bulwarks of our land.

3 In Zion God is known

A Refuge in distress; How bright has His salvation shone Through all her palaces!

4 Oft have our fathers told, Our eyes have often seen,

How well our God secures the fold, Where His own sheep have been.

5 In every new distress
We'll to His house repair,
We'll think upon His wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

Watte. 1719.

265 PSALM 27.

C. M.

1 THE Lord of glory is my Light, And my Salvation too: God is my Strength, nor will I fear What all my foes can do.

HER PROTECTION AND DEFENCE.

- 3 One privilege my heart desires; O grant me an abode Among the churches of Thy saints, The temples of my God!
- 8 There shall I offer my requests, And see Thy beauty still; Shall hear Thy messages of love, And there inquire Thy will.
- 4 When troubles rise, and storms appear, There may His children hide; God has a strong pavilion, where He makes my soul abide.
- 5 Now shall my head be lifted high Above my foes around, And songs of joy and victory Within Thy temple sound. Watte. 1719.

266

8,7.

I Zion stands with hills surrounded;
Zion, kept by Power divine;
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine.
Happy Zion,

What a favored lot is thine!

2 Every human tie may perish;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish;

Heaven and earth at last remove: But no changes

Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in His sight:
God is with thee,

God, thine everlasting Light.
Thomas Kelly. 1804

THE CHURCH. See the vineyard Thou hast planted, See the vineyard Thou bask planted,
God of mercy's prayer be seen to
Keep it sate from host bey pray,
Keep it sate from host and day,
Keep Thy people when host and day,
Keep Thy vineyard night and day, Hear Thy Poople when they prey, 2 Drooping plants rovive and nourish Too hom thrive bedeath Thy hand; Let them there stong and sourish, Let the weak grow strong and souri Blooming fair at Thy command: Let the fruitful yield Thee more, Let the with a riches store Laden with a richer store. 3 Further, Lord, be Thou entreated; Plant the barren waste around. Lot Thy work he thus completed, And no fruitess spot be found. Let the certh a rineyara need to the certh a rineyara need Theo. Thomas Kelly. 1809. a. Let the corth a vineyard be, Willkommen unter Deiner Schaar. WE hall Thee, Lord, Thy Church & Rock, With Joyful acclamation Thy Rock, Thou courreign suspiners of Thy Rot Come, feed Thy congregation.

We own the doctrine of the Come of t To be our sole foundation : Accept from every one of us The deepest adoration. 2 O Thou, who always dost abide Thy Church's Hood and Savior, Lay cauron's seems some carrier, Direct our whole benevior. 198

HER PRESERVATION.

Thy statutes to Thy Church declare, Still watch o'er its salvation: Each member make Thy special care, And aid him in his station.

3 Jesus, the Church's Head and Lord,
Who as a shepherd leadest,
And with Thy precious Blood and Word
Thy people richly feedest:
For mercies in such countless throng
We how our hearts before Thee,
And hope we shall in heaven ere long

More worthily adore Thee.

From John Christian Jacobi. 1722.

Tr. Nicholas Louis, Count Zinzendorf. 1731

269 Zeuch ein zu Deinen Thoren.

1 Come to Thy temple here on earth,
Be Thou our spirit's Guest,
Who givest us of mortal birth,
A second birth more blest:

Who with the Father and the Son Art equally adored,

And reignest on an equal throne, Blest Spirit, mighty Lord!

2 O enter, let us feel and know Thy mighty power within, That can alone our help bestow, And rescue us from sin.

O cleanse our souls and make them white, That we with spirits true May daily honor Thee aright,

May daily honor Thee aright, And render service due.

3 On Thee is all this world upstayed,
And in Thy hands doth rest:
Thou canst the wayward heart persuade
To turn as seems Thee best.

THE CHURCH. O therefore give Thy Love and Peace Join foes in stronger bands,

And let all sad divisions cease Through our redeemed lands.

A Arise, and stem this tide of woe, Or neartaone, and or pain them know.

To peace and wealth the lands restore, wasted with Salan's sword: wasten with churches bloom once more,

From Miss Winksworth. 1855. Thou everlasting Lord! Tr. Paul Gerhardt. 1648. . C. M.

Festival of the Reformation. 270

1 Lord, not to us, we claim it not, To Thee be all the praise, That no profane and sinful spot

Our mother Church o'erlays:

From intermediate stain Thee she pays.

Cleaned by Thy Word, to Thee she pays. That, as in her primeyal days,

Unsullied rites again.

No serve Thee not in likeness shined 2 To no material form confined, Of bread, or wood, or stone:

Nor saint nor angel at Thy throne With Thee for our misdeeds atone,

With Thee for mercy plead. 3 But far remote we seek Thy face,

And, sole Transmitter of Thy grace Hid in Thy heavenly seat : The Savior's Name entreat

We hymn the grateful lay,
Whose Word recalled our erring feet,
And warned us how to pray.

4 To Thee, adored in ages past,
Eternal One and Three,
To Thee, whose worship age shall last,
In tripal University

In trinal Unity:
To Thee, O Father; Son, to Thee;
And Thee, O Spirit blest,

And Thee, U Spirit blest,

By saints on earth all glory be

With saints in heaven addrest!

Richard Mant. 1837. a.

271

Ein feste Burg.

1 A safe Stronghold our God is still, A trusty Shield and Weapon: He helps us free from all the ill That hath us now o'ertaken.

Our old deadly foe
Now aims his last blow:
Deep guile and strong power
He boasteth in this hour:

On earth is not his equal.

2 By strength of ours can naught be done,
Full soon we were down-ridden;

But for us fights the valiant One, Whom God Himself hath bidden. Dost thou ask His name?

Christ Jesus! the same Who rules with His rod; There is no other God: He holds the field forever.

3 Though Satan's hosts the earth should fill, All watching to devour us, We tremble not, we fear no ill;

They cannot overpower us.

50.7

THE CHURCH. This world's prince may still Scowl flerce as he will; His threats are but vain, We shall unbarmed remain:

A word shall overthrow him.

4 God's Word unshaken yet shall stand, Whatever foes invade us. He fighteth for us in the land,

With gifts and grace to aid us. They may take our life, Goods, fame, children, wife;

When their worst is done, They have but little won

From Thomas Carlyle, 1838, 1863. And William M. Reynolds. The kingdom ours abideth! Tr. Martin Luther. 1529.

PSALM 187. I LOVE Thy Zion, Lord, The nouse of line shorts; saved

Mith His OMI Precious Blood.

I love Thy Church, 0 God!

Her walls before Thine eye,
Her walls before Thine eye,
Dear as the apple of mu-And graven on Thy hand. 2

Kor her ma fears spall tell; For her my prayers ascend:

To ber my cares and toils be give Lill toile and cates shall et

Beyond my highest joy

I burse per periconia mea Her sweet communion, solem Her hymns of love and

To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

Timothy Dwight. 1800.

273

Н. М.

One sole baptismal sign,
 One Lord, below, above,
 Zion, one faith is thine,
 One only watch-word, Love.
 From different temples though it rise,
 One song ascendeth to the skies.

Our Sacrifice is one;
One Priest before the throne,
The slain, the risen Son,
Redeemer, Lord alone.
Thou who didst raise Him from the dead,
Unite Thy people in their Head!

3 Oh, may that holy prayer,
His tenderest and His last,
His constant, latest care,
Ere to His throne He passed,
No longer unfulfuld remain

No longer unfulfilled remain, The world's offence, His people's stain!

4 Head of Thy Church beneath,
The catholic, the true,
On all her members breathe,
Her broken frame renew!
Then shall Thy perfect will be done,
When Christians love and live as one.

G. Robinson. 1843. a.

63.

78

274 Herz und Herz vereint Zusammen.

1 JESUS, truest Friend, unite All Thy consecrated band, That their hearts be set aright To fulfil Thy last command.

- 2 Thou who dost command that all Practise love who bear Thy name, Wake the dead, new followers call, Touch the slothful with Thy fiame.
- 3 Let us live, O Lord, at one,
 As Thou with the Father art;
 That through all the world be none
 Of Thy members left apart.
- 4 Let us find what Thou hast sought; In the Son be all men freed, And the world at last be taught That Thy rule is blest indeed.
- 5 Father of all souls, we praise
 Thee, who shinest in the Son;
 Lord, to Thee our hymns we raise,
 Who hast all men to Thee drawn!
 Miss Winkworth. 1855. a.
 Tr. Nicholas Louis, Count Zinzendorf. 1

275

1 May we Thy precepts, Lord, fulfil, And do on earth our Father's will, As angels do above: Still walk in Christ, the living Way, With all Thy children, and obey The law of Christian love.

2 So may we join Thy Name to bless, Thy grace adore, Thy power confess From sin and strife to flee: One is our calling, one our name, The end of all our hopes the sar A crown of life with Thee.

204

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

Spirit of life, of love and peace,
Unite our hearts, our joy increase,
Thy gracious help supply:
To each of us the blessing give,
In Christian fellowship to live,
In joyful hope to die.

Edward Osler. 1836. a.

276

C..M.

- Our universal kind,
 Teach us to all of human race
 To show a brother's mind.
- 2 Savior of men, 'twas Thine the pain Of death for all to bear; In concord all Thy followers train, Meet for the name they share.
- 3 Spirit of grace, God's chosen fold Who lavest with heavenly dew, O grant that all, the Truth who hold, May peace with all pursue.
- 4 0 may mankind in love agree, Sons of one parent stock; But chief may Christian verity Connect the Christian flock!
- 5 May Truth to all who hear its sound A bond of union prove; And fellowship of faith be crowned With fellowship of love!
- 6 Paternal Godhead, praise to Thee,
 Thy Spirit, and Thy Son!
 And keep Thy Church in unity,
 As Thou with them art one!
 Richard Mant. 1887. a.

277

C. M.

- 1 Is God's peculiar people mine? To them I then shall be Gathered beneath the Savior's sign, And Christ in glory see.
- 2 Gathered into the Church above, Whoe'er to Christ belong
 Shall meet to sing the song of love, The Lamb's eternal song. C. Wesley, 1762.

278

C. M.

- 1 HAPPY the souls to Jesus joined, And saved by grace alone: Walking in all His ways they find Their heaven on earth begun.
- 3 The Church triumphant in Thy Love,
 Their mighty joys we know:
 They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
 And we in hymns below.
- 3 Thee in Thy glorious realm they praise, And bow before Thy throne; We in the kingdom of Thy grace: The kingdoms are but one.
- 4 The Holy to the Holiest leads;
 From thence our spirits rise;
 And he that in Thy statutes treads
 Shall meet Thee in the skies.
 C. Wesley. 1745. a.

279

С. М.

- 1 Come, let us join our friends above, That have obtained the prize, And on the eagle wings of love To joy celestial rise.
- 2 Let all the saints terrestrial sing, With those to glory gone; For all the servants of our King, In earth and heaven, are one.

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

- 3 One family, we dwell in Him, One Church above, beneath; Though now divided by the stream, The narrow stream of death.
- 4 One army of the living God,
 To His command we bow;
 Part of His host has crossed the flood,
 And part is crossing now.
- 5 Even now by faith we join our hands With those that went before, And greet the blood-besprinkled bands On the eternal shore.
- 6 Lord Jesus, be our constant Guide, And when the word is given, Bid the cold waves of death divide, And land us all in heaven.

C. Wesley. 1759. a.

80

181

- 1 Ix one fraternal bond of love, One fellowship of mind, The saints below and saints above Their bliss and glory find.
- 2 Here, in their house of pilgrimage, Thy statutes are their song; There, through one bright, eternal age, Thy praises they prolong.
- 3 Lord, may our union form a part
 Of that thrice-happy whole;
 Derive its pulse from Thee, the Heart;
 Its life from Thee, the Soul.

 James Montgomery. 1825.

C. P. M.

1 O God, in whom the happy dead Still live united to their Head, Their Lord and ours the same:

For all Thy saints, to memory dear, Departed in Thy faith and fear, We bless Thy holy Name.

2 By the same grace upheld, may we So follow those who followed Thee, As with them to partake The free reward of heavenly bliss. Merciful Father! grant us this, For our Redeemer's sake. Josiah Conder. 1836

S. .

282

- FOR all Thy saints, O Lord, Who strove in Thee to live, Who followed Thee, obeyed, adored, 1 Our grateful hymn receive.
 - For all Thy saints, O Lord, Accept our thankful cry, Who counted Thee their great reward, 2 And strove in Thee to die.
 - They all, in life or death, With Thee, their Lord, in view, Learned from Thy Holy Spirit's bread To suffer and to do.
 - For this, Thy Name we bless, And humbly pray that we May follow them in holiness, 4 And live and die in Thee:
 - With them the Father, Son, And Holy Ghost to praise, As in the ancient days was done, 5 And shall through endless day Richard Mo

V 2

"Z 3

V

P 5

J

6

I

?84 1 E

H

2 G T

- 3 Thine every messenger, O God,
 Do we rejoice to see;
 And all who teach the Savior's Blood;
 For these are dear to Thee.
- 4 We thank Thee now for sending here The publishers of peace; Speak by them, Lord, and everywhere By them declare Thy grace.
- 5 So when the harvest-day shall come, Sowers and reapers too Shall enter Thy celestial home, And Thee eternal view. John Cennick. 1743. a.

285

C. P. M.

- 1 Lord of the Church, we humbly pray For those who guide us in Thy way, And speak Thy holy Word: With love divine their hearts inspire, And touch their lips with hallowed fire, And needful grace afford.
- 2 Help them to preach the truth of God, Redemption through the Savior's Blood: Nor let the Spirit cease On all the Church His gifts to shower; To them, a Messenger of power, To us, of life and poace.
- 3 So may they live to Thee alone;
 Then hear the welcome word, "Well done!"
 And take their crown above:
 Enter into their Master's joy,
 And all eternity employ
 In praise, and bliss, and love.

Edward Oaler, 1838.

1 Jesus, Thy
See, Lord
Poor souls t
Till soug
2 Lost are th
In pain,
With no k

The sick
Thou, onl
The gre
Collect Tl

Collect Tl
And ps
4 In every
The gr
That eac
"He did
5 A doubl
Of Th

Shed fo In ev

4 O let them spread Thy Name, Their mission fully prove; Thy universal grace proclaim, Thy all-redeeming Love.

C. Wesley. 1742.

288

L. M.

Lord of the Gospel harvest, send
More laborers forth into Thy field:
More pastors teach, Thy flock to tend:
More workmen raise, Thy house to build
His work and place to each assign,
And clothe their word with power divine.

C. Wesley, 175:

289 Wach auf, Du Geist. L. M.

- 1 AWAKE, thou Spirit, who didst fire
 The watchmen of the Church's youth,
 Who faced the foe's envenomed ire,
 Who witnessed day and night Thy truth
 Whose voices loud are ringing still,
 And bringing hosts to know Thy will.
- 2 Lord, let our earnest prayer be heard, The prayer Thy Son hath bid us pray, For lo, Thy children's hearts are stirred In every land in this our day, To cry with fervent soul to Thee, O help us, Lord! so let it be!
- 3 O haste to help, ere we are lost!
 Send preachers forth, in spirit strong,
 Armed with Thy Word, a dauntless host,
 Bold to attack the rule of wrong;
 Let them the earth for Thee reclaim,
 Thy heritage, to know Thy Name.
- 4 Would there were help within our walls!
 O let Thy Spirit come again,
 212

THE HOUSE OF GOD.

efore whom every barrier falls, And now once more shine forth as then! O rend the heavens and make us free! Come, Lord, and bring us back to Thee!

5 And let Thy Word have speedy course, Through every land be glorified, Till all the heathen know its force. And fill Thy churches far and wide; Wake Israel from her sleep, O Lord, And spread the conquests of Thy Word!

6 The Church's desert paths restore; Let stumbling blocks that in them lie Hinder Thy Word henceforth no more: Error destroy, and heresy,

And let Thy Church, from hirelings free, Bloom as a garden fair to Thee!

From Miss Winkworth. 1855. Tr. Charles Henry Bogatzky. 1749.

290 Laying of a Corner-stone. 7, 6, 8.

1 Thou, who hast in Zion laid The true Foundation-Stone, And with those a covenant made Who build on that alone: Hear us, Architect divine!

Great Builder of Thy Church below! Now upon Thy servants shine, Who seek Thy praise to show.

2 Earth is Thine; her thousand hills Thy mighty hand sustains; Heaven Thy awful presence fills; O'er all Thy glory reigns: Yet the place of all prepared By regal David's favored son, Thy peculiar blessing shared,

And stood Thy chosen throne.

3 We, like Jesse's son, would raise
A temple to the Lord;
Sound throughout its courts His praise,
His saving Name record;
Dedicate a house to Him
Who once, in mortal weakness shrined,
Sorrowed, suffered, to redeem,
To rescue all mankind.

4 Father, Son, and Spirit, send
The consecrating flame;
Now in majesty descend,
Inscribe the living Name:
That great Name by which we live,
Now write on this accepted stone;
Us into Thy hands receive:

Our temple make Thy throne.

Agnes Bulmer. 1831.

Dedication.

291 Angulare Fundamentum.

8,7.

- 1 CHRIST, Thou art the sure Foundation,
 Thou the Head and Corner-stone;
 Chosen of the Lord, and precious,
 Binding all the Church in one;
 Thou Thy Zion's Help for ever,
 And her Confidence alone.
- 2 To this temple, where we call Thee, Come, O Lord of hosts, to-day! With Thy wonted loving-kindness Hear Thy servants as they pray; And Thy fullest benediction Shed within these walls alway.
- 3 Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants
 What they ask of Thee to gain,
 What they gain from Thee forever

THE HOUSE OF GOD.

With the blessed to retain, And hereafter in Thy glory Evermore with Thee to reign.

4 Praise and honor to the Father,
Praise and honor to the Son,
Praise and honor to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One;
One in might, and One in glory,
While eternal ages run.

From John Mason Neale. 1851.

92

8,7.

1 Come Thou now, and be among us, Lord and Maker, while we pray: Let Thy presence fill the temple Which we dedicate to-day; And, Thyself its Consecrator, Dwell within its walls alway.

- 2 Grant that all Thy faithful people May Thy truer temple be; Neither flesh, nor soul, nor spirit, Know another Lord than Thee; But, to Thee onco dedicated, Serve Thee everlastingly.
- 3 Bright be here the Monarch's altar,
 With the presents that we bring;
 Held in holy veneration,
 Rich with many an offering;
 Ever hallowed, ever quiet,
 Ever dear to God its King.
- 4 Here our souls, as Thy true altars,
 Deign to hallow and to bless,
 O Thou future Judge of all men,
 With Thy grace and holiness:
 That Thy gifts, sent down from heaven,
 We may evermore possess.

5 Praise and honor to the Father; Praise and honor to the Son; Praise and honor to the Spirit, Ever Three and ever One; Consubstantial, coeternal, While unending ages run.

Unknown, 1860

293

- 1 LORD of hosts, to Thee we raise Here a house of prayer and praise; Thou Thy people's hearts prepare Here to meet for praise and prayer.
- 2 Let the living here be fed With Thy Word, the heavenly bread; Here, in hope of glory blest, May the dead be laid to rest.
- 3 Here to Thee a temple stand, While the sea shall gird the land; Here reveal Thy mercy sure, While the sun and moon endure.
- 4 Hallelujah!—earth and sky To the joyful sound reply; Hallelujah!—hence aseend Prayer and praise till time shall end.

James Montgomery. 1825.

MISSIONS.

201

PSALM 96.

L. P. 1

1 Let all the earth their voices raise, To sing the choicest psalm of praise, To sing and bless Jehovah's Name: His glory let the heathen know, His wonders to the nations show, And all His saving works proclaim.

HER EXTENSION.

- 2 He framed the globe; He built the sky; He made the shining worlds on high, And reigns complete in glory there: His beams are majesty and light; His beauties, how divinely bright! His temple, how divinely fair!
- 3 Come the great day, the glorious hour,
 When each shall feel His saving power,
 And barbarous nations fear His Name:
 Then shall the race of men confess
 The beauty of His holiness,
 And in His courts His grace proclaim.

 Watte. 1719.

wans. 1/19.

295

PSALM 72.

L. M.

- 1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun •Does his successive journeys run; His kingdom stretch from shore to shore Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 For Him shall endless prayer be made, And endless praises crown His head; His Name, like sweet perfume, shall rise With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of every tongue Dwell on His Love with sweetest song; And infant voices shall proclaim Their early blessings on His Name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns; The prisoner leaps to lose his chains; The weary find eternal rest, And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Where He displays His healing power, Death and the curse are known no more; In Him the tribes of Adam boast More blessings than their father lost.

6 Let every creature rise and bring Peculiar honors to our King; Angels descend with songs again, And earth repeat the loud amen.

Watts. 1719. a.

С. М.

296

1 Great God, the nations of the earth
Are by creation Thine;
And in Thy works, by all beheld,

Thy radiant glories shine.

2 But, Lord, Thy greater Love has sent Thy Gospel to mankind, Unveiling what rich stores of grace Are treasured in Thy mind.

3 Lord, when shall these glad tidings spread The spacious earth around, Till every tribe and every soul

Shall hear the joyful sound?

4 Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt To spread the gospel's rays; And build, on sin's demolished throne, The temples of Thy praise.

Thomas Gibbons. 1769.

297

1 O'ER those gloomy hills of darkness
Look, my soul, be still and gaze:
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace.
Blessed Jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn.

2 Let the Indian, let the negro, Let the rude Barbarian see That divine and glorious conquest, Once obtained on Calvary; Let the Gospel Wide resound from pole to pole.

278

MISSIONS.

ingdoms wide that sit in darkness, Grant them, Lord, the glorious light, And from eastern coast to western May the morning chase the night; And redemption.

Freely purchased, win the day.

4 May the glorious day approaching,
Thine eternal Love proclaim,
And the everlasting Gospel
Spread abroad Thy holy Name
O'er the borders

Of the great Immanuel's land.

5 Fly shroad, thou mighty Gospel,
Win and conquer, never cesse;
May thy lasting wide dominions
Multiply and still increase;
Sway Thy sceptre,
Saviosall the world cound

Savior, all the world around.

William Williams. 1772. a.

98

7.6.

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many apalmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown:
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

.310

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation

Has learned Messiah's Name.

Waft, waft, ye winda, His stery,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

Reginald Hober

299

PSALM 72.

- 1 Hasten, Lord, the glorious time, When, beneath Messiah's sway, Every nation, every clime, Shall the gospel call obey.
- 2 Mightiest kings His power shall ow Heathen tribes His Name adore; Satan and his host, o'erthrown, Bound in chains, shall hurt no m
- 3 Then shall war and tumults cease, Then be banished grief and pain; Righteousness and joy and peace f Undisturbed shall ever reign.
- 4 Bless we, then, our gracious Lord, Ever praise His glorious Name; All His mighty acts record, All His wondrous Love proclaim

Harriet Aub

Ю

L. M.

PIRIT of the living God! n all Thy plenitude of grace, ere'er the foot of man hath trod, escend on our apostate race! e tongues of fire and hearts of love, 'o preach the reconciling Word; e power and unction from above. Vhere'er the joyful sound is heard. darkness, at Thy coming, light; onfusion, order, in Thy path; ils without strength inspire with might; iid mercy triumph over wrath. time the nations; far and nigh he triumphs of the Cross record; Name of Jesus glorify, Ill every kindred call Him Lord. I from eternity hath willed, Il flesh shall His salvation see: be the Father's Love fulfilled, 'he Savior's sufferings crowned through Thee. James Montgomery. 1825.

6, 4.

- 1 Thou, whose almighty word Chaos and darkness heard, And took their flight; Hear us, we humbly pray; And where the gespel day Sheds not its glerious ray, Let there be light!
- 2 Thou, who didst come to bring, On Thy redeeming wing, Healing and sight, Health to the sick in mind, Sight to the inly blind, O, now to all mankind Let there be light!

227

- 3 Spirit of truth and love, Life-giving, holy Dove, Speed forth Thy flight; Move on the waters' face, Bearing the lamp of grace, And in earth's darkest place Let there be light!
- 4 Hely and blessed Three,
 Glorious Trinity,
 Wisdom, Love, Might!
 Boundless as ocean's tide
 Rolling in fullest pride,
 Through the earth, far and wide,
 Let there be light!

John Marriott. 18:

302

For the Jews.

7,

- 1 O THAT the Lord's salvation Were out of Zion come, To heal His ancient nation, To lead His outcasts home!
- 2 How long the holy city
 Shall heathen feet profane?
 Return, O Lord, in pity;
 Rebuild her walls again.
- 3 Let fall Thy rod of terror, Thy saving grace impart; Roll back the veil of error, Release the fettered heart.
- 4 Let Israel, home returning, Her lost Messiah see; Give oil of joy for mourning, And bind Thy Church to Thee.

HER ENLARGEMENT.

For our Land.

78.

- 1 Come, divine Emmanuel, come, Take possession of Thy home; Now Thy mercy's wings expand, Stretch throughout the happy land.
- 2 Carry on Thy victory, Spread Thy rule from sea to sea; Rescue all Thy ransomed race, Save us, save us, Lord, by grace.
- 3 Take the purchase of Thy Blood, Bring us to a pardoning God: Give us eyes to see our day, Hearts the gospel truth to obey:
- 4 Ears to hear the gospel sound,— Grace doth more than sin abound; God appeased, and man forgiven, Peace on earth, and joy in heaven.
- 5 O that every soul might be Perfectly subdued to Thee! O that all in Thee might know Everlasting life below!
- 6 Now Thy mercy's wings expand, Stretch throughout the happy land: Take possession of Thy home; Come, divine Emmanuel, come!

C. Wesley. 1749. a.

78.

WATCHMAN, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are:
Traveller, o'er yon mountain's height
See the glory-beaming star!
Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveller, yes, it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

2 Watchman, tell us of the night:
Higher yet that star ascends!
Traveller, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveller, ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth!

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveller, darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wandering cease,
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveller, lo, the Prince of Peace,
Lo, the Son of God is come!

Sir John Bowring, 1825.

305

7

1 HARK! the song of Jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore:
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign;
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah! hark! the sound,
From the depths unto the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies:
See Jehovah's banner furled,
Sheathed His sword; He speaks—'ti
And the kingdoms of the world
Are the kingdoms of His Son.

THE FUTURE.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway:
He shall reign, when like a scroll
Yonder heavens have passed away:
Then the end;—beneath His rod
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all.

James Montgomery. 1825.

7.6.

16

1 And is the time approaching,
By prophets long foretold,
When all shall dwell together,
One Shepherd, and one fold?
Shall every idol perish,
To moles and bats be thrown,
And every prayer be offered
To God in Christ alone?

- 2 Shall Jew and Gentile meeting.
 From many a distant shore,
 Around one sitar kneeling,
 One common Lord adore?
 Shall all that now divides us
 Remove and pass away,
 Like shadows of the morning
 Before the blaze of day?
 - 3 Shall all that now unites us
 More sweet and lasting prove,
 A closer bond of union,
 In a blest land of love?
 Shall war be learned no longer,
 Shall strife and tumult cease,
 All earth His blessed kingdom,
 The Lord and Prince of Peace?

4 O long-expected dawning,
Come with thy cheering ray!
When shall the morning brighten,
The shadows flee away?
O sweet anticipation!
It cheers the watchers on,
To pray, and hope, and labor,
Till the dark night be gone.

H. L. L. 1863.

307

Revelation xv. 3, 4. 10, 11.

1 How wondrous and great Thy works, God of praise!
How just, King of saints, and true are Thy ways!
O who shall not fear Thee, and honor Thy Name?
Thou only art holy, Thou only supreme!

2 To nations long dark Thy light shall be shown;
Their worship and vows shall come to Thy throne.
Thy truth and Thy judgments shall spread all
abroad,

Till earth's every people confess Thee their God.

Henry Ustic Onderdonk. 1832.

308

PSALM 117.

L. M.

- 1 Frem all that dwell below the skies Let the Creator's praise arise; Let the Redeemer's Name be sung, Through every land, by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord, Eternal truth attends Thy Word. Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Watte. 1719.



THE WORD OF GOD.

THE WORD OF GOD.

309	PSALM 19.	L. I
. 1 I LO	VE the volume of Thy W	ord:
	t light and joy those leav	
	souls benighted and dist	
Thy	precepts guide my doubtf	ul way;
Thy	fear forbids my feet to st	ray;
Ťŀ	ny promise leads my heart	to rest.
2 Fron	n the discoveries of Thy I	Ĺa₩
The	perfect rules of life I draw	w:

The perfect rules of life I draw;
These are my study and delight:
Not honey so invites the taste,
Nor gold that hath the furnace passed
Appears so pleasing to the sight.

3 Thy threatenings wake my slumbering ey And warn me where my danger lies; But 'tis Thy blessed Gospel, Lord, That makes my guilty conscience clean, Converts my soul, subdues my sin, And gives a free, but large reward.

4 Who knows the errors of his thoughts?
My God, forgive my secret faults,
And from presumptuous sins restrain.
Accept my poor attempts of praise,
That I have read Thy Book of grace
And book of nature not in vain.

Watte. 17

310

1 How precious is the Book divine, By inspiration given! Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine, To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts In this dark vale of tears; Life, light, and jey it still imparta, And quells our rising fears.

THE MEANS OF GRACE. 3 This Lamp, through all the tedious night

	Of life, shall guide our way,
	Till we behold the clearer light
	Of an eternal day. John Fawcett. 178
311	<i>C</i> .
	1 FATHER of mercies, in Thy Word What endless glory shines! For ever be Thy Name adored For these celestial lines.
	2 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice Spreads heavenly peace around; And life and everlasting joys Attend the blissful sound.
	3 0 may these heavenly pages be My ever dear delight; And still new beauties may I see, And still increasing light!
	4 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord! Be Thou for ever near.
	Teach me to love Thy sacred Word, And view my Savior there.
	Anne Steele. 17
312	. C.
	A GLORY gilds the sacred page, Majestic like the sun;
	It gives a light to every age, It gives, but borrows none.
2	The Hand that gave it still supplies His gracious light and heat.
	His truths upon the nations rise; They rise, but never set.

3 Let everlasting thanks be Thine,
For such a bright display
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

THE WORD.

4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.
William Con

William Cowper. 1779.

1 How shall the young secure their hearts, And guard their lives from sin? Thy Word the choicest rules imparts To keep the conscience clean.

2 When once it enters to the mind, It spreads such light abroad, The meanest souls instruction find, And raise their thoughts to God.

3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light, That guides us all the day; And through the dangers of the night A lamp to lead our way.

4 The starry heavens Thy rule obey, The earth maintains her place; And these Thy servants, night and day,

Thy skill and power express.

Nor stars so nobly shine.

5 But still Thy Law and Gospel, Lord, Have lessons more divine; Not earth stands firmer than Thy Word,

6 Thy Word is everlasting truth:

How pure is every page!

That holy Book shall guide our youth,

And well support our age. Watte. 1719.

314 Dein Wort, O Herr, ist milder Thau. C.M.
1 Thy Word, O Lord, like gentle dews,
Falls soft on hearts that pine;
Lord, to Thy garden ne'er refuse
This heavenly balm of Thine.

Through all the coming upps.

2 Thy Word is like a flaming sword, A wedge that cleaveth stone; Keen as a fire, so burns Thy Word, And pierceth flesh and bone. Let it go forth o'er all the earth, To cleanse our hearts within, To show Thy power in Satan's hour, And break the might of sin.

3 Thy Word, a wondrous guiding star,
On pilgrim hearts doth rise,
Leads those to God who dwell afar,
And makes the simple wise.
Let not its light e'er sink in night;
In every spirit shine,
That none may miss heaven's final bliss,
Led by Thy light divine.

From Miss Winkworth. 1855.

From Miss Winkworth. 1855. Tr. Carl Bernard Garve. 1825 Whate'er of fear the bad to daunt, Of hope the good to cheer: All that may profit man, O Lord,

Thy bounty gives us here.

3 Joined with our household's little church,

And in our lonely hours,
And in the assembly of the saints,
That secred Word he ours

That sacred Word be ours, To read and hear, to mark and learn,

And inwardly digest;
And He who gave the Word, may He

On those who learn it, rest!

4 Thence on our hearts may lively faith Celestial comfort pour,

With patience, lightener of our ills, And hope that looks before:

That we, with Thy united Church, May lift our souls above,

And with one mind and mouth proclaim
Thy glory, God of love!
Richard Mant. 1837.

BAPTISM.

6 Labster Jesu, wir sind him, 7, 8, 8.

1 Blessed Jesus, here we stand, Met to do as Thou hast spoken; And this child, at Thy command, Now we bring to Thee, in token That to Thee it here is given; For of such shall be Thy heaven.

2 Yes, Thy warning voice is plain, And we fain would keep it duly; "He who is not born again, Heart and life renewing truly, Born of water and the Spirit, Will my kingdom ne'er inherit."

THE MEANS OF GRAZE.

- 3 Therefore hasten we to Thee;
 Take the pledge we bring, 0 take it
 Let us here Thy glory see,
 And in tender pity make it
 Now Thy child, and leave it never,
 Thine on earth and Thine forever.
- 4 Make it, Lord, Thy member now:
 Shepherd, take Thy lamb, and feed it
 Prince of peace, its peace be Thou;
 Way of life, to heaven lead it;
 Vine, this branch may nothing sever,
 Be it graft in Thee for ever.
 - 5 Now upon Thy heart it lies, What our hearts so dearly treasure: Heavenward lead our burdened sighs, Pour Thy blessing without measure; Write themame we now have given, Write it in the book of heaven.

Miss Winkworth. 1858. Tr. Benjamin Schmolk. 1

317

O Vaterherz.

C. H

- 1 FATHER, who hast created all
 In wisest love, we pray,
 Look on This babe, who at Thy call
 Is entering on life's way.
 Bend o'er it now with blessing fraught,
 And make Thou something out of naugh
- 2 0 Son, who died for us, behold, We bring our child to Thee! Great Shepherd, take it to Thy fold, Thine own for aye to be: Defend it through this earthly strife, And lead it on the path of life.

BAPTISM.

Spirit, who broodest o'er the wave, Descend upon this child: Give endless life, its spirit lave With waters undefiled: Grant it while yet a babe to be A child of God, a home for Thee!

O God, what Thou command'st is done: We speak, but Thine the might: This child, which scarce hath seen the sun, O pour on it Thy light, In faith and hope, in joy and love, Thou Sun of all below, above!

Miss Winkworth. 1858. a. Tr. Albert Knapp. 1850.

C. M. 1 SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,

With all-engaging charms; . Hark, how He calls the tender lambs, And takes them in His arms!

- 1 "Permit them to approach," He cries, "Nor scorn their humble name: It was to bless such souls as these. The Lord of angels came."
- 3 We bring them, Lord, with grateful hearts, And yield them up to Thee; Joyful that we ourselves are Thine, Thine let our offspring be!

Doddridge. 1755. a.

78.

1 PARDONED through redeeming grace, In Thy blessed Son revealed, Worshipping before Thy face, Lord, to Thee ourselves we yield. 15



ACE.

igh Thy Bon; live; I be done.

ward sign, grace within, grace wholly Thine; wholly Thine; us pure from sin.

, Christian name, and life accord, leed proclaim the Lord!" Edward Osler

NEIRMATION.

ior, who hast taught ve to Thee alone; ars Thy hand hath ! rst was made Thine ight me, though so agandered from Thy thus my heart to got B Thou wouldst have

rowed and promised Thy law I should o have warned me, so ion I wandered from Thy holy Church con Thy faithful serve raiting to receive it



ENEWAL OF THE BAPTISMAL COVENANT.

Many foes will straight assail me, Craftier, stronger far than I; And the strife will never fail me, Well I know, until I die. Keep me from my own undoing; Let me turn to Thee when tried: Faint, if needs, but still pursuing, Never venturing from Thy side.

I would trust in Thy protecting, Wholly rest upon Thine arm; Follow wholly Thy directing, O my only Guard from harm! Meet me now with Thy salvation, In Thy Church's ordered way; Let me feel Thy Confirmation In Thy truth and fear to-day:

So that might and wisdom gaining,
Hope in danger, joy in grief,
Iow and ever more remaining
In the catholic belief,
esting in my Savior's merit,
Strengthened with the Spirit's strength,
ith Thy Church I may inherit
All my Father's joy at length.

John Mason Neale. 1846. a.

Ich bin getauft auf Deinem Namen. 8, 7.

PATHER, Son, and Holy Spirit,
I'm baptized in Thy dear Name;
1 the seed Thou dost inherit,
With the people Thou dost claim,
I am reckoned;
And for me the Savior came.



THE MEANS OF GRACE.

- 2 Thou receivest me, O Father, As a child and heir of Thine; Jesus, Thou who died'st, yes, rather Ever livest, Thou art mine. Thou, O Spirit, Art my Guide, my Light divine.
- 3 I have pledged, and would not falter,
 Truth, obedience, love to Thee;
 I have vows upon Thine altar,
 Ever Thine alone to be:
 And forever
 Sin and all its lusts to fice.
- 4 Gracious God, all Thou hast spoken
 In this covenant shall take place;
 But if I, alas! have broken
 These my vows, hide not Thy face;
 And from falling
 O restore me by Thy grace!
- 5 Lord, to Thee I now surrender All I have, and all I am; Make my heart more true and tender, Glorify in me Thy Name. Let obedience To Thy will be all my aim.
- 6 Help me in this high endeavor,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
 Bind my heart to Thee forever,
 Till I join the heavenly host.
 Living, dying,
 Let me make in Thee my boast.

 **Charles W. Schaefer. 1860.
 Tr. John Jacob Ramback. 17**

AL OF THE BAPTISMAL COVENANT.

L. M.

ppy day, that stays my choice hee, my Saviour and my God! may this glowing heart rejoice, tell its raptures all abroad. appy bond, that seals my vows Him who merits all my love! cheerful anthems fill His house, aile to that sacred shrine I move. is done, the great transaction's done; am my Lord's, and He is mine: e drew me, and I followed on, and to obey the voice divine. low rest, my long-divided heart, Fixed on this blissful centre, rest; With ashes who would grudge to part, When called on angels' bread to feast? High heaven, that heard the solemn vow, That yow renewed shall daily hear; Till in life's latest hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear. Doddridge. 1755. a.

C. M.

1 My God, accept my heart this day, And make it always Thine, That I from Thee no more may stray, No more from Thee decline. 2 Before the Cross of Him who died,

Behold, I prostrate fall; Let every sin be crucified, Let Christ be all in all!

3 Anoint me with Thy heavenly grace, Adopt me for Thine own; That I may see Thy glorious face, And worship at Thy throne!

4 May the dear Blood, once shed for me, THE NEAMS OF GAL My blest Atonement prove That I from first to last may be 5 Let every thought, and work, and word,

Then life shall be Thy service, Lord, Matthew Brydges. 1848. And death the gate of heaven!

H. M.

BAPTIZED into Thy Name, Mysterious One in Three, ont souls and podies claim, And let us live our faith to prove, The faith which works by humble love. O that our light may shine, Ynd #11 ont lives exbtess

The course of the second of the real holiness;

And then receive us up, to adore

The Trime God for evermore, C. Wesley

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

According to Thy gracious work

This will I do, my dying Lord, I will remember Thee.

Thy Body, broken for my sake My Bread from heaven she Thy testamental oup I take, And thus remember Thee

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

bsemane can I forget. or there Thy conflict see, ine agony and bloody sweat, And not remember Thee? hen to the Cross I turn mine eyes, And rest on Calvary, Lamb of God, my Sacrifice! I must remember Thee.

Remember Thee, and all Thy pains, And all Thy Love to me; Yes, while a breath, a pulse remains,

Will I remember Thee.

And when these failing lips grow dumb, And mind and memory flee, When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,

Jesus, remember me. James Montgomery. 1825.

S. M.

1 Jesus invites His saints To meet around His board: Here those He died to save may hold Communion with their Lord.

2 Our heavenly Father calls Christ and His members one:

We are the children of His Love, And He the first-born Son.

3

3 We are but several parts Of the same broken bread:

One body with its several limbs, But Jesus is the Head.

Let all our powers be joined, His glorious Name to raise : Pleasure and love fill every mind, And every voice be praise!

Watts. 1709. a.

1 My God, and is Thy table spread? And does Thy cup with love o'erflow? Thither be all Thy children led, And let them all its sweetness know.

2 Hail, sacred Feast, which Jesus makes, Rich Banquet of His Flesh and Blood Thrice happy he, who here partakes That sacred stream, that heavenly for

3 Why are its blessings all in vain Before unwilling hearts displayed? Was not for us the victim slain? Are we forbid the children's Bread?

4 O let Thy table honored be, And furnished well with joyful guest. And may each soul salvation see, That here its sacred pledges tastes.

5 Let crowds approach, with hearts prepa With warm desire let all attend; Nor, when we leave our Father's board, The pleasure or the profit end. Doddridge. 175

328

C.

1 O God unseen, yet ever near, Thy presence may we feel; And thus, inspired with holy fear, Before Thine altar kneel.

2 Here may Thy faithful people know
The blessings of Thy Love;
The streams that through the desert fic
The manna from above.

3 We come, obedient to Thy Word, To feast on heavenly food; Our meat the Body of the Lord, Our drink, His precious Blood.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

332

Ecce Panis Angelorum.

1 Lo, upon the altar lies
Bread of heaven from the skies:
Food to mortal wanderers given,
To the sons and heirs of heaven.

2 Jesus, Shepherd of the sheep!
Thou Thy flock in safety keep.
Living Bread! Thy life supply,
119 gowther us accelse we die.
From heaven, the eternal mercy-seat.

On us Thy blessing pour, And make our inmost souls to be A habitation meet for Thee.

2 Thy Body for our ransom given, Thy Blood in mercy shed,— With this immortal food from heaven, Lord, let our souls be fed: And as we round Thine altar kneel, Help us Thy quickening grace to feel.

3 Be Thou, O Holy Spirit, nigh;
Accept the humble prayer,
The contrite soul's repentant sigh,
The sinner's heartfelt tear;
And let our adoration rise
As fragrant incense to the skies.

Unknown. 1852, a.

- 3 Come, glorious Lord! my hopes increase, And mix my portion with Thy peace! Come, and forever dwell in me, That I may only live to Thee.
- 4 Come, hidden life, and that long day For which I languish, come away! When this dry soul Thy face shall see, And drink the unsealed Source of Thee:

78.

SNS

1 O Bread to pilgrims given,
Richer than angels eat,
O Manna sent from heaven,
For heaven-born natures meet!
Give us, for Thee long pining,
To eat till richly filled;
Till, earth's delights resigning,
Our every wish is stilled!

2 O Fountain, life-bestowing,
From out the Savior's heart,
A Fountain purely flowing,
A Fount of Love Thou art!
Oh let us, freely tasting,
Our burning thirst assuage!
Thy sweetness, never wasting,
Avails from age to age.

... r.... rnaai.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

Ecce Panis Angelorum.

- 1 Lo, upon the altar lies Bread of heaven from the skies: Food to mortal wanderers given, To the sons and heirs of heaven.
- 2 Jesus, Shepherd of the sheep!
 Thou Thy flock in safety keep.
 Living Bread! Thy life supply,
 Strengthen us, or else we die.
- 3 Thou, who feedest us below!
 Source of all we have or know!
 Grant that with Thy saints above
 We may reach Thy feast of love!

From Edward Caswall. 1848. Tr. Thomas Aquinas. ab. 1270.

.3.3.3

Adoro Te devote.

L. M.

78.

- 1 With all the powers my poor heart hath Of humble love and loyal faith, I come, dear Lord, to worship Thee, Whom so much Love bowed low for me.
- 2 O dear memorial of that Death Which still survives, and gives us breath! Live ever, Bread of Life, and be My food, my joy, my all to me!
- 3 Come, glorious Lord! my hopes increase, And mix my portion with Thy peace! Come, and forever dwell in me, That I may only live to Thee.
- 4 Come, hidden life, and that long day For which I languish, come away! When this dry soul Thy face shall see, And drink the unsealed Source of Thee:

- - -

THE MEANS OF GRACE.

5 When glory's sun faith's shade shall chase, And for Thy veil, give me Thy face; Then shall my praise eternal be To the eternal Trinity!

> Theophilus Dorrington. 1686. a. From Richard Crashaw. 1646. Tr. Thomas Aquinas. ab. 1270.

334

Trochaic 6, 5.

Adoro Te devote.

- 1 Humbly I adore Thee, blessed Savior, now; Thee my Lord confessing, and my God, I bow. Give me ever strenger faith in Thee above, Give me ever stronger hope and stronger love.
- 2 O most sweet memorial of His Death and woe, Living Bread, which givest life to men below, Let my spirit ever eat of Thee and live, And the blest fruition of Thy sweetness give!
- 3 Jesus, whom thus veiled I must see below, When shall that be given which I long for so, That at last beholding Thy uncovered face, Thou wouldst satisfy me with Thy fullest grace;

John Mason Neale. 1851. a. Tr. Thomas Aquinas. ab. 1270.

335

Trochaic 7, 6.

- 1 Suffering Savior, Lamb of God, How hast Thou been used! With the Almighty's wrathful rod Soul and body bruised!
- 2 We, for whom Thou once wast slain, We, whose sins did pierce Thee, Now commemorate Thy pain, And implore Thy mercy.

nuen temptations seize us.
Naught have we to look unto,
But the Blood of Jesus.

5 Pardon all our baseness, Lord All our weakness pity: Guide us safely by Thy Word To the heavenly city.

6 O sustain us on the road Through this desert dreary. Feed us with Thy Flesh and Blo When we're faint and weary.

7 Bid us call to mind Thy Cross Our hard hearts to soften. Often, Savior, feast us thus; For we need it often.

Joseph Hart

336

1 Bread of heaven, on Thee we fee For Thy Flesh :-

THE MEANS OF GRACE.

After Communion.

337 Wie wohl hast Du gelabet.

1 O LIVING Bread from heaven, How hast Thou fed Thy guest The gifts Thou now hast given Have filled my heart with rest.

O wondrous Food of blessing, O Cup that heals our woes! My heart, this gift possessing,

In thankful song o'erflows.

2 My Lord, Thou here hast led me
Within Thy holiest place,
And there Thyself hast fed me
With treasures of Thy grace:
And They hast freely given

And Thou hast freely given
What earth could never buy,
The Bread of Life from heaven,
That new I shall not die!

Thou givest all I wanted,
The Food can death destroy;
And Thou hast freely granted
The Cup of endless joy.
Ah, Lord, I do not merit

The favor Thou hast shown, And all my soul and spirit Bow down before Thy throne!

4 Lord, grant me that, thus streng With heavenly Food, while he My course on earth is lengthened I serve with holy fear:

And when Thou callest my spirit
To leave this world below,
I enter, through Thy merit,
Where joys unmingled flow.

From Miss Winkwood Tr. John Rist. 1651

Trochaic 7, 6.

- 1 LORD, accept our feeble praise
 For the banquet given;
 Though unworthy, we would raise
 Hearts and hands to heaven.
 - 2 Of the streams of grace divine We have now been tasting: On the mystic bread and wine With rich comfort feasting.
 - 3 Meat indeed Thy Flesh we find, Drink Thy Blood so precious; Jesus, Savior, Thou art kind, Merciful and gracious!
 - 4 On our guilty souls Thy rod
 Falls with gentle chidings;
 And Thou healest with Thy Blood
 All our great backslidings.
 - 5 May we to Thy bleeding Cross Soul and body fasten; All for Jesus count but loss, To His coming hasten.
 - 6 None from trials are below Totally exempted; All-sufficient grace bestow, Succor, Lord, the tempted.
 - 7 To Thy Name, for evermore, Be all glory given; None on earth will we adore, None but Thee in heaven.

Unknown. 1757.

н. м.

339

Author of life divine, Who hast a table spread, Furnished with living Wine, And everlasting Bread,

Preserve the life Thyself hast given, And feed and train us up for heaven.

2 Our needy souls sustain With fresh supplies of love, Till all Thy life we gain,

And all Thy goodness prove; And, strengthened by Thy perfect grace, Behold, without a veil, Thy face.

C. Wesley. 1745.

CALLING.

340

C. M

- 1 THE Savior calls; let every ear
 Attend the heavenly sound.
 Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear;
 Hope smiles reviving round.
- 2 For every thirsty longing heart, Here streams of bounty flow, And life, and health, and bliss impart, To banish mortal woe.
- 3 Here springs of sacred pleasure rise, To ease your every pain. Immortal fountain! full supplies! Nor shall you thirst in vain.
- 4 Ye sinners, come, 'tis mercy's voice;
 The gracious call obey:
 Mercy invites to heavenly joys,
 And can you yet delay?
- 5 Dear Savior, draw reluctant hearts; To Thee let sinners fly, And take the bliss Thy Love imparts, And drink, and never die.

Anne Steele, 17f

С. М

- THE King of heaven His table spreads, And dainties crown the board.
 Not all the boasted joys of earth Could such delight afford.
- 2 Pardon and peace to dying men, And endless life are given; And the rich Blood that Jesus shed To raise the soul to heaven.
- 3 Ye hungry poor, who long have strayed In sin's dark mazes, come; Come from the hedges and highways, And Grace will find you room.
- 4 Thousands of souls, in glory now, Were fed and feasted here; And thousands more, still on the way, Around the board appear.
- 5 Yet are His house and heart so large, That thousands more may come; Not could the wide assembling world O'erfill the spacious room.
- 6 All things are ready: enter in,
 Nor weak excuses frame.
 Come, take your places at the feast,
 And bless the Founder's Name.

 Doddridge. 175

- 1 THE Spirit, in our hearts
 Is whispering, "Sinner, come:"
 The bride, the Church of Christ, procis
 To all His children, "Come?"
- 2 Let him that heareth, say
 To all about him, "Come!"
 Let him that thirsts for righteousness
 To Christ, the Fountain, come!

THE ORDER OF SALVATION.

3 Yes, whosoever will,
O let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life:
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo, Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come;"
Lord, even so! I wait Thine hour;
Jesus, my Savior, come!

Henry Ustic Onderdonk. 1826.

343

L. M.

- "Come hither, all ye weary souls,
 Ye heavy-laden sinners, come;
 I'll give you rest from all your toils,
 And raise you to my heavenly home.
- 2 "They shall find rest, that learn of Me; I'm of a meek and lowly mind; But passion rages like the sea, And pride is restless as the wind.
- 3 "Blest is the man, whose shoulders take My yoke, and bear it with delight! My yoke is easy to his neck; My grace shall make the burden light."
- 4 Jesus! we come at Thy command,
 With faith, and hope, and humble zeal;
 Resign our spirits to Thy hand,
 To mould and guide us at Thy will.

Watts. 1709.

344

78.

1 Come, said Jesus' sacred voice, Come, and make my paths your choice: I will guide you to your home; Weary pilgrim, hither come!

250

,

2 Sinner, come! for here is found Balm that flows for every wound; Peace that ever shall endure; Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

Anna Letitia Barbauld. 1795.

345

75

- 1 Hasten, sinner, to be wise; Stay not for the morrow's sun: Wisdom if you still despise, Harder is she to be won.
- 2 Hasten, mercy to implore; Stay not for the morrow's sun: Lest thy season should be o'er, Ere this evening's stage be run.
- 3 Hasten, sinner, to return; Stay not for the morrow's sun: Lest thy lamp should cease to burn, Ere salvation's work is done.
- 4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest;
 Stay not for the morrow's sun:
 Lest perdition thee arrest,
 Ere the morrow is begun.

Thomas Scott. 1773.

346

7٤

- 1 Come, ye weary sinners, come, All who feel your heavy load; Jesus calls His wanderers home; Hasten to your pardoning God.
- 2 Come, ye guilty souls opprest, Answer to the Savior's call: "Come, and I will give you rest; Come, and I will save you all."

- 3 Jesus, full of truth and love, We Thy kindest word obey: Faithful let Thy mercies prove, Take our load of guilt away.
- 4 Fain we would on Thee rely,
 Cast on Thee our sin and care:
 To Thine arms of mercy fly,
 Find our lasting quiet there.
- 5 Lo, we come to Thee for ease;
 Trae and gracious as Thou art,
 Now our weary souls release,
 Write forgiveness on our heart.

C. Wesley. 1746. a.

347

8, 7, 7.

- 1 Come to Calvary's holy mountain, Sinners, ruined by the Fall; Here a pure and healing fountain Flows to you, to me, to all; In a full perpetual tide, Opened when our Savior died.
- 2 Come in poverty and meanness, Come defiled, without, within; From infection and uncleanness, From the leprosy of sin, Wash your robes and make them white; Ye shall walk with God in light.
- 3 Come in sorrow and contrition,
 Wounded, impotent, and blind;
 Here the guilty free remission,
 Here the troubled peace may find:
 Health this fountain will restore;
 He that drinks shall thirst no more.
- 4 He that drinks shall live forever;
 'Tis a soul-renewing flood:

God is faithful; God will never Break His covenant in blood, Signed when our Redeemer died, Sealed when He was glorified.

James Montgomery. 1825.

348

Gott rufet noch!

L. M.

- 1 God calling yet!—shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear? Shall life's swift passing years all fly, And still my soul in slumbers lie?
- 2 God calling yet?—shall I not rise? Can I His loving voice despise, And basely His kind care repay? He calls me still: can I delay?
- 3 God calling yet!—and shall He knock, And I my heart the closer lock? He still is waiting to receive, And shall I dare His Spirit grieve?
- 4 God calling yet!—and shall I give No heed, but still in bondage live? I wait, but He does not forsake; He calls me still:—my heart, awake!
- 5 Ah, yield Him all; in Him confide: Where but with Him doth peace abide? Break loose, let earthly bonds be riven, And let the spirit rise to heaven!
- 6 God calling yet!—I cannot stay; My heart I yield without delay: Vain world, farewell! from thee I part; The voice of God hath reached my heart!

From H. L. L. 1853. Tr. Gerhard Tereteegen. ab. 1730.

THE ORDER OF SALVATION.

REPENTANCE.

349

- 1 God of mercy! God of grace! Hear our sad repentant songs.
 - O restore Thy suppliant race, Thou to whom our praise belongs
- 2 Deep regret for follies past, Talents wasted, time misspent; Hearts debased by worldly cares, Thankless for the blessings lent:
- 3 Foolish fears and fond desires, Vain regrets for things as vain; Lips too seldom taught to praise, Oft to murmur and complain;
- 4 These, and every secret fault,
 Filled with grief and shame, we of
 Humbled at Thy feet we lie,
 Seeking pardon from Thy throne.
 John Taylor.

- 1 O Thou whose tender mercy hears Contrition's humble sigh; Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tes
- From sorrow's weeping eye!

 2 See, low before Thy throne of grace,
 - A wretched wanderer mourn.

 Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face:
 Hast Thou not said, return?
- 3 And shall my guilty fears prevail, To drive me from Thy feet?
 - O let not this dear refuge fail, This only safe retreat.
- 4 Absent from Thee, my Guide, my Lig Without one cheering ray, 254

REPENTANCE.

agh dangers, fears, and gloomy night, w desolate my way!

line on this benighted heart, fith beams of mercy shine; I let Thy healing voice impart taste of joys divine.

presence only can bestow Delights, which never cloy. [Anne Steele. 1760. e this my solace here below, And my eternal joy!

C. M.

- 1 How oft, alas, this wretched heart Has wandered from the Lord! How oft my roving thoughts depart, Forgetful of His Word!
 - 2 Yet sovereign mercy calls, "Return!" Dear Lord, and may I come? My vile ingratitude I mourn; O take the wanderer home.
 - 3 And canst Thou, wilt Thou yet forgive, And bid my crimes remove? And shall a pardoned rebel live To speak Thy wondrous Love?
 - Almighty grace, Thy healing power How glorious, how divine, That can to bliss and life restore So vile a heart as mine!
 - 5 Thy pardoning Love, so free, so sweet, Dear Savior, I adore; Oh, keep me at Thy sacred feet, And let me rove no more. Anne Steele. 1760. 255

352

PSALM 51.

L. M.

- 1 Show pity, Lord; O Lord! forgive; Let a repenting rebel live. Are not Thy mercies large and free? May not a sinner trust in Thee?
 - 2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass. The power and glory of Thy grace; Great God, Thy nature hath no bound, So let Thy pardoning Love be found.
 - 3 O wash my soul from every sin, And make my guilty conscience clean; Lord, let me hear Thy pardoning voice, And bid my broken heart rejoice.
- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess Against Thy law, against Thy grace: Lord, should Thy judgment grow severe, I am condemned, but Thou art clear.
- 5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
 Whose hope, still hovering round Thy Word,
 Would light on some sweet promise there,
 Some sure support against despair.
 Watte. 1719. a.

353

PSALM 51.

L. M.

- 1 O Thou that hear'st when sinners cry, Though all my crimes before Thee lie, Behold them not with angry look, But blot their memory from Thy book.
- 2 Create my nature pure within, And form my soul averse to sin; Let Thy good Spirit ne'er depart, Nor hide Thy presence from my heart.
- 3 I cannot live without Thy light, Cast out and banished from Thy sight; Thy holy joys, my God, restore, And guard me that I fall no more.

REPENTANCE.

- 4 Though I have grieved Thy Spirit, Lord, His help and comfort still afford; And let a wretch come near Thy throne, To plead the merits of Thy Son.
- 5 A broken heart, my God, my King, Is all the sacrifice I bring; The God of grace will ne'er despise A broken heart for sacrifice.
- 6 My soul lies humbled in the dust, And owns Thy dreadful sentence just; Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye, And save the soul condemned to die.
- 7 O may Thy Love inspire my tongue! Salvation shall be all my song; And all my powers shall join to bless The Lord, my Strength and Righteousness. Watts. 1719.

54

H. M.

- 1 Whence shall my tears begin?
 What first-fruits shall I bear
 Of sorrow for my sin,
 Or how my woes declare?
 O Thou, the ever-gracious One!
 - Or how my woes declare?
 O Thou, the ever-gracious One!
 Forgive the sins that I have done.
 Thou formedst me of clay,
- O heavenly Potter! Thou
 In flesh didst me array,
 With life and breath endow.
 Thou who dost make, redeem, and know,
 To me, Thy creature, pity show!
- 3 I lie before Thy door,
 O turn me not away!
 Nor give Thy servant o'er
 To Satan for a prey!
 But ere the term of life and grace,
 Do Thou my many sins efface!

THE ORDER OF SALVA!

4 Thou spotless Lamb divi-Who takest sin away, Remove the load that mi-Upon my conscience is And of Thy mercy grant Ti Remission of iniquity!

> John Mason . Tr. Andrew

- And wilt Thou pards
 A sinner such as I?
 Although Thy book his c
 Of such a crimson dy
- 2 So deep are they eng So terrible their fear The righteous scarcely sh And where shall I ap
- 3 My soul, make all th To Him who all thin That so the Lamb may you For thine iniquities.
- 4 O Thou, Physician b Make clean my guilt And me, by many a sin o Restore, and keep m
- 5 I know not how to p
 Thy meroy and Thy
 But deign Thy servant t
 And I shall learn ab
 John Mason Neale.
 Tr. Joseph of the S

L. M. 6 l.

- 1 The abyss of many a former sin Encloses me, and bars me in: Like billows my transgressions roll;— Be Thou the Pilot of my soul! And to salvation's harbor bring, Thou Savior and Thou glorious King!
- 2 My Father's heritage abused,
 Wasted by lust, by sin misused;
 To shame and want and misery brought,
 The slave to many a fruitless thought:—
 I cry to Thee, who lovest men,
 O pity and receive again!
- 3 In hunger now, no more possest Of that my portion bright and blest, The exile and the alien see, Who yet would fain return to Thee! And save me, Lord, who seek to raise To Thy dear Love the hymn of praise!
- 4 With that blest thief my prayer I make, Remember for Thy mercy's sake! With that poor publican I cry, Be merciful, O God most high! With that lost prodigal I fain Back to my home would turn again!
- 5 Mourn, mourn, my soul, with earnest care, And raise to Christ the contrite prayer:—
 O Thou, who freely wast made poor, My sorrows and my sins to cure, Me, poor of all good works, embrace, Enriching with Thy boundless grace!

 Like Mann Natle, 1882

John Mason Neals. 1862. Tr. Joseph of the Studium, ab. 860.

L. M. 6 l.

Weary of wandering from my God,
And now made willing to return,
I hear, and bow me to the rod;
For Thee, not without hope, I mourn;
I have an Advocate above,
A Friend before the throne of Love.

? O Josus, full of truth and grace, More full of grace than I of sin; Yet once again I seek Thy face, Open Thine arms, and take me in! And freely my backslidings heal, And love the faithless sinner still.

Thou know'st the way to bring me back, My fallen spirit to restore; O, for Thy truth and merey's sake, Forgive, and bid me sin no more: The ruins of my soul repair, And make my heart a house of prayer.

C. Wesley. 1749.

L. M.

O that my load of sin were gone!
O that I could at last submit
At Jesus' feet to lay it down,
To lay my soul at Jesus feet!

? Rest for my soul I long to find: Savior of all, if mine Thou art, Give me Thy meek and lowly mind, And stamp Thine image on my heart.

Fain would I learn of Thee, my God; Thy light and easy burden prove, The Cross, all stained with hallowed blood, The labor of Thy dying Love. •

REPENTANCE.

4 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer, Nor let Thy chariot wheels delay: Appear in my poor heart, appear; My God, my Saviour, come away!

C. Wesley. 1742.

59

C. P. M. 1 O Gop, mine inmost soul convert! And deeply on my thoughtful heart Eternal things impress: Give me to feel their solemn weight, And tremble on the brink of fate. And wake to righteensness.

- 2 Before me place, in dread array, The pomp of that tremendous day, When Thou with clouds shalt come To judge the nations at Thy bar: And tell me, Lord, shall I be there To meet a joyful doom?
- 3 Be this my one great business here, With serious industry and fear My future bliss to insure: Thine utmost counsel to fulfil, And suffer all Thy righteous will. And to the end endure.
- 4 Then, Savior, then my soul receive, Transported from this vale, to live And reign with Thee above; Where faith is sweetly lost in sight, And hope in full supreme delight And everlasting love.

C. Wesley. 1749.

69

S. M. O Thou who wouldst not have One wretched sinner die. Who diedst Thyself, my soul to save From endless misery!

THE ORDER OF SALVATION.

Show me the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe,
That when Thou comest on Thy throne
I may with joy appear.

2 Thou art Thyself the Way,
Thyself in me reveal;
So shall I pass my life's short day
Obedient to Thy will;
So shall I love my God,
Because He first loved me,
And praise Thee in Thy bright abode,
Through all eternity. C. Wesley.

FAITH AND JUSTIFICATION.

361

7,

1 God of my salvation, hear,
And help me to believe;
Simply do I now draw near,
Thy blessing to receive:
Full of guilt, alas! I am,
But to Thy wounds for refuge flee:
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy Blood was shed for me.

2 Nothing have I, Lord, to pay,
Nor can Thy grace procure;
Empty send me not away,
For I, Thou know'st, am poor:
Dust and ashes is my name,
My all is sin and misery:
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy Blood was shed for me.

C. Wesley.

PAITE AND JUSTIFICATION.

162

L. M.

- Jesus, the sinner's Friend, to Thee, Lost and undone, for aid I flee; Weary of earth, myself, and sin; Open Thine arms, and take me in!
- 2 Pity and heal my sin-sick soul; Tis Thou alone canst make me whole; Dark, till in me Thine image 3hine, And lost I am, till Thou art mine.
- 3 The mansion for Thyself prepare; Dispose my heart by entering there! 'Tis this alone can make me clean; 'Tis this alone can cast out sin.
- 4 At last I own it cannot be That I should fit myself for Thee: Here then to Thee I all resign; Thine is the work, and only Thine.
- 5 What shall I say Thy grace to move?

 Lord, I am sin, but Thou art Love:

 I give up every plea beside,

 "Lord, I am lost, but Thou hast died."

 C. Wesley, 1739. α.

363

L. M.

- 1 WHEREWITH, O God, shall I draw near, And bow myself before Thy face? How in Thy purer eyes appear? What shall I bring to gain Thy grace?
- 2 What have I, Lord, wherein to trust? I nothing have, I nothing am; Excluded is my every boast, My glory swallowed up in shame.
- 3 Guilty I stand before Thy face; On me I feel Thy wrath abide; 'Tis just the sentence should take place, -'Tis just,—but 0, Thy Son hath died!

THE ORDER OF SALVATION.

- 4 Jesus, the Lamb of God, hath bled, He bore our sins upon the Tree; Beneath our curse He bowed His head 'Tis finished! He hath died for me!
- 5 See where before Thy throne He stand And pours the all-prevailing prayer Points to His side, and lifts His hand And shows that I am graven there!
- 6 He ever lives for me to pray;

 He prays that I with Him may reig

 Amen to what my Lord doth say!

 Jesus, Thou canst not pray in vain.

 C. Wesley. 1

364

- 4 C. 1
 1 O Thou that hear'st the prayer of fait
 Wilt Thou not save a soul from death,
 That casts itself on Thee?
 I have no refuge of my own,
 But fly to what my Lord hath done
 And suffered once for me.
- 2 Slain in the guilty sinner's stead, His spotless Righteousness I plead, And His availing Blood; Thy Righteousness my robe shall be, Thy Merit shall atone for me, And bring me near to God. Augustus Montague Toplady, 175

- 1 THERE is a voice of sovereign grace Sounds from the sacred Word; "Ho, ye despairing sinners, come,
 - And trust a faithful Lord."
- 2 My soul obeys the Almighty call,

 And runs to this relief;
- I would believe Thy promise, Lord,
 O help my unbelief!

FAITH AND JUSTIFICATION.

- 3 To the dear fountain of Thy Blood, Incarnate God, I fly; Here let me wash my spotted soul From crimes of deepest dye.
- A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
 On Thy kind arms I fall;
 Be Thou my Strength and Righteousness,
 My Jesus, and my All. Watts. 1709. α.

S. M.
1 JESUS, my Lord, attend

- Thy fallen creature's cry:

 And show Thyself the sinner's Friend,
 And set me up on high:
 From hell's oppressive power
 My struggling soul release:
- My struggling soul release;
 And to Thy Father's grace restore,
 And to Thy perfect peace.
- 2 Thy Blood and Righteousness
 I make my only plea;
 My present and eternal peace
 Are both derived from Thee:
 Rivers of life divine
 From Thee, their Fountain, flow;
- And all who know that Love of Thine,.
 The joy of angels know.
- 3 O then, impute, impart
 To me Thy righteousness,
 And let me taste how good Thou art,
 How full of truth and grace:
 That Thou canst here forgive
 Grant me to testify,

And justified by faith to live, And in that faith to die.

7

C. Wesley. 1748.

THE ORDER OF SALVATION.

С. М.

Thou impart Thyself to me, o other good I need: 'hou, the Son, shalt make me free, shall be free indeed. 10w in Thee all fulness dwells, nd all for wretched man: every want my spirit feels, nd break off every chain! m sin, the guilt, the power, the pain, hou wilt redeem my soul: d. I believe, and not in vain; ly faith shall make me whole. o with Thee shall walk in white. Vith all Thy saints shall prove at is the length, and breadth, and height, and depth of perfect Love. C. Wesley. 1740.

C. M.

1 Lo! to the hills I lift mine eye; Thy promised aid I claim: Father of mercies, glorify Thy favorite Jesus' Name.

2 Salvation in that Name is found, Balm of my grief and care; A medicine for every wound,— All, all I want is there.

C. Wesley. 1740.

C. M.

) WHAT a narrow, narrow path
Is that which leads on high!
How shall our wandering feet attain
Those mansions in the sky?

PAITH AND JUSTIFICATION.

nou, Lord, who art Thyself the Way, Who once didst feel our fears, and conquer in temptation's day, With groans and cries and tears,—

Do Thou direct our feeble hearts
To trust Thee for the whole;
The work of grace, in all its parts,
Accomplish in our soul.

The Holy Ghost within us breathe, Life, light, and power instil, And, through Thy gift of saving faith, Work in us all Thy will.

From Joseph Hart. 1759. C. M.

1 APPROACH, my soul, the mercy seat, Where Jesus answers prayer; There humbly fall before His feet, For none can perish there.

O

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin, By Satan sorely prest, By wars without and fears within,

I come to Thee for rest.

4 Be Thou my Shield and Hiding-place,

That, sheltered near Thy side, I may my fierce accuser face, And tell Him, Thou hast died.

5 0 wondrous Love, to bleed and die, To bear the Cross and shame, That guilty sinners such as I Might plead Thy gracious Name! John Newton. 1779. 371

1

LIKE Noah's weary dove,
That soards the earth around,

But not a resting-place above The cheerless waters found:

2 O cease, my wandering soul, On restless wing to roam; All the wide world, to either pole, Has not for thee a home.

3. Behold the ark of God,
Behold the open door;

Hasten to gain that dear abode, And rove, my soul, no more. There safe thou shalt abide,

There sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.
William Augustus Muhlenberg, 1826.

372

L. M.

1 JUST as I am, without one plea, But that Thy Blood was shed for me, And that Thou bidst me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To Thee, whose Blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about With many a conflict, many a doubt, Fightings and fears within, without, O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind; Sight Priches, healing of the mind, Yes, all I need, in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come!

FAITH AND JUSTIFICATION.

- 15 Just as I am; Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve, Because Thy promise I believe; O Lamb of God, I come!
 - 6 Just as I am; Thy Love unknown
 Has broken every barrier down;
 Now to be Thine, yes, Thine alone,
 O Lamb of God, I come!

 Charlotte Elliott. 1836.

:73

78.

- 1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee! Let the Water and the Blood, From Thy riven side which flowed, Be of sin the double cure, Save me, Lord, and make me pure.
- 2 Not the labors of my hands
 Can fulfil Thy Law's demands:
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears forever flow,
 All for sin could not atone:
 Thou must save, and Thou alone!
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring, Simply to Thy Cross I cling; Naked, come to Thee for dress; Helpless, look to Thee for grace; Foul, I to the Fountain fly; Wash me, Savior, or I die!
- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When mine eyelids close in death,
 When I soar to worlds unknown,
 See Thee on Thy judgment throne,—
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee!

 Augustus M. Toplady. 1776. α.

THE ORDER OF SALVATION.

7, 6.

I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accurséd load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White, in His Blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fulness dwells in Him;
He heals all my diseases,

He doth my soul redeem.

I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases

He from them all releases, He all my sorrows shares.

I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline.

I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angels' song.

Horatius Bonar. 1853.

C. M.

THER, though I have sinned, with Thee
An Advocate I have:
us the Just shall plead for me,
I'he sinner Christ shall save.
rdon and peace in Him I find;
But not for me alone:
e Lamb was slain: for all mankind
His Blood did once atone.

FAITH AND JUSTIFICATION.

y soal is on Thy promise cast, And lo! I claim my part: 'he universal pardon's past; O seal it on my heart!

Thou canst not now Thy grace deny;
Thou canst not but forgive:
Lord, if Thy justice asks me why—
In Jesus I believe. C. Wesley. 1740. a.

6 C. M.

1 JESUS, Thou art my Righteousness,
For all my sins were Thine:
Thy Death hath bought of God my peace,
Thy Life hath made Him mine.

2 Now justified in Thee I am; My sins are all forgiven: I taste salvation in Thy Name, And antedate my heaven.

3 Believing on my Lord, I find A sure and present aid: On Thee alone my constant mind Be every moment stayed.

4 Whate'er in me seems wise, or good, Or strong, I here disclaim: I wash my garments in the Blood Of the atoning Lamb.

5 Jesus, my Strength, my Life, my Rest, On Thee will I depend, Till summoned to the marriage-feast, Where faith in sight shall end.

C. Wesley. 1740, 1742. a.

1 Forever here my rest shall be,

Close to Thy bleeding side; This all my hope and all my plea, For me the Savior died.

271

C. M.

THE ORDER OF SALVATION.

2 My dying Savior and my God, Fountsin for guilt and sin, Sprinkle me ever with Thy Blood, And cleanse, and keep me clean. 3 The Atonement of Thy Blood apply,

Till faith to sight improve; Till hope in full fruition die,

And all my soul be love. Wesley. 1749.

I THIRST, Thou wounded Lamb of God, To wash ne in Thy cleansing Blood; To dwell within Thy wounds; then pain Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take my poor heart, and let it be Forever closed to all but Thee! Seal Thou my breast, and let me wear That pledge of love forever there.

3 How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered in Thy bleeding side!
Who life and strength from Thee liv And by Thee move, and in Thee liv

What are our works but sin and de Till Thou Thy quickening Spirit b Thou giv'st the power Thy grace t O wondrous grace! O boundless I

5 How can it be, Thou heavenly K

That Thou shouldst us to glory Make slaves the partners of Th Decked with a nover-fading oro

6 Ah Lord, enlarge our scanty t To know the wonders Thou hi Unloose our stammering tong Thy Love immense, unsearch

FAITH AND JUSTIFICATION.

'irst-born of many brethren Thou! To Thee, lo, all our souls we bow: To Thee our hearts and hands we give. Thine may we die, Thine may we live.

> John Wesley. 1740. From the German.

- Christi Blut und Gerechtigkeit.
- . JESUS, Thy Blood and Righteousness My beauty are, my glorious dress; 'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed, With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 Bold shall I stand in Thy great Day, For who aught to my charge shall lay? Fully through these absolved I am From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.
- 3 This spotless robe the same appears. When ruined nature sinks in years: No age can change its constant hue; Thy Blood preserves it ever new.
- 4 O let the dead now hear Thy voice; Now bid Thy banished ones rejoice! Their beauty this, their glorious dress, Jesus, Thy Blood and Righteousness! Jahn Wesley, 1740.

Tr. Nicholas Louis, Count Zinzend orf. 1739. Continued.

1 LORD, I believe Thy precious Blood, Which at the merev-seat of God Forever doth for sinners plead, For me, even for my soul was shed.

380

2 The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb, Who from the Father's bosom came, Who died for me, even me to atone, Now for my Lord and God I own.

L. M.

THE ORDER OF SALVATION.

- 3 Carnal, and sold to sin no more I am; hell's tyranny is o'er: The immortal soul remains with And born of God I'm freed from
- 4 Yet nought whereof to boast I h
 All, all Thy mercy freely gave:
 No works, no righteousness are
 All is Thy work, and only Thin
- 5 When from the dust of death I : To claim my mansion in the ski Even then this shall be all my p "Jesus hath lived, hath died for John Wesley. 1740. a.

Tr. Nicholas Louis, Count Zinza

381 Ich habe nun den Grund gefunden

- 1 Now I have found the ground whe Sure my soul's anchor may rem: The wounds of Jesus, for my sin Before the world's foundation sl Whose mercy shall unshaken stay When heaven and earth are fied a
- 2 Father, Thine everlasting grace
 Our seanty thought surpasses for
 Thy heart still melts with tendern
 Thine arms of love still open ar
 Returning sinners to receive,
 That mercy they may taste, and li
- 3 O Love, thou bottomless abyss!
 My sins are swallowed up in Th
 Covered is my unrighteousness,
 No spot of guilt remains on me
 While Jesus' Blood, through earth

Mercy, free, boundless mercy, crie John Wesley. 1740. Tr. John Andrew R

PAITH AND JUSTIFICATION.

382

Continued.

L. M. 6 l.

- 1 Jesus, I know, hath died for me;
 Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;
 Hither, when hell assails, I flee,
 I look into my Savior's breast:
 Away, sad doubt and anxious fear!
 Mercy is all that's written there.
- 2 Though waves and storms go o'er my head, Though strength, and health, and friends be gone;

Though joys be withered all and dead,
Though every comfort be withdrawn;
On this my steadfast soul relies,
Father, Thy mercy never dies.

3 Fixed on this ground will I remain, Though my heart fail and strength decay; This anchor shall my soul sustain, When earth's foundations melt away. Mercy's full power I then shall prove, Loved with an everlasting Love.

> John Wesley. 1740. a. Tr. John Andrew Rothe. 1731.

PEACE AND JOY.

383

PSALM 82.

s. m.

- O BLESSED souls are they, Whose sins are covered o'er! Divinely blest, to whom the Lord Imputes their guilt no more!
- 2 They mourn their follies past, And keep their hearts with care; Their lips and lives without deceit Shall prove their faith sincere.

THE ORDER OF SALVATION.

.8 Let sinners learn to pray;
Let saints keep near the throne.
Our help in times of deep distress
Is found in God alone. [Watte

•	•	
ж.	x	4

PSALM 1.

S

- 1 The man is ever blest, Who shuns the sinner's ways; Among their counsels never stands, Nor takes the scorner's place:
- 2 But makes the law of God His study and delight,

Amidst the labors of the day, And watches of the night.

3 He like a tree shall thrive, With waters near the root;

Fresh as the leaf, his name shall live; His works are heavenly fruit.

- 4 Not so the ungodly race,
 They no such blessings find;
 Their hopes shall flee like empty chaff
 Before the driving wind.
- 5 How will they bear to stand Before that judgment-seat, Where all the saints at Christ's right han

In full assembly meet?

6 He knows and He approves
The way the righteous go:
But sinners and their works shall meet
A dreadful overthrow. [Watta.

385

S

Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround His throne.

PEACE AND JOY.

Let those refuse to sing Who never knew our God; But servants of the heavenly King May speak their joys abroad.

2 The God that rules on high, That all the earth surveys,

That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas:
This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love:

He will send down His heavenly powers
To carry us above.

3 There we shall see His face, And never, never sin:

There, from the rivers of His grace, Drink endless pleasures in. The men of grace have found Glory begun below:

Celestial fruit on earthly ground From faith and hope may grow.

4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

Then let our songs abound, And every tear be dry;

We're marching through Emmanuel's ground To fairer worlds on high. Watts. 1709. a. 386 Proverbs III: 13, 17. C. M.

Proverbs III: 13, 17.

1 How happy is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice,

And who celestial wisdom makes His early, only choice!

2 For she has treasures greater far Than east or west unfold; And her rewards more precious are Than all their stores of gold. 3 She guides the young with innocence In pleasure's path to tread; A crown of glory she bestows. Upon the hoary head.

4 According as her labors rise, So her rewards increase: Her ways are ways of pleasantness, And all her paths are peace.

Michael Bruce. 1770.

387

8. M. What cheering words are these! Their sweetness who can tell? In time, and to eternal days. "'Tis with the righteous well."

In every state secure, Kept by Jehovah's eye, 'Tis well with them while life endure, And well when called to die.

Well when they see His face, Or sink amidst the flood: Well in affliction's thorny maze. Or on the mount with God.

'T is well when joys arise; 'T is well when sorrows flow; 'T is well when darkness veils the skies, And strong temptations blow.

5 'T is well when on the mount They feast on dying Love: And 'tis as well, in God's account, When they the furnace prove.

'Tis well when Jesus calls, "From earth and sin arise, Join with the hosts of ransomed souls. Made to salvation wise." John Kent. 180'

PEACE AND JOY.

78.

- 1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King, As ye journey, sweetly sing; Sing your Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious in His works and ways.
 - 2 Ye are travelling home to God, In the way the fathers trod; They are happy now, and ye Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 0 ye banished seed, be glad! Christ our Advocate is made; Us to save, our flesh assumes; Brother to our souls becomes.
- 4 Sing, ye little flock and blest: You on Jesus' throne shall rest: There your seat is now prepared, There your kingdom and reward.
- 5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand On the borders of your land; Jesus Christ, your Father's Son, Bids you undismayed go on.
- 6 Lord, obediently we go, Gladly leaving all below; Only Thou our Leader be. And we still will follow Thee. John Cennick, 1742, a.

89

1 When I can read my title clear To mansions in the skies. I bid farewell to every fear, And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage. And hellish darts be hurled: Then I can smile at Satan's rage. And face a frowning world.

279

C. M.

THE ORDER OF SALVATION.

- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come, And storms of sorrow fall, May I but safely reach my home, My God, my heaven, my all!
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
 In seas of heavenly rest;
 And not a wave of trouble roll
 Across my peaceful breast. Watts. 1709.

390

L. M.

- 1 From every swolling tide of wees, From every swelling tide of wees, There is a calm, a sure retreat; 'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.
- 2 There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend. Though sundered far, by faith they meet Around one common mercy-seat.
- 3 Ah, whither could we fly for aid, When tempted, desolate, dismayed, Or how the hosts of he!l defeat, Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?
- 4 There, there on eagle's wings we soar, And sin and sense seem all no more; And heaven comes down our souls to greet, And glory crowns the mercy-seat.
- 5 O let my hand forget her skill, My tongue be silent, cold and still, This bounding heart forget to beat, If I forget the mercy-seat.

Hugh Stowell. 1834.

391

6, 8, 4,

1 THE God of Abram praise,
Who reigns enthroned above;
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of Love!

PEACE AND JOY.

Jehovah, great I Am,
By earth and heaven confest;
I bow and bless the sacred Name,
Forever blest.

2 The God of Abram praise, At whose supreme command

From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At His right hand:
I all on earth forsake,

Its wisdom, fame, and power, And Him my only Portion make.

And Him my only Portion make, My Shield and Tower

3 The God of Abram praise, Whose all-sufficient grace Shall guide me, all my happy days, In all His ways:

He calls a worm His friend; He calls Himself my God;

And He shall save me to the end Through Jesus' Blood.

4 He by Himself hath sworn; I on His oath depend;

I shall, on cagles' wings upborne, To heaven ascend:

I shall behold His face, I shall His power adore,

And sing the wonders of His grace For evermore. Thomas Olivers. 1772.

SANCTIFICATION AND THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

CONSECRATION.

12

S. M.

My Maker and my King! To Thee my all I owe. Thy sovereign bounty is the spring From whence my blessings flow.

381

2	Thou ever good and kind	
	A thousand reasons move,	
A	thousand obligations bind	
	My heart to grateful love.	
	•	

3 The creature of Thy hand, On Thee alone I live.
My God! Thy benefits demand More praise than life can give.

- 4 O what can I impart,
 When all is Thine before?
 Thy Love demands a thankful heart;
 The gift, alas, how poor!
- 5 Shall I withhold Thy due? And shall my passions rove? Lord, form this wretched heart anew, And fill it with Thy love.
- 6 O let Thy grace inspire
 My soul with strength divine;
 Let all my powers to Thee aspire,
 And all my days be Thine.

 Anne Steele. 17

393 PSALM 119. C.

- 1 Thou art my Portion, O my God! Soon as I know Thy way, My heart makes haste to obey Thy word And suffers no delay.
- 2 I choose the path of heavenly truth, And glory in my choice;
- Not all the riches of the earth Could make me so rejoice.
- 3 The testimonies of Thy grace
 I set before mine eyes;
 Thence I derive my daily strength,
 And there my comfort lies.

CONSECRATION.

4 If once I wander from Thy path,
I think upon my ways;
Then turn my feet to Thy commands,
And trust Thy pardoning grace.

5 Now I am Thine, for ever Thine: O save Thy servant, Lord! Thou art my Shield, my Hiding-place; My hope is in Thy Word.

6 Thou hast inclined this heart of mine Thy statutes to fulfil; And thus, till mortal life shall end, Would I perform Thy will.

Watts. 1719.

394

 $m{L}$. $m{M}$.

1 AH, wretched souls, who strive in vain,

Slaves to the world, and slaves to sin!

A nobler toil may I sustain,

A nobler satisfaction win.

2 May I resolve with all my heart, With all my powers to serve the Lord; Nor from his precepts e'er depart, Whose service is a rich reward.

3 0 be His service all my joy!
Around let my example shine;
Till others love the blest employ,
And join in labors so divine.

4 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determined choice,
To yield to His supreme control,
And in His kind commands rejoice.

5 0 may I never faint nor tire, Nor wandering leave His sacred ways. Great God! accept my soul's desire, And give me strength to live Thy praise.

Anne Steele. 1780.



L. M. racious Lord, I own Thy right every service I can pay; call it my supreme delight hear Thy dictates, and obey. at is my being, but for Thee, ts sure support, its noblest end? ne ever-smiling face to see. and serve the cause of such a Friend! would not breathe for worldly joy, Or to increase my worldly good; or future days nor powers employ To spread a sounding name abroad. 'is to my Savior I would live, To Him who for my ransom died: or could untainted Eden give Such bliss as blossoms at His side. is work my hoary age shall bless, When youthful vigor is no more, nd my last hour of life confess His love hath animating power.

Doddridge. 1755.

S. M.

TEACH me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see:
d what I do in any thing,
To do it as for Thee!
To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to Thee I tend:
all I do, be Thou the Way,
In all, be Thou the End!
All may of Thee partake:
Nothing so small can be,
t draws, when acted for Thy sake,
Greatness and worth from Thee.

4 Hal

397

1 2

_



CONSECRATION.

4 If done to obey Thy laws,
Even servile labors shine:
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause,
The meanest work divine.

John Wesley. 1739.

From George Herbert. 1632.

17 Höchster Priester, der Du Dich. 78.

1 GREAT High-Priest, who deignedst to be Once the Sacrifice for me,
Take this living heart of mine,
Lay it on Thy holy shrine.

2 As Thy Love accepteth nought Save what Love itself hath wrought, Offer Thou my sacrifice, Else to God it cannot rise.

3 Slay in me the wayward will, Earthly lust and passion kill: Tear all sin from out my heart, Though it cost me bitter smart.

4 So may God the Righteous brook On my sacrifice to look: In whose sight no gift has worth, Save a Christ-like life on earth.

Miss Winkworth. 1855. a. Tr. Angelus Silesius. 1657.

L. M.

398

1 My Savior, how shall I proclaim, How pay the mighty debt I owe? Let all I have, and all I am, Ceaseless to all Thy glory show.

2 Too much to Thee I cannot give: Too much I cannot do for Thee: Let all Thy Love, and all Thy grief, Graven on my heart forever be!

John Wesley, 1740. Tr. Paul Gerhardt, 1853. 399

1 BEING of beings, God of love, To Thee our hearts we raise; Thy all-sustaining power we prove,
And gladly sing thy preise.

2 Thine, wholly Thine, we long to be; Made, and preserved, and saved by Thee,

To Thee ourselves we give.

3 Come, Holy Ghost, the Savior's love Shed in our hearts abroad; 80 spell as san line and mone

And be with Christ in God.

C. Wesley. 1739.

78.

Gop of all-redeeming grace,
By Thy pardoning Love compelled, Up to Thee our souls we raise, Unto Thee our bodies yield.

2 Thou our sacrifice receive, Acceptable through Thy Son, While to Thee alone we live, While we die to Thee alone.

3 Just it is, and good, and right, That we should be wholly Thine;

In Thy only will unite, In Thy blessed service join.

4 0 that every thought and word Might proclaim how good Thou Holiness unto the Lord Still be written on our heart.

C. West

CONSECRATION.

S. M.

Lord, in the strength of grace,
With a glad heart and free,
yself, my residue of days,
I consecrate to Thee.
Thy ransomed servant, I

Restore to Thee Thy own; And from this moment live or die To serve my God alone.

C. Wesley. 1762.

78.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the celestial host,
Let Thy will on earth be done!
Praise by all to Thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven.

If so poor a worm as I
May to Thy great glory live,
All my actions sanctify,

All my words and thoughts receive: Claim me for Thy service, claim All I have, and all I am.

Take my soul and body's powers:

Take my memory, mind, and will;
All my goods and all my hours,
All I know and all I feel:
All I think, and speak, and do;
Take my heart, but make it new!

Now, O God, Thine own I am: Now I give Thee back Thine own; Freedom, friends, and health, and fame, Consecrate to Thee alone. Thine I live. thrice happy I:

Thine I live, thrice happy I; Happier still, if Thine I die.

C. Wesley. 1745.

- 1 How blesséd, from the bonds of sin
 And earthly fetters free,
 In singleness of heart and aim
 Thy servant, Lord, to be!
 The hardest toil to undertake
 With joy at Thy command,
 The meanest office to receive
 With meckness at Thy hand!
- 2 With willing heart and longing eyes To watch before Thy gate, Ready to run the weary race, To bear the heavy weight; No voice of thunder to expect, But follow calm and still, For love can easily divine The One Beloved's will.
- 3 Thus may I serve Thee, gracious Lord!
 Thus ever Thine alone,
 My soul and body given to Thee,
 The purchase Thou hast won:
 Through evil or through good report
 Still keeping by Thy side,
 By life or death, in this poor flesh
 Let Christ be magnified!
- 4 How happily the working-days
 In this dear service fly!
 How rapidly the closing hour,
 The time of rest, draws nigh!
 When all the faithful gather home,
 A joyful company,
 And ever where the Master is,
 Shall His blest servants be.

H. L. L. 1853. Tr. Charles John Spitta. d. 1950 404

1 O Thou best Gift of Heaven!
Thou who Thyself hast given,—
For Thou hast died!
This Thou hast done for me:
What have I done for Thee,

Thou Crucified?
2 I long to serve Thee more:
Reveal an open door,
Savior, to me:
Then, counting all but loss,
I'll glory in Thy Cross,
And follow Thee.

3 Do Thou but point the way,
And give me strength to obey;
Thy will be mine:
Then can I think it joy
To suffer or to die,
Since I am Thine.

HOLINESS.

Rerum Creator omnium.

105 Resum Creator omnium.

CREATOR of mankind,

CREATOR OF MENALIMA,
Thy promised help we clair
That so our life Thou mayst no
Unworthy of our name.

2 If Thou Thy grace deny,
We cannot rightly strive;
We cannot rightly strive;
In Thee alone to sin we die,
In Thee alone we live.

3 Our goings, Lord, uphole Till this dark vale be partial through temptations man We reach Thy rest at b

O happy, peaceful rest, Prepared for saints above, Where they with all Thy Joys are blest, And drink Thy streams of Love! . 4

To Thee our hearts we raise: O Trinity divine, May we with saints in glory shine, And share their songs of praise! John Chandler. 1837. a. 5 s. M.

God of eternal Love, Our Father and our Friend, We lift our hearts to Thee above: 406 Do Thou our prayer attend.

Baptized into Thy Name, We all have Christ put on : O may Thy love our hearts inflame,

The course of truth to run.

May carnal feelings die, And fruits of faith increase; And Adam's nature prostrate lie Before the Prince of Peace. 3

Endue us, Lord, with strength, To triumph over sur. That we may with Thy saints at length

Eternal glory win.

1 So let our lips and lives express The holy Gospel we profess: 80 let our works and virtues shine, 407 To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad The honors of our Savior God; When His salvation reigns within And grace subdues the power of sir



HOLINESS.

. flesh and sense must be denied, ssion and envy, lust and pride; alle justice, temperance, truth and love in inward piety approve.

eligion bears our spirits up,

/hile we expect that blessed hope,
the bright appearance of the Lord,
and faith stands leaning on His Word.

Watts, 1709.

PSALM 19.

78.

- 1 Blest Instructor! from Thy ways, Who can tell, how oft he strays! Save from error's growth my mind; Leave not, Lord, one root behind.
 - 2 Purge me from the guilt, that lies Wrapt within my heart's disguise; Let me thence, by Thee renewed, Each presumptuous sin exclude.
 - 3 Let my tongue, from error free, Speak the words approved by Thee; To Thine all-observing eyes Let my thoughts accepted rise.
- 4 So my lot shall ne'er be joined With the men, whose impious mind, Fearless of Thy just command, Braves the vengeance of Thy hand.
- 5 While I thus Thy Name adore, And Thy healing grace implore, Blest Redeemer, bow Thine ear! God, my Strength, propitious hear!

James Merrick. 1765.



409

1 My God! permit me not to A stranger to myself and T Amidst a thousand thought Forgetful of my highest lov

2 Why should my passions m And thus debase my heaven Why should I cleave to thir And let my God, my Savior

3 Call me away from flesh and Thy sovereign word can dra I would obey the Voice divi And all inferior joys resign.

410

PSALM 119. 1 O THAT the Lord would guid To keep His statutes still O that my God would grant

To know and do His will 2 Order my footsteps by Thy And make my heart since Let sin have no dominion, I But keep my conscience c

3 Assist my soul, too apt to si A stricter watch to keep; And should I e'er forget Th Restore Thy wandering sl

4 Make me to walk in Thy co 'Tis a delightful road: Nor let my head, or heart, o Offend against my God.

411

PSALM 15. 1 WHO, O Lord, when life is o Shall to heaven's blest mans Who, an ever-welcome gues In Thy holy place shall res

HOLINESS.

- 2 He whose heart Thy love has warmed; He whose will, to Thine conformed, Bids his life unsullied run; He whose word and thought are one;
- 3 He who shuns the sinner's road, Loving those who love their God; Who, with hope and faith unfeigned, Treads the path by Thee ordained;
- 4 He who trusts in Christ alone, Not in aught himself has done; He, great God, shall be Thy care, And Thy choicest blessings share.

Harriet Auber, 1829. From James Merrick, 1765.

£12

C. M.

- 1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
 Thy sovereign Hand denies,
 Accepted at Thy throne of grace,
 Let this petition rise:
- 2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart, From every murmur free; The blessings of Thy grace impart, And let me live to Thee.
- 3 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine My path of life attend; Thy presence through my journey shine, And crown my journey's end.

Anne Steele. 1760. a.

13

1 O For a closer walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame; A light to shine upon the road That leads me to the Lamb\ C. M.

2 Return, O holy Dove, return. Sweet Messenger of rest! I hate the sins that made Thee mourn.

And drove Thee from my breast.

3 The dearest idol I have known. Whate'er that idol be. Help me to tear it from Thy throne. And worship only Thee.

4 So shall my walk be close with God. Calm and serene my frame; So purer light shall mark the road

That leads me to the Lamb.

William Couper, 1779.

C. A

414

1 O COULD I find from day to day A nearness to my God! Then should my hours glide sweet away, And lean upon His Word.

2 Lord, I desire with Thee to live Anew from day to day; In joys the world can never give, Nor ever take away.

3 O Jesus, come and rule my heart, And make me wholly Thine, That I may never more depart, Nor grieve Thy Love divine.

4 Thus till my last expiring breath Thy goodness I'll adore: And when my flesh dissolves in death. My soul shall love Thee more.

Unknown, 1799.

415 Hier legt mein Sinn. L. L1 My soul before Thee prostrate lies: To Thee, her Source, my spirit flies; My wants I mourn, my chains I see:

O let Thy presence set me free!



HOLINESS.

s, vouchsafe my heart and will a Thy meek lowliness to fill; more her power let nature boast, in Thy will let mine be lost. life's short day let me yet more Thy enlivening power implore: y mind must deeper sink in Thee, y foot stand firm, from wandering free. ne only care my soul shall know, ather, all Thy commands to do: ah, deep engrave it on my breast, That I in Thee even now am blest. When my warmed thoughts I fix on Thee, And plunge me in Thy mercy's sea, Then even on me Thy face shall shine, And quicken this dead heart of mine. So even in storms my zeal shall grow: So shall I Thy hid sweetness know; And feel, what endless age shall prove, That Thou, my Lord, my God, art Love. John Wesley, 1739. Tr. Christian Frederic Ritcher. ab. 1700.

O Thou who all things canst control,
Chase sloth and slumber from my soul;
With joy and fear, with love and awe,
Give me to keep Thy perfect law.
O may one beam of Thy blest light
Pierce through, dispel the shades of night;
Touch my cold breast with heavenly fire,
With holy, conquering zeal inspire.
With steps unwavering, undismayed,
Give me in all Thy paths to tread.
Ries, Lord, stir up Thy quickening power,
And wake me, that I sleep no more.

4 Single of heart 0 may I be!
Nothing may I desire but Thee;
Far, far from me the world remove,
And all that holds me from Thy Love!

John Wesley. 173

John Wesley. 1739. a. From the German.

C. M

417

1 O FOR a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free!

A heart that always feels Thy Blood, So freely shed for me!

- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek, My great Redeemer's throne; Where only Christ is heard to speak, Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart, Believing, true, and clean; Which neither life nor death can part From Him that dwells within.
- 4 A heart in every thought renewed, And full of love divine; Perfect, and right, and pure, and good, A copy, Lord, of Thine!
- 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart, Come quickly from above; Write Thy new Name upon my heart, Thy new, best Name of Love,

C. Wesley. 1742. a.

418

1 O FOR a principle within
Of jealous godly fear;
O for a tender dread of sin,

A pain to feel it near!

21

- 1 FATHER of eternal grace,
 Glorify Thyself in me!
 Meekly beaming in my face,
 May the world Thine image see.
- 2 Happy only in Thy Love, Poor, unfriended, or unknown, Fix my thoughts on things above; Stay my heart on Thee alone.
- 3 Humble, holy, all resigned
 To Thy will,—Thy will be done!
 Give me, Lord, the perfect mind
 Of Thy well-beloved Son.
- 4 Counting gain and glory loss,
 May I tread the path He trod,
 Die with Jesus on the Cross,
 Rise with Him to Thee, my God!
 James Montgomery. 1825.

LOVE TO GOD AND CHRIST.

22

:

- 1 HARK, my soul, it is the Lord!
 "Tis thy Savior, hear His word:
 Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:
 "Say, poor sinner, lovest thou Me?
- 2 "I delivered Thee, when bound, And when wounded healed thy wound; Sought thee wandering, set thee right, Turned thy darkness into light.
- 3 "Can a woman's tender care Cease towards the child she bare? Yes, she may forgetful be, Yet will I remember thee.

78.

583

78.

- 4 "Mine is an unchanging Love, Higher than the heights above, Deeper than the depths beneath, Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 5 "Thou shalt see My glory soon, When the work of grace is done; Partner of My throne shalt be; Say, poor sinner, lovest thou Me?"
- 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint, That my love is weak and faint: Yet I love Thee and adore; O for grace to love Thee more!

William Cowper. 1779.

423 Liebe, die Du mich zum Bilde. 8,7,7.

- Lord, Thine image Thou didst lend me, In Thy never-fading Love;
 When I fell, yet Thou didst send me Full Redemption from above.
 Sacred Love, I long to be Thine to all eternity!
- 2 Love, who hast for me enduréd All the pains of death and hell; Love, whose sufferings have procuréd More for me than tongue can tell; Love almighty and divine, I would be forever Thine!
- 3 Love, my Life and my Salvation, Light and Truth, eternal Word! Thou alone dost consolation To my sinking soul afford. Sacred Love, I long to be Thine to all eternity!
- 4 Love, who will hereafter raise me From the grave and bed of dust; Love, whose final zeal arrays me

Desire in vain its depths to see; They cannot reach the mystery, The length, and breadth, and height.

- 3 God only knows the Love of God; O that it now were shed abroad In this poor stony heart! For love I sigh, for love I pine; This only portion, Lord, be mine, Be mine this better part.
- 4 O that I could forever sit
 With Mary at the Master's feet!
 Be this my happy choice;
 My only care, delight, and bliss,
 My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
 To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

C. Wesley. 1749. a.

£30

C. M.

- My God, my Portion, and my Love, My everlasting All!
 I've none but Thee in heaven above, Or on this earthly ball.
- 2 In vain the bright meridian sun Scatters his feeble light; Thy brighter beams create my noon; If Thou withdraw, 'tis night.
- To Thee I owe my wealth and friends, And health, and safe abode. Thanks to Thy Name for meaner things; But they are not my God.
- 4 If I possessed the spacious earth, And called the stars my own; Without Thy graces and Thyself, I were a wretch undone.

- 5 Let others stretch their arms like seas, And grasp in all the shore; Grant me to see Thy blissful face, And I desire no more. [Watts. 1709.
- 431
 1 My God, the Spring of all my joys,
 The Life of my delights,
 - The Life of my delights,
 The Glory of my brightest days,
 And Comfort of my nights!
 - 2 In darkest shades, if He appear, My dawning is begun; He is my soul's bright Morning-Star, And He my rising Sun.
 - 3 The opening heavens around me shine With beams of sacred bliss, When Jesus shows His heart is mine, And whispers, I am His.
 - 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay At that transporting word, Run up with joy the shining way, To see and praise my Lord.
 - 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
 I'd break through every foe;
 The wings of love and arms of faith
 Would bear me conqueror through.
 Watts. 1709.
- 432 O Deus, ego amo Te. C. .

 1 My God, I love Thee; not because
 - I hope for heaven thereby; Nor because they who love Thee not Must burn eternally.
 - 2 Thou, O my Jesus! Thou didst me Upon the Cross embrace; For me didst bear the nails and spear, And manifold disgrace;

LOVE.

3 And griefs and torments numberless, And sweat of agony; Even death itself—and all for one Who was Thine enemy.

4 Then why, O blessed Jesus Christ!

Should I not love Thee well? Not for sake of winning heaven, Or of escaping hell;

5 Not with the hope of gaining aught; Not seeking a reward; But as Thyself hast lovéd me, O ever loving Lord!

6 E'en so I love Thee, and will love, And in Thy praise will sing; Solely because Thou art my God, And my eternal King.

Edward Caswall. 1848.
Tr. Francis Xavier. d. 1552.

TRUST.

433

C. M.

- 1 O FOR a Faith that will not shrink, Though prest by many a foe; That will not tremble on the brink Of poverty or woe;
- 2 That will not murmur nor complain Beneath the chastening rod: But in the hour of grief or pain Can lean upon its God.
- 3 A faith that shines more bright and clear When tempests rage without; That when in danger knows no fear, In darkness feels no doubt:

- 4 That bears unmoved the world's dread fr Nor heeds its scornful smile; That sin's wild ocean cannot drown, Nor Satan's arts beguile:
- 5 A faith that keeps the narrow way Till life's last hour is fled, And with a pure and heavenly ray Lights up a dying bed.
- 6 Lord, give us such a faith as this, And then whate'er may come, We'll taste even here the hallowed bliss Of an eternal home.

William Hiley Bathurst. 1836

434

- 1 My spirit looks to God alone: My rock and refuge is His throne: In all my fears, in all my straits,
- My soul on His salvation waits.

 Trust Him, ye saints, in all your ways,
 Pour out your hearts before His face:
 When helpers fail, and foes invade,
 God is our all-sufficient Aid.

PSALM 62.

- 3 Make not increasing gold your trust, Nor set your heart on glittering dust. Why will you grasp the fleeting smoke, And not believe what God hath spoke?
- 4 Once has His awful voice declared, Once and again my ears have heard; "All power is His eternal due; He must be feared and trusted too."
- 5 For sovereign power reigns not alone; Grace is a partner of the throne: Thy grace and justice, mighty Lord! Shall well divide our last reward.

1

TRUST-IN GENERAL.

•	_	

PSALM 71.

C. M.

- 1 My Saviour, my almighty Friend, When I begin Thy praise, Where will the growing numbers end, The numbers of Thy grace?
- 2 Thou art my everlasting Trust, Thy goodness I adore; And since I knew Thy graces first, I speak Thy glories more.
- 3 My feet shall travel all the length
 Of the celestial road,
 And march with courage in Thy strength,
 To see my Father, God.
- 4 How will my lips rejoice to tell The victories of my King? My soul, redeemed from sin and hell, Shall Thy salvation sing.
 - 5 Awake, awake, my tuneful powers; With this delightful song I'll entertain the darkest hours, Nor think the season long.

Watts. 1719.

136

PSALM 73.

C. M.

- 1 Gop, my Supporter and my Hope, My Help forever near! Thine arm of mercy holds me up, And saves me from despair.
- 2 Thy counsels, Lord! shall guide my feet Through this dark wilderness; Thy hand conduct me near Thy seat, To dwell before Thy face.
- 3 What if the springs of life were broke, And flesh and heart should faint? God is my soul's eternal Rook, The Strength of every saint.

4 Behold, the sinners, that remove
Far from Thy presence, die;
Not all the idol-gods they love
Can save them when they cry.

5 But to draw near to Thee, my God! Shall be my sweet employ. My tongue shall sound Thy works abroa And tell the world my joy. Watts. 17

437
1 Author of good! To Thee we turn:

Thine ever-wakeful eye Alone can all our wants discern, Thy hand alone supply.

- 2 O let Thy love within us dwell, Thy fear our footseps guide! That love shall vainer loves expel, That fear all fears beside.
- 3 And since, by passion's force subdued, Too oft, with stubborn will, We blindly shun the latent good, And grasp the specious ill:
- 4 Not what we wish, but what we want, Let mercy still supply: The good, unasked, let mercy grant, The ill, though asked, deny.

 James Merrick. d. 17

C.

438

1 FATHER, to Thee my soul I lift; My soul on Thee depends, Convinced that every perfect gift From Thee alone descends.

2 Mercy and grace are Thine alone, And power and wisdom too; Without the Spirit of Thy Son We nothing good can do.



TRUST.

3 Thou all our works in us hast v
Our good is all divine;

The praise of every virtuous the Or righteous work is Thine.

4 From Thee, through Jesus, we The power on Thee to call, In whom we are, and move and Our God is all in all.

C. W

139

- 1 Amidst a world of hopes and fe A world of cares, and toils, and Where foes alarm, and dangers And pleasures kill, and glories
- 2 Send down, O Lord! a heaven! To guide me in the doubtful we And o'er me hold Thy shield of To guard me in the dangerous
- 3 Teach me the flattering paths t In which the thoughtless many Who for a shade the substance And grasp their ruin in their b
- 4 May never pleasure, wealth, or Allure my wandering soul aside But through this maze of mort Safe lead me to Thy heavenly?
- 5 There glories shine, and pleasu That charm, delight, transport And every panting wish shall t Possest of boundless bliss in Tl Henry k

140

1 FATHER of lights, Thy needful
To us that ask impart;
Mistrustful of ourselves, afraid
Of our own treacherous hear

- 2 O'erwhelmed with justest fear, again To Thee for help we call: Where many mightier have been slain, By Thee unsaved, we fall.
- 3 In spite of our resolves, we fear Our own infirmity;
 And tremble at the trial near,
 And cry, O God, to Thee!
- 4 Our only Help in danger's hour, Our only Strength Thou art; Above the world and Satan's power, And greater than our heart.
- 5 Us from ourselves thou canst secure In nature's slippery ways; And make our feeble footsteps sure By Thy sufficient grace.
- 6 If on Thy promised grace alone
 We faithfully depend,
 Thou surely wilt preserve Thine own,
 And keep us to the end.

 C. Wesley. 1767.

441

- I GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah,
 Pilgrim through this barren land;
 I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
 Hold me with Thy powerful hand;
 Bread of heaven,
 Feed me till I want no more!
- 2 Open now the crystal fountain, Whence the healing streams do flow; Let the fiery, cloudy pillar, Lead me all my journey through: Strong Deliverer,

Be Thou still my Strength and Shield



3 When I tread the verge of Jordan, Bid my anxious fears subside: Death of death and hell's Destruction, Land me safe on Canaan's side: Songs of praises I will ever give to Thee.

William Williams. 1774. a.

142

C. M.

- 1 O HELP us, Lord! each hour of need
 Thy heavenly succor give:
 Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
 Each hour on earth we live!
- Each hour on earth we live!

 2 O help us, when our spirits bleed,
- With contrite anguish sore;
 And when our hearts are cold and dead,
 O help us, Lord, the more!
- 3 0 help us, through the prayer of faith, More firmly to believe!
 - For still the more the servant hath, The more shall he receive.
- 4 O help us, Jesus, from on high! We know no help but Thee:
 - O help us so to live and die As Thine in heaven to be!

Henry Hart Milman. 1827.

£43

C. M.

- 1 O LORD, my best desire fulfil,
 And help me to resign
 Life, health, and comfort to Thy will,
 And make Thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at Thy command, Whose Love forbids my fears? Or tremble at the gracious Hand That wipes away my tears?

20

313

i

- 3 No! let me rather freely yield What most I prize to Thee, Who never hast a good withheld, Nor wilt withhold from me.
- 4 Thy favor, all my journey through, Thou art engaged to grant; What else I want, or think I do, 'Tis better still to want.

William Couper. 1779.

6

444 Mein Jesu, wie Du willt.

1 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
O may Thy will be mine!
Into Thy hand of love
I would my all resign.
Through sorrow or through joy
Conduct me as Thine own,
And help me still to say,
My Lord, Thy will be done!

- 2 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
 If needy here and poor,
 Give me Thy people's bread,
 Their portion rich and sure.
 The manna of Thy Word
 Let my soul feed upon:
 And if all else should fail,
 My Lord, Thy Will be done!
- 3 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!

 Though seen through many a tear,
 Let not my star of hope
 Grow dim or disappear:
 Since Thou on earth hast wept
 And sorrowed oft alone,
 If I must weep with Thee,
 My Lord, Thy will be done!



TRUST.

My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
When death itself draws nigh,
To Thy dear wounded side
I would for refuge fly.
Leaning on Thee, to go
Where Thou before hast gone:
My Lord, Thy will be done!

My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
All shall be well for me:
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with Thee.
Thus to my home above
I travel calmly on,
And sing, in life or death,
My Lord, Thy will be done!

H. L. L., 1853. Tr. Benjamin Schmolk.

445

١

Wer Gott vertraut. Iambic 8

1 Who puts his trust in God most just
Hath built his house securely;
He who relies on Jesus Christ.
Heaven shall be his most surely.
Then fixed on Thee my trust shall be,
Whose truth can never alter;
While mine Thou art, not death's worst small make my courage falter.

2 Though fiercest foes my course oppose,
A dauntless front I'll show them:
My champion Thou, Lord Christ, art now,
Who soon shalt overthrow them!
And if but Thee I have in me
With Thy good gifts and Spirit,
Nor death nor hell, I know full well,
Shalt hurt me, through Thy merit.

Thou art engaged to grant;
What else I want, or think I do,
"Tis better still to want.

William Couper. 1779

444 Mein Jesu, wie Du willt.

1 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
0 may Thy will be mine!
Into Thy hand of love
I would my all resign.
Through sorrow or through joy
Conduct me as Thine own,
And help me still to sav
Anu my sorrows are Thine own.

2 On Thee, O my God, I rest,
Letting life float calmly on;
For I know the last is best,
When the crown of joy is won.
In Thy might all things I bear,

TRUST.

!7 Ist Gott für mich, so trete.

1 Ir God Himself be for me,
I may a host defy;
For when I pray, before me
My foes confounded fly.
If Christ, the Head, befriend n
If God be my support,
The mischief they intend me
Shall quickly come to naugh

2 I build on this foundation,
That Jesus and His Blood
Alone are my salvation,
The true eternal good:
Without Him, all that pleases
Is valueless on earth:
The gifts I owe to Jesus
Alone my love are worth.

3 His Holy Spirit dwelleth
Within my willing heart,
Tames it when it rebelleth,
And soothes the keenest sma
He crowns His work with bless
And helpeth me to cry
"My Father!" without ceasing
To Him who reigns on high.

4 To mine His Spirit speaketh
Sweet words of soothing pow
How God to him that seeketh
For rest, hath rest in store.
How God Himself prepareth
My heritage and lot,
And though my body weareth,
My heaven shall fail me not.

·Unknown, 1859. Tr. Paul Gerha

Nor lets aught work me woe. At cost of all I have, At cost of life and limb, I cling to God, who yet shall save; I will not turn from Him. The world may fail and flee; Thou, God, my Father art! Not fire, nor sword, nor plague, from My trusting soul shall part. No joys that angels know; 5 No throne or wide-spread fame. No love or loss, no fear or woe, No grief of heart or shame-Man cannot aught conceive, Of pleasure or of harm, That e'er shall tempt my soul to leav Her refuge in Thine arm. Miss Winkworth. Tr. Paul Gerhard 449 1 I know Thy thoughts are peace tow Safe am I in Thy hands: Firmly I build my hope on Thee, For sure Thy counsel stands!

2 Whate'er Thy Word hath promised, Wilt Thou full surely give;
Wherefore from Thee I will not fall Thy Word doth make me live.

wen my heart shall gladly say,
ou, God, dost all things well!

Miss Winkworth. 1855. a.

Tr. — Drewes. 1797.

L. M.

of my life, whose gracious power rough various deaths my soul hath led; urned aside the fatal hour, lifted up my sinking head:
Il my ways Thy hand I own, hy ruling Providence I see: ist me still my course to run, and still direct my paths to Thee. ither, O whither should I fly, ut to my loving Savior's breast? are within Thine arms to lie, and safe beneath Thy wings to rest! ye no skill the snare to shun,

O Christ, my wisdom art!

•	~	•
4	n	

PSALM 31.

8.

 My spirit on Thy care, Blest Savior, I recline; Thou wilt not leave me to despair, For Thou art Love divine.

2 In Thee I place my trust, On Thee I calmly rest:

I know Thee good, I know Thee just, And count Thy choice the best.

3 Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform;
Safe in Thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

4 Let good or ill befall, It must be good for me; Secure of having Thee in all, Of having all in Thee.

Henry Francis Lyte. 1834

452

PSALM 121.

H. .

I UPWARD I lift mine eyes;
From God is all my aid;
The God who built the skies,
And earth and nature made.
God is the Tower
His grace is nigh
To which I fly;
In every hour.

2 My feet shall never slide And fall in fatal snares, Since God, my Guard and Guide, Defends me from my fears.

Those wakeful eyes
That never sleep

| Shall Israel keep
| When dangers rise,

3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there.

TRUST IN GOD AND PROVIDENCE.

Thou art my Sun, To guard my head And Thou my Shade, By night or noon.

4 Hast Thou not given Thy word
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath.

I'll go and come, Nor fear to die, Till from on high Thou call me home.

Watts. 1719.

Nor doubt my inmost wants are known To Him who chose me for His own.

- 4 Thou know'st when joyful hours are best,
 And send'st them as Thou seest it meet:
 When I have borne the fiery test,
 And am made free from all deceit,
 Thou comest to me all unaware,
 And makest me own Thy loving care.
- 5 Help me to swerve not from Thy ways,
 But do my own part faithfully,
 And trust Thy promises of grace,
 That they may be fulfilled in me.
 Thou never wilt forsake at need
 The soul that trusts in Thee indeed.

 From Miss Winkneyer 1

From Miss Winkworth. 1855. Tr. George Neumarck. 1653.

456

S. M

 Away, my needless fears, And doubts no longer mine!
 A ray of heavenly light appears, A messenger divine.

2 Thrice comfortable hope, That calms my stormy breast; My Father's hand prepares the cup, And what He wills is best.

7.

1 In holy contemplation
We sweetly now pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new.
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
Let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.

2 It can bring with it nothing Thy will they all perform; Safe in Thy breast my head I hide, Nor fear the coming storm.

Let good or ill befall, It must be good for me; Secure of having Thee in all, Of having all in Thee.

Henry Francis Lyte. 1834

452

PSALM 121.

H.

1 UPWARD I lift mine eyes;
From God is all my aid;
The God who built the skies,
And earth and nature made.
God is the Tower | His grace is nigh
To which I fly; | In every hour.

2 My feet shall never slide

And fall in fatal snares,
Since God, my Guard and Guide,
Defends me from my fears.
Those wakeful eyes | Shall Israel keep
That never sleep | When dangers rise.

3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there.



TRUST IN GOD AND PROVIDENCE.

- 2 What can our anxious cares avail, Our never-ceasing moans and sighs? What can it help us to bewail Each painful moment as it flies? Our cross and trials do but press The heavier for our bitterness.
- 3 Help me my restless heart to still,
 And wait in cheerful hope, content
 To take whate'er Thy gracious Will,
 Thy all-discerning Love, hath sent;
 Nor doubt my inmost wants are known
 To Him who chose me for His own.
- 4 Thou know'st when joyful hours are best,
 And send'st them as Thou seest it meet:
 When I have borne the fiery test,
 And am made free from all deceit,
 Thou comest to me all unaware,
 And makest me own Thy loving care.
- 5 Help me to swerve not from Thy ways, But do my own part faithfully, And trust Thy promises of grace, That they may be fulfilled in me. Thou never wilt forsake at need The soul that trusts in Thee indeed.

From Miss Winkworth. 1855. Tr. George Neumarck. 1653.

456

S. M.

- Away, my needless fears,
 And doubts no longer mine!
 A ray of heavenly light appears,
 A messenger divine.
- Thrice comfortable hope,
 That calms my stormy breast;
 My Father's hand prepares the cup,
 And what He wills is best.

- 3 He knows whate'er I want; He sees my helplessness, And always readier is to grant Than I to ask His grace.
- 4 My feeble heart He reads, Secures my soul from harms, And underneath His mercy spreads Its everlasting arms.
- 5 Here is firm footing; here, My soul, is solid rock, To break the waves of grief and fear, And trouble's rudest shock:
- 6 This only can sustain When earth and heaven remove: O turn thee to thy Rest again, Thy God's eternal Love!

C. Wesley. :

57 Befiehl du deine Wege.

Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands,

To His sure Truth and tender care, Who earth and heaven commands Who points the clouds their cours Whom winds and seas obey.

He shall direct thy wandering feet, He shall prepare thy way.

2 Thou on the Lord rely, So safe shalt thou go on;

Fix on His work thy steadfast eye, So shall thy work be done. No profit canst thou gain By self-consuming care;

To Him commend thy cause; His ear Attends the softest prayer.

TRUST IN GOD AND PROVIDENCE.

3 Thy everlasting Truth,
Father, Thy ceaseless Love,
Sees all Thy children's wants, and knows
What best for each will prove.
And whatsoe'er Thou will'st,
Thou dost, O King of kings!

What Thy unerring Wisdom chose,
Thy Power to being brings.

4 Thou every where hast way,
And all things serve Thy might;
Thy every act pure blessing is,
Thy path unsullied light.
When Thou arisest, Lord,

What shall Thy work withstand?
When all Thy children want Thou giv'st,
Who, who shall stay Thy hand?

John Wesley. 1739. Tr. Paul Gerhardt. 1659.

58

Continued.

S. M.

1 GIVE to the winds thy fears,
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.
Through waves and clouds and storms
He gently clears thy way:
Wait Thou His time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

2 Still heavy is thy heart?
Still sink thy spirits down?
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
And every care be gone.
What though thou rulest not?
Yet heaven and earth and hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well!

When fully He the work hath wrought That caused thy needless fear.

Thou seest our weakness, Lord, Our hearts are known to Thee:

O lift Thou up the sinking hand, Confirm the feeble knee! Let us in life, in death, Thy steadfast Truth declare,

And publish with our latest breath
Thy Love and guardian care!

John Wesley. 1739.

Tr. Paul Gerhardt. 1659. C. P. M.

459

326

1 From whence this fear and unbelief?
Hath not the Father put to grief
His spotless Son for me?
And will the righteous Judge of men
Condemn me for that debt of sin
Which, Lord, was charged on Thee?

2 Complete Atonement Thou hast made, And to the utmost farthing paid Whate'er Thy people owed: Nor can His wrath on me take place, If sheltered in Thy Righteousness, And sprinkled with Thy Blood.

3 Turn then, my soul, unto thy rest;
The merits of thy great High Priest
Have bought thy liberty:
Trust in His efficacious Blood,
Nor fear thy banishment from God,
Since Jesus died for thee.

Augustus M. Toplady. 1777.



TRUST IN CHRIST AND REDEMPTION.

- Jesu, Deine tiefen Wunden.

 1 Lord, Thy Death and Passion give
 Strength and comfort at my need.
 Every hour while here I live
 On Thy Love my soul shall feed.
 Thon didst once for me endure,
 And I fly all thoughts impure;
 Thinking on Thy bitter pains,
 Hushed in prayer my heart remains.
- 2 Yes, Thy Cross hath power to heal All the wounds of sin and strife. Lost in Thee, my heart doth feel Sudden warmth and nobler life. In my saddest, darkest grief, Let Thy sweetness bring relief, Thou who camest but to save, Thou who fearest not the grave!
- 3 Lord, in Thee I place my trust,
 Thou art my Defence and Tower;
 Death Thou treadest in the dust,
 O'er my soul he hath no power.
 That I may have part in Thee,
 Help and save and comfort me;
 Give me of Thy grace and might,
 Resurrection, life, and light!
 - 4 Fount of good, within me dwell!
 For the peace Thy presence sheds
 Keeps us safe in conflict fell,
 Charms the pain from dying beds.
 Hide me safe within Thine arm,
 Where no foe can hurt or harm;
 Whoso, Lord, in Thee doth rest,
 He hath conquered, he is blest.

Miss Winkworth. 1855. Tr. John Heerman. 1644.

6.4.

1 My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Savior divine!
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.

- 2 May Thy rich grace impart
 Strength to my fainting heart,
 My zeal inspire;
 As Thou hast died for me,
 O may my love to Thee
 Pure, warm, and changeless be,
 A living fire.
- 3 While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid darkness turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears away, Nor let me ever stray From Thee aside.
- 4 When ends life's transient dream,
 When death's cold sullen stream
 Shall o'er me roll;
 Blest Savior, then, in love,
 Fear and distrust remove;
 O bear me safe above,
 A ransomed soul.

Ray Palmer. 1830.

52 S. M.

Jesus, my Truth, my Way.
 My sure unerring Light,
 On Thee my feeble soul I stay,
 Which Thou wilt lead aright.

TRUST IN CHRIST AND REDEMPTION.

2 My Wisdom and my Guide, My Counsellor Thou art: O let me never leave Thy side, Nor from Thy paths depart.

3 I lift mine eyes to Thee,
Thou gracious bleeding Lamb,
That I may still enlightened be,
And never put to shame.

4 I never will remove
Out of Thy hands my cause,
But rest in Thy redeeming Love,
And cling unto Thy Cross.

5 Teach me the happy art
In all things to depend
On Thee: O never, Lord, depart,
But love me to the end.

C. Wesley. 1749. a.
S. M.

63₁

Thou seest my feebleness; Jesus, be Thou my Power,

My Help and Refuge in distress, My Fortress and my Tower.

2 Give me to trust in Thee; Be Thou my sure abode:

My horn, and rock, and buckler be, My Savior and my God.

 Myself I cannot save, Myself I cannot keep;

But strength in Thee I surely have, Whose eyelids never sleep.

4 My soul to Thee alone
Now therefore I commend:
Thou, Jesus, having loved Thine own,
Wilt love me to the end!

C. Wesley. 1749.

464

T., M.

- 1 My Hope, my All, my Savior Thou!
 To Thee, O Lord, my soul I bow.
 I seek the bliss Thy wounds impart,
 I long to find Thee in my heart.
- 2 Be Thou my Strength, be Thou my Way, Protect me through my life's short day: In all my acts let Wisdom guide, And keep me, Savior, near Thy side.
- 3 Correct, reprove, and comfort me; As I have need, my Savior be: And if I would from Thee depart, Then clasp me, Savior, to Thy heart.
- 4 In fierce temptation's darkest hour, Save me from sin and Satan's power; Tear every idol from Thy Throne, And reign, my Savior, reign alone.

Unknown. 1802. a.

465

C. M.

- 1 O Lord, I would delight in Thee, And on Thy care depend; To Thee in every trouble flee, My best, my only Friend.
- 2 When all created streams are dried, Thy fulness is the same; May I with this be satisfied, And glory in Thy Name!
- 3 No good in creatures can be found, But may be found in Thee; I must have all things, and abound, While God is God to me.
- 4 0 that I had a stronger faith
 To look within the veil,
 To credit what my Savior saith,
 Whose word can never fail!

TRUST IN CHRIST AND REDEMPTION.

- 5 He that has made my heaven secure, Will here all good provide: While Christ is rich, can I be poor? What can I want beside?
- 6 O Lord, I cast my care on Thee; I triumph and adore: Henceforth my great concern shall be To love and please Thee more. John Ryland. 1777.
- 166 Ach Gott, verlasz mich nicht.

 1 Forsake me not, my God,
 Thou God of my salvation!
 Give me Thy light, to be
 My sure illumination.
 My soul to folly turns,
 Seeking she knows not what:
 O lead her to Thyself;
 My God, forsake me not!
 - 2 Forsake me not, my God! Take not Thy Spirit from me, And suffer not the might Of sin to overcome me.
 A father pitieth The children he begot;
 My Father, pity me!
 My God, forsake me not!
 - 3 Forsake me not, my God,
 Thou God of life and power!
 Enliven, strengthen me,
 In every evil hour:
 And when the sinful fire
 Within my heart is hot,
 Be not Thou far from me:
 My God, forsake me not!

6.7.

4 Forsake me not, my God! Uphold me in my going. That evermore I may Please Thee in all well-doing: And that Thy will, O Lord, May never be forgot In all my works and ways: My God. forsake me not! 5 Forsake me not, my God! I would be Thine forever: Confirm me mightily In every right endeavor: And when my hour is come, Cleansed from all stain and spot Of sin, receive my soul: My God, forsake me not! Unknown, 1860.

Tr. Solomon Franck. d. 172

Trauernd und mit bangem Schnen.

1 TRUEST Friend, who canst not fail,
Evermore abide with me:
When the world would most assail,
Then Thy presence let me see.
When its heaviest thunders roll,
Shelter Thou my trembling soul!
Come, and in my spirit rest;
Help me do what seems Thee best.

2 When life's day hath fleeted by,
When the night of death is near,
When in vain the darkened eye
Seeks some stay, some helper here:
Then Thy followers' prayer fulfil,
Then abide Thou with us stills
Till Thou give us heavenly rest,
Stay, O stay, Thou noble Guest!
Miss Winknorth. 1858. a.
Tt. John Neunhers, ab. 1728

TRUST IN CHRIST AND REDEMPTION.

168	O treuer	Heiland	Jesu	Christ.	C.	M.
1	WE praise a	nd bless	Thee	gracions	Lord	

1 We praise and bless Thee, gracious Lo Our Savior kind and true, For all the old things passed away, For all Thou hast made new.

2 But yet how much must be destroyed, How much renewed must be,

Ere we can fully stand complete In likeness, Lord, to Thee!

3 Thou, only Thou, must carry on The work Thou hast begun;

Of Thine own strength Thou must impart, In Thine own ways to run.

4 Ah, leave us not! from day to day Revive, restore again;

Our feeble steps do Thou direct, Our enemies restrain.

5 Whate'er would tempt the soul to stray, Or separate from Thee,

That, Lord, remove, however dear To our poor hearts it be!

6 When flesh declines, then strengthen Thou The spirit from above:

Make us to feel Thy service sweet, And light Thy yoke of love.

7 So shall we faultless stand at last Before Thy Father's throne;

The blessedness for ever ours, The glory all Thine own!

H. L. L. 1853. a.

Tr. Charles John Spitta. ab. 1825.

!69 S. M.

 Heirs of unending life, While yet we sojourn here,

O let us our salvation work
With trembling and with fear.

2 'Tis God the Spirit leads
In paths before unknown;
The work to be performed is ours,
The strength is all His own.

3 Assisted by His grace, We still pursue our way,

And hope at last to reach the prize, Secure in endless day.

4 'Tis He that works to will,
'Tis He that works to do;

His is the power by which we act; His be the glory too!

Henry Ustic Onderdonk. 18: And Benjamin Beddome. d.

470

1 To God the only wise, Our Savior and our King, Let all the saints below the skies Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis His almighty Love, His counsel and His care, Preserves us safe from sin and death, And every hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls
Unblemished, and complete
Before the glory of His face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all His faithful sons
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of His grace,
And make his wonders known.

To our Redeemer-God
Wisdom and power belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

FOLLOWING CERISTA

FOLLOWING	CHRIST.
-----------	---------

17. M. 6

1 And art Thou, gracious Master, gone,
A mansion to prepare for me?

Shall I behold Thee on Thy throne,
And there forever dwell with Thee?

Then let the world approve or blame, I'll triumph in Thy glorious Name.

2 What transport, Lord, shall fill my heart,
When Thou my worthless name shalt own
When I shall see Thee as Thou art,
And know as I myself am known!
Brom sin and fear and sorrow free

From sin and fear and sorrow free, My soul shall find its Rest in Thee.

Thomas Kelly. 1804 8,

172

1 JESUS, I my cross have taken, All to leave and follow Thee; Destitute, despised, forsaken, Thou, from hence, my All shalt be. Perish every fond ambition, All I've sought, or hoped, or known;

Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still my own.

- 2 Man may trouble and distress me, 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast; Life with trials hard may press me, Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
 - 'tis not in grief to harm me, While Thy Love is left to me;
 'twere not in joy to charm me.
 Were that joy unmixed with Thee.
- 3 Take, my soul, thy full salvation; Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care; Joy to find in every station

Something still to do or bear.

Think what Spirit dwells within
What a Father's smile is Thine
What a Savior died to win Thee:
Child of heaven, shouldst thou:

Child of heaven, shouldst thou:

4 Haste thee on from grace to glor;
Armed by faith and winged by
Heaven's eternal day's before the
God's own hand shall guide the
Soon shall close thy earthly missi
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim da,
Hope shall change to glad fruition
Faith to sight, and prayer to pu

Henry Francis Li

- 1 JESUS, and shall it ever be, A mortal man ashamed of Thee? Ashamed of Thee, whom angels p Whose glories shine through endled
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far Let evening blush to own a star; He sheds the beams of light divin O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon Let midnight be ashamed of noon 'Tis midnight with my soul, till H Bright Morning Star, bid darknes
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Frie On whom my hopes of heaven dep No; when I blush, be this my shi That I no more revere His Name.
- 5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may, When I've no guilt to wash away, No tear to wipe, no good to crave, No fears to quell, no soul to save.



FOLLOWING CHRIST.

6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain— Till then I boast a Savior slain! And 0, may this my glory be, That Christ is not ashamed of me!

Benjamin Francis. 1787. From Joseph Grigg. d. 1768.

Not alone for heavenly pleasure
Doth my thirsty spirit pine;
For its Savior yearning ever:
I will leave my Jesus never!

From that living Fountain drinking,
Walking always at His side,

Christ shall lead me without sinking
Through the river's rushing tide,
With the blest to sing forever;
I will leave my Jesus never!
Unknown. 1864.

Tr. Christian Keymann. 1656.

7 Folget mir, ruft uns das Leben.
1 Savior, meet it is indeed
We should all Thy bidding heed:
Help us, make us strong and bold,

Firm and fast Thy grace to hold. Moved by wondrous love divine, For our life Thou gavest Thine; And Thy precious outpoured Blood

Jesu, geh voran.

5, 8.

JESUS, still lead on,
Till our Rest be won!
And although the way be cheerless,
We will follow, calm and fearless.
Guide us by Thy hand
To our Fatherland!



- If the way be drear, If the foe be near, Let not faithless fears o'ertake us, Let not faith and hope forsake us; For through many a foe To our home we go!
- When we seek relief oon a own mand shair golde thee there. Soon shall close thy earthly mission, Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days; Hope shall change to glad fruition, Faith to sight, and prayer to praise. Henry Francis Lyte. 1833.

:73

L. M.

- 1 JESUS, and shall it ever be, A mortal man ashamed of Thee? Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise, Whose glories shine through endless days!
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far Let evening blush to own a star; He sheds the beams of light divine O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon Let midnight be ashamed of noon: 'Tis midnight with my soul, till He, Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

I will leave my Jesus never.

2 In His Name I stand acquitted While upon the earth I stay: What I have to Him committed He will keep until that day. Be His service my endeavor; I will leave my Jesus never!

FOLLOWING CHRIST.

- 3 Dwelling in His presence holy,
 I at length shall reach the place
 Where with all the saints in glory
 I shall see His lovely face;
 Nothing then but bliss forever:
 I will leave my Jesus never!
- 4 Not the earth with all its treasure Could content this soul of mine; Not alone for heavenly pleasure Doth my thirsty spirit pine; For its Savior yearning ever: I will leave my Jesus never!
- 5 From that living Fountain drinking,
 Walking always at His side,
 Christ shall lead me without sinking
 Through the river's rushing tide,
 With the blest to sing forever;
 I will leave my Jesus never!
 Unknown. 1864.
 Tr. Christian Keymann. 1656.

Folget mir, ruft une das Leben.

78.

- 1 Savior, meet it is indeed
 We should all Thy bidding heed:
 Help us, make us strong and bold,
 Firm and fast Thy grace to hold.
 Moved by wondrous love divine,
 For our life Thou gavest Thine;
 And Thy precious outpoured Blood
 Won for us the highest good.
- 2 Draw me up, my God, from hence; Raise me high o'er earth and sense, That I lose not Thee from sight, Nor in life nor death, my Light! In my soul's most deep recess Let me cherish holiness; Not for show or human praise, But for Thy sake, all my days.

3 Grant me. Lord, my heart's desire; so my course to run, nor tire, That my practised soul may prove All Thy meckness, all Thy love. Grant me here to trust Thy grace, There with joy to see Thy face. This in time my portion be, That through all eternity.

From Miss Winkworth. 1855. Tr. John Rist. 1644.

478

L. M

- 1 O Thou, to whose all-searching sight
 The darkness shineth as the light!
 Search, prove my heart; it pants for Thee:
 O burst these bonds, and set it free.
- 2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross; Nail my affections to the Cross! Hallow each thought; let all within Be clean, as Thou, my Lord, art clean.
- 3 If in this darksome wild I stray, Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Way; No foes, no violence I fear, No fraud, while Thou, my God, art near.
- 4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow, When sinks my heart in waves of woe, Jesus, Thy timely aid impart, And raise my head, and cheer my heart.
- 5 Savior, where'er Thy steps I see, Dauntless, untired, I'd follow Thee; O let Thy hand support me still, And lead me to Thy holy hill!
- 6 If rough and thorny be the way,
 My strength proportion to my day;
 Till toil and grief and pain shall cease,
 Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.
 John Wesley. W.

From the Germa



THE HEAVENLY SPIRIT.

THE HEAVENLY SPIRIT.

79

L. M.

- 1 BESET with snares on every hand, In life's uncertain path I stand: Savior divine! diffuse Thy light, To guide my doubtful footsteps right.
- 2 Engage this roving treacherous heart Wisely to choose the better part; To scorn the trifles of a day, For joys that none can take away.
- 3 Then let the wildest storms arise; Let tempests mingle earth and skies: No fatal shipwreck shall I fear, But all my treasures with me bear.
- 4 If Thou, my Jesus, still be nigh, Cheerful I live, and joyful die: Secure, when mortal comforts flee, To find ten thousand worlds in Thee.

Doddridge. 1755. a.

80

John iv. 10, 14. L. M. 6 l.

- 1 JESUS, the Gift divine I know;
 The Gift divine I ask of Thee;
 The living Water now bestow,
 Thy Spirit and Thyself, on me.
 Thou, Lord, of life the Fountain art:
 O let me find Thee in my heart!
- 2 Thee let me drink, and thirst no more For drops of finite happiness! Spring up, O Well, in heavenly power, In streams of pure perennial peace; In joy, which none can take away, In life, which shall forever stay.

C. Wesley. 1762.

- 4 Welcome, sweet hour of full dischar That sets our longing souls at large Unbinds our chain, breaks up our o And gives us with our God to dwell
- 5 To dwell with God, to feel His Love Is the full heaven enjoyed above; And the sweet expectation now Is the young dawn of heaven below Thomas Gibbons. 1

484

- 1 Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wir Thy better portion trace; Rise from transitory things Toward heaven, thy native place Sun, and moon, and stars decay; Time shall soon this earth remove Rise, my soul, and haste away To seats prepared above.
- Nor stay in all their course;
 Fire ascending seeks the sun;
 Both speed them to their source
 So a soul that's born of God
 Pants to view His glorious face;
 Upward tends to His abode,
 To rest in His embrace.
- 3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn
 Press onward to the prize;
 Soon your Savior will return,
 Triumphant in the skies:
 Yet a season, and you know
 Happy entrance will be given;
 All your sorrows left below,
 And earth exchanged for heaven.

Robert Seagrave. 1

THE HEAVENLY SPIRIT.

Heavenward still my thoughts shall run, Till the gate of heaven I've won.

> Frances Elizabeth Cox. 1841. Tr. Benjamin Schmolk. 1731.

487

Trochaic 7, 6.

Ach, uns wird das Herz so leer.

- 1 An, this heart is void and chill, 'Mid earth's noisy thronging; For the Father's mansions still Earnestly is longing.
- 2 O to be at home, and gain
 All for which we're sighing;
 From all earthly want and pain
 To be swiftly flying!
- 3 With this load of sin and care
 Then no longer bending,
 But with waiting angels there
 On our Lord attending!
- 4 Ah, how blessed, blessed they
 Who have rightly striven,
 And rejoice eternally
 With their Lord in heaven!

H. L. L. 1853. Tr. Charles John Spitta. ab. 1828.

488

C. M.

- 1 The roseste hues of early dawn, The brightness of the day,
 - The crimson of the sunget sky, How fast they fade away!
 - O for the pearly gates of heaven!
 O for the golden floor!
 - O for the Sun of Righteousness That setteth nevermore!

THE CHRISTIAN III.

2 The highest hopes we cherish here, How fast they tire and faint! How many a spot defiles the robe That wraps an earthly saint! O for a heart that never sins!

O for a soul washed white! O for a voice to praise our King,

3 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope, And grace to lead us higher: But there are perfectness and peace

O by Thy Love and anguish, Lord, Grant that we fall not from Thy grace Nor east away our crown! Cecil Frances Alexander.

WATCHFULNESS AND FIDELI

A CHARGE to keep I have, A God to glorify; A never dying soul to save,

And fit it for the sky.

To serve the present age, My calling to fulfil;

o may it all my powers engage To do my Master's will! Arm me with jealous ca.

As in Thy sight to live And O, Thy servent, Lord, A strict account to giv

Help me to watch and And on Thyself rely,

Assured, if I my trust be I shall forever die.

WATCHFULNESS AND PIDELITY.

490

C. M.

1 AWAKE, my soul! stretch every nerve, And press with vigor on:

A heavenly race demands thy zeal, And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around Hold thee in full survey: Forget the steps already trod, And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice That calls thee from on high; 'Tis His own hand presents the prize To thine aspiring eye.

4 Blest Savior, introduced by Thee, Have I my race begun; And crowned with victory, at Thy feet I'll lay my honors down.

Doddridge, 1755.

491

L. M.

1 AWAKE, our souls, away our fears; Let every trembling thought be gone. Awake, and run the heavenly race, And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road, And mortal spirits tire and faint; But they forget the mighty God, Who feeds the strength of every saint.

3 The mighty God, whose matchless power Is ever new and ever young, And firm endures, while endless years

Their everlasting eveles run.

4 From Thee, the ever-flowing Spring, Our souls shall drink a fresh supply; While such as trust their native strength Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to Thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amid the heavenly road.

Watts. 1709.

492

L. M.

1 STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears, And gird the Gospel armor on; March to the gates of endless joy, Where Jesus thy great Captain's gone.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course, But hell and sin are vanquished foes; Thy Jesus nailed them to the Cross, And sung the triumph when He rose.

3 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace;
While all the armies of the skies
Jein in my glorious Leader's praise,

493

Watte. 1709. a. C. M.

A Au I a soldier of the Cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His Name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies On flowery beds of ease, Whilst others fought to win the prize, And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood? Is this vain world a friend to grace. To help me on to God?

WATCHFULNESS AND FIDELITY.

- 4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign: Increase my courage, Lord; I'll bear the toil, endure the pain, Supported by Thy word.
- 5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war, Shall conquer, though they die; They see the triumph from afar, By faith they bring it nigh.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise, And all Thine armies shine In robes of victory through the skies, The glory shall be Thine. Watts. 1709. a.

£94

S. M.

30.13

- SOLDIERS of Christ, arise, And put your armor on, Strong in the strength which God supplies Through His eternal Son;
- 2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts, And in His mighty power: Who in the strength of Jesus trusts Is more than conqueror.
- 3 Stand then in His great might, With all His strength endued; But take, to arm you for the fight, The panoply of God:
- 4 That having all things done,
 And all your conflicts past,
 Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
 And stand entire at last.
- 5 From strength to strength go on, Wrestle, and fight, and pray: Tread all the powers of darkness down, And win the well-fought day.

WATCHFULNESS AND PIDELITY.

Let Thy Word richly in me dwell; Thy peace and love my portion be; My joy to endure and do Thy will, Till perfect I am found in Thee.

3 Arm me with Thy whole armor, Lord! Support my weakness with Thy might: Gird on my thigh Thy conquering sword, And shield me in the threatening fight: From faith to faith, from grace to grace, So in Thy strength shall I go on; Till heaven and earth flee from Thy face. And glory end what grace begun. John Wesley, 1739.

Tr. Wolfgang Christopher Deszler. 1692.

97

S. M.

- YE servants of the Lord, 1 Each in his office wait, Observant of His heavenly word, And watchful at His gate.
- 2 Let all your lamps be bright, And trim the golden flame; Gird up your loins, as in His sight, For awful is His Name.
- 3 Watch! 'tis your Lord's command; And while we speak, He's near. Mark the first signal of His hand, And ready all appear.
- O happy servant he, In such a posture found! He shall His Lord with rapture see, And be with honor crowned.

Doddridge, 1755.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

WISDOM AND SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

498 C. M.

- 1 ALMIGHTY God, in humble prayer
 To Thee our souls we lift:
 - Do Thou our waiting minds prepare For Thy most needful gift.
- 2 We ask not golden streams of wealth Along our path to flow;
 - We ask not undecaying health, Nor length of years below.
- 3 We ask not honors, which an hour
 May bring and take away;
 We ask not pleasure nown and no

We ask not pleasure, pomp, and power, Lest we should go astray.

- 4 We ask for wisdom:—Lord, impart The knowledge how to live; A wise and understanding heart To all before Thee give.
- 5 The young remember thee in youth, Before the evil day! The old be guided by Thy truth In wisdom's pleasant way!

James Montgomery. 1825.

499

C. P. M.

- 1 Be it my only wisdom here To serve the Lord with filial fear, With loving gratitude! Knowledge divine may I display, By shunning every evil way, And walking in the good.
- 2 O may I still from sin depart! A wise and understanding heart, Jesus, to me be given!

WISDOM AND SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

And let me through Thy Spirit know ' To glorify my God below, And find my way to heaven.

C. Wesley. 1762. a.

PSALM 119. :00

L.M.

- 1 TEACH me, O teach me, Lord, Thy way; That, to my life's remotest day, By Thine unerring precepts led, My feet Thy heavenly paths may tread.
- 2 Informed by Thee, with sacred awe My heart shall meditate Thy law: And, with celestial wisdom filled, To Thee its full obedience yield.
- 3 Give me to know Thy will aright, Thy will, my glory and delight; That, raised above the world, my mind In Thee its highest good may find.
- 4 0 turn from vanity my eye; To me Thy quickening strength supply; And with Thy promised mercy cheer A heart devoted to Thy fear.

James Merrick. 1765. a.

601

L. M.

- What strange perplexities arise, What anxious fears and jealousies! What crowds in doubtful light appear. How few, alas, approved and clear!
- 2 And what am I?—my soul, awake. And an impartial survey take. Does no dark sign, no ground of fear, In practice or in heart appear?
- 3 What image does my spirit bear? Is Jesus formed and living there? Ah, do His lineaments divine In thought, and word, and action shine?

355

4 Searcher of hearts, O search me still; The secrets of my soul reveal; I'ne secrets of my som forest my fears remove; let me appear

To God and my own conscience clear! Samuel Davies. 1769.

Aw I am Israelite indeed, Have I renounced my sins, and left Without a false disguise?

2 O does my heart unohanged remain,

What is the rule by which I walk,

3 Cause me, O God of truth and grace, My real state to know; my read stone to anon', right,

Benjamin Beddome. d. 1799. If right, preserve me so! C. M.

1 SEARCHER of hearts, before Thy face 503

And, conscious of its innate arts,

Entrest Thy strict survey.

2 If, lurking in its inmost folds, I any sin conceal,

O let a ray of light divine The secret guile reveal!

3 If in these fatal fetters bound

Smite off my chains, and wake my sor To light and liberty!

4 To humble penitence and prayer

Speak ample pardon to my heart, And seed its claim to heaven. Doddrid



SELF-EXAMINATION.

)4

- 1 'Tis a point I long to know,
 Oft it causes anxious thought;
 Do I love Thee, Lord, or no?
 Am I Thine, or am I not?
- 2 When I turn my eyes within, O how dark, and vain, and wild! Filled with unbelief and sin, Can I deem myself Thy child?
- 3 Lord, decide the doubtful case; Thou, who art Thy people's Sun, Shine upon Thy work of grace, If it be indeed begun.
- 4 Let me love Thee more and more,
 If I love at all, I pray;
 If I have not loved before,
 Help me to begin to-day.

John Newton. 1779.

SIMPLICITY AND HUMILITY.

15

- 1 QUIET, Lord, my froward heart;
 Make me teachable and mild;
 Upright, simple, free from art,
 Make me as a weaned child;
 From distrust and envy free,
 Pleased with all that pleases Thee.
- 2 What Thou shalt to-day provide, Let me as a child receive; What to-morrow may betide, Calmly to Thy wisdom leave. 'Tis enough that Thou wilt care: Why should I the burden bear?

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

. 3 As a little child relies On a care beyond his own. Knows he's neither strong nor wise. Fears to stir a step alone : Let me thus with Thee abide.

As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

4 Thus preserved from Satan's wiles. Safe from dangers, free from fears, May I live upon Thy smiles, Till the promised hour appears, When the sons of God shall prove All their Father's boundless love. John Newton, 17;

506

- 1 When, my Saviour, shall I be Perfectly resigned to Thee? Poor and vile in my own eyes, Only in Thy wisdom wise?
- 2 Only Thee content to know. Ignorant of all below; Only guided by Thy light, Only mighty in Thy might?
- 3 So I may Thy Spirit know, Let Him as He listeth blow: Let the manner be unknown. So I may with Thee be one.
- 4 Fully in my life express All the heights of holiness; Sweetly let my spirit prove All the depths of humble love. C. Wesley. 174

507

PSALM 131.

1 LORD, if Thou Thy grace impart, Poor in spirit, meek in heart, I shall as my Master be, Clothed with humility.



SIMPLICITY AND HUMILITY.

Simple, teachable, and mild, Changed into a little child, Pleased with all the Lord provides, Weaned from all the world besides.

- Father, fix my soul on Thee: Every evil let me flee: Nothing want beneath, above, Happy in Thy precious Love.
- 4 0 that all may seek and find Every good in Christ combined! Him let Israel still adore, Trust Him, praise Him evermore.

From C. Wesley. 1760.

8

PSALM 131.

78.

- 1 LORD, for ever at Thy side
 Let my place and portion be!
 Strip me of the robe of pride,
 Clothe me with humility.
- 2 Meekly may my soul receive All Thy Spirit hath revealed. Thou hast spoken;—I believe, Though the prophecy were sealed.
- 3 Quiet as a weaned child, Weaned from the mother's breast; By no subtlety beguiled, On Thy faithful Word I rest.
- 4 Saints, rejoicing evermore, In the Lord Jehovah trust: Him in all His ways adore, Wise, and wonderful, and just.

James Montgomery. 1822.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

BENEVOLENCE.

509

L. M.

- When Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,
 What were His works from day to day
 But miracles of power and grace,
 That spread salvation through our race?
- 2 Teach us, O Lord! to keep in view Thy pattern, and Thy steps pursue. Let alms bestowed, let kindness done Be witnessed by each rolling sun.

Thomas Gibbons. 1784.

510

C. M.

- 1 Lord, lead the way the Savior went,
 By lane and cell obscure,
 And let our treasures still be spent,
 Like His, upon the poor.
 - 2 Like Him, through scenes of deep distress, Who bore the world's sad weight, We, in their gloomy loneliness, Would seek the desolate.
 - 3 For Thou hast placed us side by side In this wide world of ill; And that Thy followers may be tried, The poor are with us still.
 - 4 Small are the offerings we can make; Yet Thou hast taught us, Lord, If given for the Savior's sake, They lose not their reward.

William Croswell. 1843.

511

С. М.

1 JESUS, our Lord, how rich Thy grace! Thy bounties how complete! How shall we count the matchless sum! How pay the mighty debt?



BENEVOLENCE.

- 2 High on a throne of radiant light Dost Thou exalted shine; What can our poverty bestow, When all the worlds are Thine?
- 3 But Thou hast brethren here below,
 The partners of Thy grace,
 And wilt confess their humble names
 Before Thy Father's face.
- 4 In them Thou mayst be elothed and fed, And visited and cheered; And in their accents of distress Our Savior's voice is heard.
- 5 Thy face, with reverence and with love,
 We in Thy poor would see;
 0 may we minister to them,
 And in them, Lord, to Thee.
 Doddridge. 1755. a.

312

- 78.
- 1 FATHER of our feeble race,
 Wise, beneficent, and kind!
 Spread o'er nature's ample face,
 Flows Thy goodness unconfined.
- 2 Lord, what offerings shall we bring, At Thine altars when we bow? Grateful loving hearts, the spring Whence the kind affections flow;
- 3 Willing hands to lead the blind, Bind the wounded, feed the poor; Love, embracing all our kind; Charity, with liberal store.
- 4 Teach us, O Thou heavenly King, Thus to show our grateful mind; Thus the accepted offering bring, Love to Thee and all mankind.

John Taylor, 1788. a.

We give Thee lit may along the Thee mae we maye is I nine atone. A rust, pord, rose thus

May we thy bounties thus

As stewards true blessest us,

And gladly, as our first fruits give. O hearts are bruised and dead, And nomes are pare and cold, And lambs, for whom the shepherd Are straying from the fold! To comfort and to bless, To find a balm for woo, To tend the lone and fatherless, Is andels, work pelow. The captive to release, To beach the way of life and peace, And we believe Thy word, be Though dim our faith may be It is a Christ like thing. The to the state of the state o How spall we spow our love But loving this Thou deigned 2 If Thou for me such Love again For all are objects of Th Thy Love doth all s



BENEVOLENCE.

.f we have love for Thee in heaven,
'Tis seen by love on earth:
Love only, love which God hath given,
Doth prove our heavenly birth.

- 4 For all we know of God above,
 And of His saints below,
 And all we know of heaven, is Love,
 And all we need to know.
- 5 Love is of life the only sign, Love is our vital breath; Love only shows the child divine, Love only conquers death.
- 6 Whate'er we do, where'er we go, Let love our sonship prove: Our lives the fire celestial show, Our thoughts and words be love.
- 7 O deign to send the love of Thee From highest heaven above; For then our life Thy praise shall be, When all our life is love.
- 8 With praise to Thee our strains began
 With love to Thee shall end;
 The love of Thee, and love of man,
 From heaven O deign to send!

 Isaac Williams. 1842. a.

THE CROSS AND COMFORT.

1 APPLICTION is a stormy deep,
Where wave resounds to wave;
Though o'er my head the billows roll,
I know the Lord can save.

THE CROSS AND COMFORT.

- 2 The hand that now withholds my joys Can reinstate my peace; And He who bade the tempest roar, Can bid that tempest cease.
- 3 In the dark watches of the night, I'll count His mercies o'er; I'll praise Him for ten thousand past,

And humbly sue for more.

- 4 When darkness and when sorrows rose And pressed on every side, The Lord has still sustained my steps
- And still has been my Guide.

 5 Here will I rest, and build my hopes,
 Nor murmur at His rod;
 He's more than all the world to me,
 My Health, my Life, my God!

 Nathaniel Cotton. 1791.

516

L. M.

- 1 God of my life, to Thee I call!
 Afflicted at Thy feet I fall;
 When the great water-floods prevail,
 Leave not my trembling heart to fail!
- 2 Friend of the friendless and the faint! Where should I lodge my deep complaint? Where but with Thee, whose open door Invites the helpless and the poor?
- 3 Did ever mourner plead with Thee, And Thou refuse that mourner's plea? Does not the word still fixed remain, That none shall seek Thy face in vain?
- 4 That were a grief I could not bear, Didst Thou not hear and answer prayer; But a prayer-hearing, answering God, Supports me under every load.

IN OUTWARD SUFFERINGS.

- 5 Fair is the lot that's cast for me; I have an Advocate with Thee; They whom the world earesses most Have no such privilege to boast.
- 6 Poor though I be, despised, forgot, Yet God, my God, forgets me not; And he is safe, and must succeed, For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead. William Couper. 1779.

317

118

C. M.

- 1 DEAR Refuge of my weary soul, On Thee, when sorrows rise, On Thee, when waves of trouble roll, My fainting hope relies.
- 2 To Thee I tell each rising grief, For Thou alone canst heal; Thy Word can bring a sweet relief For every pain I feel.
- 3 Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face?
 And shall I seek in vain?
 And can the ear of sovereign grace
 Be deaf when I complain?
- 4 No, still the ear of sovereign grace
 Attends the mourner's prayer:
 O may I ever find access,
 To breathe my sorrows there!

PSALM 86.

Anne Steele. 1760.

- 1 O HEAR me, Lord, for I am poor, And seek salvation at Thy door; Bow down Thy gentle ear to me, Who am opprest with misery.
- 2 Let mercy come from God on high, The object of my daily cry; I daily knock, I daily wait, For mercy's alms, at mercy's gate.

365

L. M.

38 AND COMPORT.

afort, give a dole
Thy servant's soul:
oul doth bend her knee,
ier craving hands to Thee.

art good, and Thou dost stand pardons in Thy hand; iews of mercy fall, r at Thy people's call!

le me in Thy secret way; a Guide I shall not stray: into a heavenly frame, heart to fear Thy Name.

of Nations, Lord of all, Thee shall all nations fall; ery language shall confess orious everlastingness!

John Mason. 1683. a.

11, 10.

isconsolate, where'er ye languish; the mercy-seat, fervently kneel; your wounded hearts, here tell your guish; s no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.

desolate, light of the straying, nen all others die, fadeless and pure! s the Comforter, tenderly saying, is no sorrow that Heaven cannot cur

e Bread of Life; see waters flowing m the throne of God, pure from abo e feast of love; come, ever knowing s no sorrow but Heaven can remov From Thomas Moore. \87

IN OUTWARD SUFFERINGS.

520

C. H. M.

- 1 When I can trust my all with God, In trial's fearful hour, Bow, all resigned, beneath His rod, And bless His sparing power, A joy springs up amid distress, A fountain in the wilderness.
- 2 0, to be brought to Jesus' feet, Though trials fix me there, Is still a privilege; and sweet The energies of prayer, Though sighs and tears its language be, If Christ be nigh, and smile on me.
- 3 Then blesséd be the Hand that gave,
 Still blesséd when it takes:
 Blesséd be He who smites to save,
 Who heals the Heart He breaks.
 Perfect and true are all His ways,
 Whom heaven adores and death obeys.

Josiah Conder. 1836.

521

S. M.

- In weariness and pain, By sins and fears opprest, I turn me to my Rest again, My soul's eternal Rest:
- 2 The Lamb that died for me, And still my load doth bear; To Jesus' streaming wounds I flee, And find my quiet there.
- 3 Jesus, was ever grief,
 Was ever love like Thine?
 Thy sorrow, Lord, is my relief,
 Thy life hath ransomed mine.

Midst raging storms exums

An everlasting rest.

Sorrow and fear are gone, Whene er Thy face appears; It stills the sighing orphan's moan, 3

And dries the widow's tears.

It hallows every cross; It sweetly comforts me;

Makes me forget my every loss, And find my all in Thee.

Peace to the troubled heart, Health to the sin-sick mind; 5

The wounded spirit's Balm Thou art, The Healer of mankind.

Jesus, to whom I fly, Doth all my wishes fill; In vain created streams are dry, 6

I have the Fountain still. Stript of my earthly friends,

And peace, and joy that never ends, I find them all in One; And heaven, in Christ alone. 7



IN INWARD TRIADS.

L. M.

JESUS, the weary wanderer's Rest,
Give me Thy easy yoke to bear;
With steadfast patience arm my breast,
With spotless love, and lowly fear.

- 2 Thankful I take the cup from Thee, Prepared and mingled by Thy skill: Though bitter to the taste it be, Powerful the wounded soul to heal.
- 3 Be Thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh!
 So shall each murmuring thought be gone;
 And grief, and fear, and care shall fly,
 As clouds before the mid-day sun.
- 4 Speak to my warring passions, "Peace!"
 Say to my trembling heart, "Be still!"
 Thy power my strength and fortress is,
 For all things serve Thy sovereign will.
- 5 Oh death, where is thy sting? Where now Thy boasted victory, O grave? Who shall contend with God? or who Can hurt whom God delights to save? C. Wesley. 1739.

524

S. M.

- Your harps, ye trembling saints, Down from the willows take;
 Loud, to the praise of Love divine,
- Bid every string awake.

 Though in a foreign land.
- 2 Though in a foreign land, We are not far from home; And nearer to our house above We every moment come.
- 3 His grace will to the end Stronger and brighter shine; Nor present things, nor things to come, Shall quench the spark divine.

THE CROSS AND COMFORT.

- 4 When we in darkness walk,
 Nor feel the heavenly flame,
 Then is the time to trust our God,
 And rest upon His Name.
- 5 Soon shall our doubts and fears Subside, at His control: His loving-kindness shall break through The midnight of the soul.
- 6 Blest is the man, O God, That stays himself on Thee! Who waits for Thy salvation, Lord, Shall Thy salvation see.

Augustus M. Toplady. 17

525 Wenn mich die Sünden kränken.

- 1 When sorrow and remorse
 Prey at my heart, to Thee
 I look, who on the holy Cross
 Wast slain for wretched me.
- 2 Thy Passion, Lord, inspires My spirit day by day, That I from all low dark desires Have strength to flee away.
- 3 Whate'er the burden be,
 The cross upon me laid,
 Or want or shame, I look to Thee:
 Be Thou, O Christ, my Aid.
- 4 And let Thy sorrows cheer My soul when I depart: Give strength to cast away all fear, Console, sustain my heart.

IN GENERAL NEED.

5 Since Thou hast died for me, Help me to trust Thy grace, That Thou wilt take me up to Thee, Where I shall see Thy face.

> From Miss Winkworth. 1855. Tr. Justus Gesenius. 1640.

126

C. M.

- I Thou art my Hiding-place, O Lord!
 In Thee I fix my trust,
 Encouraged by Thy holy Word,
 A feeble child of dust.
 I have no argument beside,
 I urge no other plea:
- I have no argument beside,
 I urge no other plea;
 And 'tis enough the Savior died,
 The Savior died for me.
- 2 When storms of fierce temptations beat, And furious foes assail, My refuge is the mercy-seat, My hope within the veil. From strife of tongues and bitter words My spirit flies to Thee: Joy to my heart the thought affords, My Savior died for me.
- 3 'Mid trials heavy to be borne,
 When mortal strength is vain,
 A heart with grief and anguish torn,
 A body racked with pain:
 Ah, what could give the sufferer rest,
 Bid every murmur flee,
 But this, the witness in my breast
- 4 And when Thy awful voice commands
 This body to decay,
 And life, in its last lingering sands,
 Is ebbing fast away,

That Jesus died for me?

THE CROSS AND COMPORT.

Then, though it be in accents weak, My voice shall call on Thee, And ask for strength in death to speak, "My Savior died for me." Thomas Raffles. 1843.

527

1 O Thou, from whom all goodness flows, I lift my heart to Thee; In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes, Dear Lord, remember me!

2 When groaning on my burdened heart, My sins lie heavily,

My pardon speak, new peace impart; In love, remember me!

3 Temptations sere obstruct my way. And ills I cannot flee;

O give me strength, Lord, as my day; For good, remember me!

4 Distrest with pain, disease, and grief, This feeble body see;

Grant patience, rest, and kind relief: Hear, and remember me!

5 When in the solemn hour of death I wait Thy just decree:

Be this the prayer of my last breath, Good Lord, remember me! 6 And when before Thy throne I stand

And lift my soul to Thee: Then, with the saints at Thy right hand. Good Lord, remember me!

Thomas Haweis. 1792. a. 528

C. M.

1 And let this feeble body fail, And let it droop or die; My soul shall quit the mournful vale And soar to worlds on high:

372

IN GENERAL NEED.

Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought Rest,
That only bliss for which it pants,
In my Redeemer's breast.

2 In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain,
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain:
I suffer on my three-score years
Till my Deliverer come,
And wipe away His servant's tears,
And take His exile home.

3 O what hath Jesus bought for me!
Before my ravished eyes
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of paradise!
I see a world of spirits bright,
Who reap the pleasures there;
They all are clothed in robes of white,
And conquering palms they bear.

4 O what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, Thou count me meet,
With that enraptured host to appear,
And worship at Thy feet!
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away;
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day. C. Wesley. 1759. a.

29

C. M.

1 Lorn, it belongs not to my care, Whether I die or live: To love-and serve Thee is my share, And this Thy grace must give.

THE CROSS AND COMPORT.

If life be long, I will be glad That I may long obey; If short, yet why should I be sad

To soar to endless day?

2 Christ leads me through no darker rooms Than He went through before: He that into God's kingdom comes Must enter by this door. Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet Thy blessed face to see;

For if Thy work on earth be sweet, What will Thy glory be?

3 Then shall I end my sad complaints, And weary sinful days,

And join with the triumphant saints, That sing Jehovah's praise.

My knowledge of that Life is small, The eye of faith is dim; But 'tis enough that Christ knows all, And I shall be with Him.

Richard Baxter. 1681. a.

NATIONAL.

530

6,4

- 1 God bless our native land! Firm may she ever stand, Through storm and night: When the wild tempests rave, Ruler of wind and wave, Do Thou our country save By Thy great might!
- 2 For her our prayer shall rise To God above the skies: On Him we wait:



FAST DAY .-- IN WAR TIME.

- 5 And thus we come, O God, to-day, And all our woes before Thee lay; For tried, afflicted, lo! we stand, Peril and foes on every hand.
- 6 Ah, hide not for our sins Thy face; Absolve us through Thy boundless grace; Be with us in our anguish still, Free us at last from every ill.
- 7 That so with all our hearts may we Once more with joy give thanks to Thee, And walk obedient to Thy Word, And now and ever praise the Lord. Miss Winkworth. 1858. α.

мівв w інкиотіп. 1656. с Tr. Paul Eber. 1547.

534

PSALM 20. L. M.

- 1 Now may the God of power and grace Attend His people's humble cry! Jehovah hears when Israel prays, And brings deliverance from on high.
- 2 The Name of Jacob's God defends Better than shields or brazen walls; He from His sanctuary sends Succor and strength when Zion calls.
- 3 In His salvation is our hope, And in the name of Israel's God Our troops shall lift their banners up, Our navies spread their flags abroad.
- 4 Some trust in horses trained for war, And some of chariots make their boasts; Our surest expectations are From Thee, the Lord of heavenly hosts.
- 5 Now save us, Lord, from slavish fear; Now let our hope be firm and strong, Till Thy salvation shall appear, And joy and triumph raise the song. Wotte. 1719.

535

S. M.

Let God, the mighty God,
 The Lord of hosts, arise,
 With terror clad, with strength endued,
 And rend and bow the skies!
 Called down by faithful prayer,
 Savior, appear below,
 Thy hand lift up, Thine arm make bare,

Thy hand lift up, Thine arm make bare And quell Thy people's foe.

2 Our Refuge in distress, In danger's darkest hour, Appear as in the ancient days, With full redeeming power: That Thy redeemed may sing In glad triumphant strains,

The Lord is God, the Lord is King, The Lord forever reigns!

3 We with our ears have heard, Our fathers us have told

The work that in their days appeared,
And in the times of old:
With such deliverance bless
Whom Thou hast chose for Thine,
That men and nations may confess
The work is all divine!

C. Wesley. 1759.

536

Continued.

S. M.

God of unbounded Power,
God of unwearied Love,
Be present in our dangerous hour,
Our danger to remove:
Jesus, Jehovah, Lord,
Thy wonted aid we claim;
Not trusting in our bow or sword,
But in Thy saving Name!

378



WAR AND PEACE.

2 Our lives are hid with Thine, Our hairs are numbered all, Nor can without the Will divine One worthless sparrow fall. And shall a nation bleed, And shall a kingdom fail.

While Thou, O Christ, art Lord and Head
O'er heaven and earth and hell?

3 Beneath Thy wings secure, In patience we possess

Our souls, and quietly endure Whate'er our God decrees. Teach us to understand The thunder of Thy power,

And thus, O Lord, to see Thy Hand, Thy Truth and Love adore.

Escaped the hostile sword, O may we fly to Thee,

And find in our redeeming Lord Our life and liberty. Our Strength and Righteousness, O let us hold Thee fast,

With confidence divine, and peace That shall forever last.

C. Wesley. 1759. a. ,

HARVEST.

137

78.

- 1 Praise to God, immortal praise, For the Love that crowns our days! Bounteous Source of every joy, Let Thy praise our tongues employ!
- 2 For the blessings of the field, For the stores the gardens yield; Flocks that whiten all the plain; Yellow sheaves of ripened grain:

HARVEST.

- 3 All that Spring, with bounteous hand, Scatters o'er the smiling land; All that liberal autumn pours From her overflowing stores:
- 4 These to Thee, our God! we owe, Source whence all our blessings flow! And for these our souls shall raise Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Anna Letitia Barbauld. 1795.

538

L. M.

- O GRACIOUS Hand that freely gives
 The fruits of earth, our toil to bless!
 O Love, by which the sinner lives!
 O let our tongues that Love confess!
- 2 Our God for all our need provides, His sun alike o'er all doth shine; From none his glorious beams he hides; So willeth Love supreme, divine.
- 3 Again this Love our garners fills; This Love again let all adore: The cry of want His bounty stills, Who biddeth all His Name implore.
- 4 O may our lives through grace abound In holy fruits, and Thee proclaim! Let all Thy courts with praises sound Thy gracious hand, Thy wondrous Name.
- 5 Lord, when Thou shalt descend from heaven, Thy ransomed harvest here to reap: O in that day Thy joy be given
- To us, who now go forth to weep.

 6 May none reject affliction's hour,
- May none disdain in tears to sow:
 For so, by Jesus' grace and power,
 Shall heaven's joy succeed earth's woe.

Unknown, 1848, a.



FOR A SCANTY HARVEST.

539 Was Gott thut, das ist wohlgethan.

78.

- 1 What our Father does is well:
 Blesséd truth His children tell!
 Though He send, for plenty, want,
 Though the harvest store be scant,
 Yet we rest upon His Love,
 Seeking better things above.
- 2 What our Father does is well: Shall the wilful heart rebel? If a blessing He withhold In the field, or in the fold, Is it not Himself to be All our Store eternally?
- 3 What our Father does is well:
 Though He sadden hill and dell,
 Upward yet our praises rise
 For the strength His Word supplies.
 He has called us sons of God;
 Can we murmur at His rod?
- 4 What our Father does is well:
 May the thought within us dwell.
 Though nor milk nor honey flow
 In our barren Cansan now,
 God can save us in our need,
 God can bless us, God can feed.
- 5 Therefore unto Him we raise
 Hymns of glory, songs of praise:
 To the Father and the Son
 And the Spirit, Three in One,
 Honor, might, and glory be,
 Now and through eternity.

Unknown. 1861. Tr. Benjamin Schmolk. 1729.

THE PANILY.

THE FAMILY.

540

Marriage.

7,6

- 1 THE voice that breathed o'er Eden, That earliest wedding day, The primal marriage blessing, It hath not passed away.
- 2 Still in the pure espousal Of Christian man and maid, The Holy Three are with us, The threefold grace is said.
- 3 Be present, awful Father,
 To give away this bride,
 As Eve Thou gav'st to Adam
 Out of his own pierced side:
- 4 Be present, Son of Mary,
 To join their leving hands,
 As Thou didst bind two natures
 In Thine eternal bands:
- 5 Be present, Holiest Spirit, To bless them as they kneel, As Thou for Christ the Bridegroom The heavenly spouse dost seal.
- 6 O spread Thy pure wing o'er them, Let no ill power find place, When onward to Thine altar Their hallowed path they trace,
- 7 To cast their crowns before Thee
 In perfect sacrifice,
 Till to the home of gladness
 With Christ's own Bride they rise.

 John Keble, 1857.



MARRIAGE.

•		-	•
4	3	- 1	,

S. M.

- How welcome was the call, And sweet the festal lay,
 When Jesus deigned in Cana's hall To bless the marriage day.
- 2 And happy was the bride, And glad the bridegroom's heart, When He who tarried at their side Bade grief and ill depart.
- 3 O Lord of life and love, Come Thou again to-day; And bring a blessing from above That ne'er shall pass away.
- 4 O bless, as once of old,

 The bridegroom and the bride;
 Bless with the holy stream that flowed
 Forth from Thy piercéd side.
- Before Thine altar-throne
 This mercy we implore;

 As thou dost knit them, Lord, in one,
 So bless them evermore.

Unknown. 1861.

42

С. М.

- 1 Terice happy souls, who, born of heaven, While yet they sojourn here, Humbly begin their days with God, And spend them in His fear.
- 2 Midst hourly cares may love present Its incense to Thy throne; And while the world our hands employs, Our hearts be Thine alone!
- 3 When to laborious duties called, Or by temptations tried, We'll seek the shelter of Thy wings, And in Thy strength confide.

PANILY WORSHIP.

- 4 As different scenes of life arise, Our grateful hearts would be With Thee amidst the social band, In solitude with Thee.
- 5 At night we lean our weary heads On Thy paternal breast, And safely folded in Thine arms, Resign our powers to rest.
- 6 In solid pure delights, like these,
 Let all my days be passed;
 Nor shall I then impatient wish,
 Nor shall I fear the last.

 Doddridge, "!"

Doddridge. 1755. a.

MORNING OR EVENING.

543 L. M. 6h

- 1 When, streaming from the eastern skies,
 The morning light salutes my eyes,
 O Sun of Righteousness divine,
 On me with beams of mercy shine;
 Chase the dark clouds of sin away,
 And turn my darkness into day.
- 2 When to heaven's great and glorious King My morning sacrifice I bring; And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame, Ask mercy, Savior, in Thy Name: My conscience sprinkle with Thy Bleed, And be my Advocate with God.
- 3 When each day's scenes and labors close, And wearied nature seeks repose, With pardoning mercy richly blest, Guard me, my Savior, while I rest: And as each morning's sun shall rise, O lead me on ward to the skies.

MORNING AND EVENING.

4 And at my life's last setting sun, My conflicts o'er, my labors done, Jesus, Thy heavenly radiance shed, To cheer and bless my dying bed; And from death's gloom my spirit raise, To see Thy face and sing Thy praise.

Sir Robert Grant. 1832.

44

1 TEACH us, Lord, Thy Name to know; Teach us, Lord, Thy Name to love; May we do Thy will below As Thy will is done above.

2 When we go to rest at night, O'er us watch and near us stay: And when morning brings the light, May we wake to praise and pray.

Unknown, 1845.

78.

78.

45

1 GRACIOUS God! to Thee we pray: Give us grace to pray aright; Guide and bless us every day, And defend us every night.

2 Let Thy mercy, while we live, Every needful want supply; And Thy blissful presence give, To support us when we die. Unknown, 1845.

MOBNING.

:46

1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun Thy daily stage of duty run; Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise To pay thy morning sacrifice.

3.85

FAMILY WORSHIP.

- 2 Wake and lift up Thyself, my heart, And with the angels bear thy part, Who all night long unwearied sing High praise to the eternal King.
- 3 All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept, And hast refreshed me while I slept: Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake, I may of endless life partake!
- 4 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew; Disperse my sins as morning dew; Guard my first springs of thought and will, And with Thyself my spirit fill.
- 5 Direct, control, suggest, this day, All I design, or do, or say; That all my powers, with all their might, In Thy sole glory may unite.
- 6 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here below; Praise Him above, ye heavenly host, Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Thomas Ken. 1700.

547

Jam Lucis orto Sidere.

- С. М.
- 1 Now that the sun is beaming bright, Once more to God we pray, That He, the uncreated Light, May guide our souls this day.
- 2 No sinful word, nor deed of wrong, Nor thoughts that idly rove; But simple truth be on our tongue, And in our hearts be love.
- 3 And while the hours in order flow, O Christ, securely fence Our gates beleagured by the foe, The gate of every sense.



MORNING.

4 And grant that to Thine honor, Lord, Our daily toil may tend: That we begin it at Thy word, And in Thy favor end.

Unknown. 1847. a. Tr. Ambrose, d. 397.

548

S. M.

- 5 Thou on my head in early youth didst smalle, And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile, Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee: On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!
- 6 I need Thy presence every passing hour:

 Vhat but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?

 Tho like Thyself my guide and stay can be?

 How many are the perils
- Through which I have to go.
 Lover of men, O hear my call,
 And guard and save me from them all!

 John Mason Neale. 1862. a.
 Tr. Anatolius. ab. 450.
 - 55 Hinunter ist der Sonne Schein. L. M.
 - 1 Now that the sun's last beam of light Is gone, the world is wrapt in night; Christ! light us with Thy heavenly ray, Nor let our feet in darkness stray.
- 5 2 Thanks, Lord, that Thou throughout the day Hast kept all grief and harm away;

549

C. M.

1 Long, for the mercies of this night My humble thanks I pay, And unto Thee I dedicate The first fruits of the day.

FAMILY WORSHIP

- 3 May we ne'er, by guilt de Lose the way to endless to May no thoughts impure Draw our souls to earth
 - 4 Rather lift them to the Where our dear-bought Help us in our daily str Make us struggle into
 - 5 Holy Father, holy Son Holy Spirit, Three in Praise and glory be to Now and for eternity. John Tr.

55% Thy sole glory may u

6 Praise God, from whom Praise Him, all creature Praise Him above, ye he Praise Father, Son, and

547 Jam Lucis or

- 1 Now that the sun is Once more to God That He, the uncre May guide our s
 - 2 No sinful word, no
 Nor thoughts th
 But simple truth !
 Help of the helpless,
- 2 Swift to its close ebl Earth's joys grow d Change and decay i O Thou who chang

EVENING.

1 THE day is past and over: All thanks, O Lord, to Thee! I pray Thee now, that sinless The hours of dark may be. O'Jesus, keep me in Thy sight, And save me through the coming night! 2 The toils of day are over: I lift my heart to Thee: And ask that free from peril The hours of dark may be. O Jesus, make their darkness light, And guard me through the coming night! 3 Be Thou my soul's Preserver. O God! for Thou dost know How many are the perils Through which I have to go. Lover of men, O hear my call, And guard and save me from them all!

John Mason Neale. 1862. a. Tr. Anatolius, ab. 450.

555 Hinunter ist der Sonne Schein. L. M.

- 1 Now that the sun's last beam of light Is gone, the world is wrapt in night; Christ! light us with Thy heavenly ray, Nor let our feet in darkness stray.
- 2 Thanks, Lord, that Thou throughout the day Hast kept all grief and harm away; That angels tarried round about Our coming in and going out.
- 3 Whate'er of wrong we've done or said, Let not the charge on us be laid; That through Thy free forgiveness blest, In peaceful slumber we may rest.

391

Frances Elizabeth Cox Tr. Nicholas Hermans

556

- 1 ALL praise to Thee, my God, thi For all the blessings of the light Keep me, O keep me, King of kin Beneath Thine own Almighty wi
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear The ill that I this day have don That with the world, myself, an I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dr The grave as little as my bed; To die, that this vile body may Rise glorious at the awful day.
- 4 0 may my soul on Thee repose. And may sweet sleep mine eyel Sleep, that may me more vigor To serve my God when I awak



EVENING.

1

88.

- INSPIRER and Hearer of prayer,
 Thou Shepherd and Guardian of Thine,
 My all to Thy covenant care
 I, sleeping or waking, resign.
- 2 If Thou art my Shield and my Sun, The night is no darkness to me; And fast as my minutes roll on, They bring me but nearer to Thee.
- 3 A sovereign Protector I have, Unseen, yet forever at hand; Unchangeably faithful to save, Almighty to rule and command.
- 4 His smiles and His comforts abound,
 His grace, as the dew, shall descend;
 And walls of salvation surround
 The soul He delights to defend.

 Augustus M. Toplady. 1776. a.

558

8. 7. 7.

- 1 Through the day Thy Love has spared us,
 Now we lay us down to rest;
 Through the silent watches guard us,
 Let no fee our peace molest:
 Jesus, Thou our Guardian be;
 Sweet it is to trust in Thee.
- 2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers, Dwelling in the midst of foes, Us and ours preserve from dangers: In Thine arms may we repose; And when life's sad day is past, Rest with Thee in heaven at last.

Thomas Kelly. 1806.

•••

CHILDREN.

· :::::

6. 4.

CHILDREN.

£59

- 1 SHEPHERD of tender youth, Guiding in love and truth
 Through devious ways:
 Christ, our triumphant King,
 We come Thy Name to sing,
 And here our children bring,
 To join Thy praise.
- 2 Thou art our holy Lord,
 O all-subduing Word,
 Healer of strife:
 Thou didst Thyself abase,
 That from sin's deep disgrace
 Thou mightest save our race,
 And give us life.
- 3 Ever be near our side,
 Our Shepherd and our Guide,
 Our staff and song:
 Jesus, Thou Christ of God,
 By Thine enduring Word,
 Lead us where Thou hast trod;
 Make our faith strong.
- 4 So now, and till we die,
 Sound we Thy praises high,
 And joyful sing:
 Let all the holy throng
 Who to Thy Church belong,
 Unite and swell the song
 To Christ our King!
 Unknown. 1855. a.
 From Clement of Alexandr



CHILDREY.

Palm Sunday.

7, 6.

- 1 When, His salvation bringing,
 To Zion Jesus came,
 The children all stood singing
 Hosanna to His Name.
 Nor did their zeal offend Him,
 But as He rode along,
 He let them still attend Him,
 And smiled to hear their song.
- 2 And since the Lord retaineth
 His love for children still,
 Though now as King He reigneth
 On Zion's heavenly hill:
 We'll flock around His banner,
 Who sits upon the throne,
 And cry aloud, "Hosanna
 To David's royal Son."
- 3 For should we fail proclaiming
 Our great Redeemer's praise,
 The stones, our silence shaming,
 Might well hosanna raise.
 But shall we only render
 The tribute of our words?
 No! while our hearts are tender,
 They, too, shall be the Lord's.

 J—King. 1830.

78.

Jesus, when a little Child,
Taught us what we ought to be;
Holy, harmless, undefiled,
Was the Savior's infancy:
All the Father's glory shone
In the person of His Son.

CHILDREN.

- 2 As in age and strength He grew,
 Heavenly wisdom filled His breast;
 Crowds attentive round Him drew,
 Wondering at their infant Guest;
 Gazed upon His lovely face,
 Saw Him full of truth and grace.
- 3 In His heavenly Father's house,
 Jesus spent His early days;
 There He paid His solemn vows,
 There proclaimed His Father's praise;
 Thus it was His lot to gain.
 Fayor both with God and man.

4 Father, guide our steps aright
In the way that Jesus trod;
May it be our great delight
To obey Thy will, O God!
Then to us shall soon be given
Endless bliss with Christ in heaven.

Unknown. 1845.

562

L. M.

- 1 O HOLY Lord, content to dwell
 In a poor home, a lowly Child,
 With meek obedience noting well
 Each bidding of Thy mother mild;
- 2 Lead every child that bears Thy name To walk in Thy pure upright way, To shun the paths of sin and shame, And humbly, like Thyself, obey.
- 3 Let not this world's unhallowed glow The fresh baptismal seal efface, Nor blast of sin too rudely blow, And quench the trembling flame of grace.
- 4 Gather Thy lambs within Thine arm, And gently in Thy bosom bear; Protect them still from hurt and harm, And bid them rest forever there.

CHILDREN.

. 5 So shall they, waiting here below, Like Thee, their Lord, a little span, In wisdom and in stature grow, And favor both with God and man.

William Walsham How. 1860. a.

563

C. M.

- O Thou, whose infant feet were found Within Thy Father's shrine,
 Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned, Were all alike divine;
- 2 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath, We seek Thy grace alone, In childhood, manhood, age, and death, To keep us still Thine own!

Reginald Heber. 1827.

564

790

- 1 LAMB of God, I look to Thee; Thou shalt my Example be; Thou art gentle, meek, and mild, Thou wast once a little Child.
- 2 Fain I would be as Thou art; Give me Thy obedient heart. Thou art pitiful and kind; Let me have Thy loving mind.
- 3 Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb, In Thy gracious hands I am. Make me, Savior, what Thou art, Live Thyself within my heart.
- 4 I shall then show forth Thy praise, Serve Thee all my happy days: Then the world shall always see Christ, the holy Child, in me.

C. Wesley. 1742.

- 1 SEEING I am Jesus' lamb,
 Ever glad at heart I am
 O'er my Shepherd kind and good,
 Who provides me daily food,
 And His lamb by name doth call,
 For He knows and loves us all.
- 2 Guided by His gentle staff Where the sunny pastures laugh, I go in and out and feed, Lacking nothing that I need. When I thirst, my feet He brings To the fresh and living springs.
- 3 Shall I not rejoice for this?
 He is mine, and I am His:
 And when these bright days are past,
 Safely in His arms at last
 He will bear me home to heaven;
 Ah, what joy hath Jesus given!

Miss Winkworth. 1858. Tr. Louise Henriette von Hayn. 1778.

566

8, 7.

- 1 SAVIOR, who Thy flock art feeding With the Shepherd's kindest care, All the feeble gently leading, While the lambs Thy bosom share;
- 2 Now, these little ones receiving, Fold them in Thy gracious arm; There, we know, Thy Word believing, Only there, secure from harm.
- 3 Never, from Thy pasture roving, Let them be the lion's prey; Let Thy tenderness, so loving, Keep them through life's dangerous way.



PRIVATE DEVOTION.

4 Then within Thy fold eternal Let them find a resting-place: Feed in pastures ever vernal, Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

William Augustus Muhlenberg. 1826.

PRIVATE DEVOTION.

367

C. M.

- 1 FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee, From strife and tumult far; From scenes where Satan wages still His most successful war.
 - 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade. With prayer and praise agree; And seem by Thy sweet bounty made For those who follow Thee.
 - 3 There, if Thy Spirit touch the soul, And grace her mean abode, O with what peace, and joy, and love, She communes with her God!
 - 4 There, like the nightingale, she pours Her solitary lays; Nor asks a witness of her song. Nor thirsts for human praise. .
 - 5 Author and Guardian of my life, Sweet Source of light divine, And, all harmonious names in one. My Savior,-Thou art mine!
 - 6 What thanks I owe Thee, and what love. A boundless, endless store, Shall echo through the realms above When time shall be no more!

William Comper. 17

G

1 I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all His promises to plead
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past, And future good implore, And all my cares and sorrows cast On Him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view Of brighter scenes in heaven; The prospect doth my strength renew While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus when life's toilsome day is o'er, May its departing ray Be calm as this impressive hour, And lead to endless day.

Phabe H. Brown.

569

1 Do not I love Thee, 0 my Lord? Behold my heart, and see; And east each idol from its throne, That dares to rival Thee.

2 Is not Thy Name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bou
My Savior's voice to hear?

3 Hast Thou a lamb in all Thy flock, I would disdain to feed? Hast Thou a foe, before whose face I fear Thy cause to plead?

PRIVATE DEVOTION.

4 Thou know'st I love Thee, dearest Lord;
But 0, I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
That I may love Thee more.

Doddridge. 1755. a.

570

6, 4.

- 1 NEARER, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee! E'en though it be a cross That raiseth me; Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!
- 2 Though, like the wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
 Darkness be over me,
 My rest a stone,
 Yet in my dreams I'd be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!
- 3 There let my way appear Steps unto heaven; All that Thou sendest me In meroy given; Angels to beckon me Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!
- 4 Then with my waking thoughts
 Bright with Thy praise,
 Out of my stony griefs
 Bethel I'll raise;
 So by my woes to be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!

PRIVATE DEVOZION.

5 Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Sarah Flower Adams, 1848.

571

In Sickness.

C. M

- 1 When languor and disease invade This trembling house of clay, 'Tis sweet to look beyond my pains, And long to fly away.
- 2 Sweet to look inward, and attend The whispers of His Love: Sweet to look upward, to the place Where Jesus pleads above.
- 3 Sweet to look back, and see my name In life's fair book set down; Sweet to look forward, and behold Eternal joys my own.
- 4 Sweet to reflect how grace divine.
 My sins on Jesus laid;
 Sweet to remember that His Blood.
 My debt of suffering paid.
- 5 Sweet in His Righteousness to stand, Which saves from second death; Sweet to experience, day by day, His Spirit's quickening breath.
- 6 Sweet on His faithfulness to rest, Whose Love can never end; Sweet on His covenant of grace For all things to depend.

IN SICENESS AND AGE.

- 7 Sweet, in the confidence of faith, To trust His firm decrees; Sweet to lie passive in His hands, And know no will but His.
- 8 If such the sweetness of the streams, What must the Fountain be, Where saints and angels draw their bliss Immediately from Thee!

Augustus M. Toplady. 1777. a.

For the Aged.

12

C. P. M.

- 1 With years opprest, with sorrow worn, Dejected, harassed, sick, forlorn, To Thee, O God, I pray: To Thee my withered hands arise, To Thee I lift these failing eyes; O cast me not away!
- 2 Thy mercy heard my infant prayer: Thy Love, with all a mother's care, Sustained my childish days: Thy goodness watched my ripening youth, And formed my heart to love Thy truth, And filled my lips with praise.
- 3 O Savior, has Thy grace declined? Can years affect the eternal Mind, Or time its Love decay? A thousand ages in Thy sight, And all their long and weary flight, Are gone like yesterday.
- 4 Then, even in age and grief, Thy Name Shall still my languid heart inflame, And bow my faitering knee: O yet this bosom feels the fire; This trembling hand and drooping lyre Have yet a strain for Thee!

5 Yes, broken, tuneless, still, O Lord, This voice, transported, shall record Thy goodness, tried so long; Till, sinking slow with calm decay, Its feeble murmurs melt away Into a seraph's song.

Sir Robert Grant. 1839.

PREPARATION FOR DEATH.

573

PSALM 90

C. M.

- 1 Our God, our Help in ages past, Our Hope for years to come; Our Shelter from the stormy blast, And our eternal Home!
- 2 Under the shadow of Thy throne Thy saints have dwelt secure; Sufficient is Thine arm alone, And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood, Or earth received her frame, From everlasting Thou art God, To endless years the same.
- 4 Thy word commands our flesh to dust:
 "Return, ye sons of men;"
 All nations rose from earth at first,
 And turn to earth again.
- 5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream, Bears all its sons away: They fly forgotten, as a dream Dies at the opening day.
- 6 Like flowery fields the nations stand, Pleased with the morning light: The flowers beneath the mower's hand Lie withering ere 'tis night.

PREPARATION FOR DEATH.

7 Our God, our Help in ages past,
Our Hope for years to come,
Be Thou our Guard while troubles last,
And our eternal Home!

Watte. 1719.

574

1 THEE we adore, Eternal Name,
And humbly own to Thee,

How feeble is our mortal frame, What dying worms are we!

2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still, As days and months increase; And every beating pulse we tell

Leaves but the number less.

3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave:
Whate'er we do. where'er we be.

Whate'er we do, where'er we be, We're travelling to the grave.

4 Dangers stand thick through all the ground, To push us to the tomb; And fierce diseases wait around, To hurry mortals home.

5 Great God! on what a slender thread Hang everlasting things! The eternal states of all the dead Upon life's feeble strings.

6 Infinite joy or endless woe
Attends on every breath;
And yet how unconcerned we go
Upon the brink of death!

7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense, To walk this dangerous road; And if our souls are burried hence, May they be found with God.

Watte. 1709.

DEATH AND ETERNITY.

8.7

578 Grapt the terrore pulsas.
1 0 WHAT terror in thy forethought,
Ending seems of mortal life!
Heart is sinkened, reins are loosened,
Thrills each nerve, with terror rife,
When the anxious heart depicteth
All the anguish of the strife!

2 Christ, unconquered Hing of glory! Thou my wretched sout believe In that last extremest terror Where the body she must leave: Let the Accuser of the brethren

Let the Accuser of the brethren
O'er me then no power receive!

3 Let the Prince of darkness vanish, And Gehenna's legient fry! Shepherd, Thou Thy sheep, thus ransomed, To Thy country lead on high, Where forever in fruition

I may see Thee eye to eye!

John Mason Neale. 1851.

Tr. Peter Damian. d. 1072.

579 L. M. 6
Mein Gott, ich weiss wohl das ich sterbe.

1 Mr God, I know that I must die: My mortal life is passing hence; On earth I neither hope nor try To find a lasting residence. Then teach me by Thy heavenly grace With joy and peace my death to face.

2 My God, I know not when I die; What is the moment or the hour; How soon the clay may broken lie, How quickly pass away the flower: Then may Thy child prepared be Through time to meet eternity.

408

PREPARATION FOR BEATH.

My God, I know not how I die;
For death has many ways to come,
In dark mysterious agony,
Or gently as a sleep to some.
Just as Thon wilt, if but it be
To bring me, blessed Lord, to Thee!
My God, I know not where I die,
Where is my grave, beneath what strand;
Yet from its gloom I do rely
To be delivered by Thy hand.
Content, I take what spot is mine,
Since all the earth, my Lord, is Thine.
My gracious God, when I must die,
O bear my happy soul above,
With Christ, my Lord, eternally

To share Thy glory and Thy Love: Then comes it right and well to me, When, where, and how my death shall be:

H. L. L. 1853. a. Tr. Benjamin Schmolk. d. 1737.

10 L. M. 6 l.

Ich weiss es wird mein Ende kommen.

1 I know my end must surely come, But know not when, or where, or how. It may be I shall hear my doom

To-night, to-morrow, nay, or now; Ere yet this present hour is fied, This living body may be dead.

2 Lord Jesus, let me daily die, And at the last Thy presence give; Then Death his utmost power may try,

He can but make me truly live.
Then welcome my last hour shall be,
When, where, and how it pleases Thee.
Miss Winkworth. 1858.

Tr. Solomon Franck, 1711

581

L. M.

Wer weisz wie nahe mir mein Ende.

1 Who knows how near my end may be?

Time speeds away, and death comes on.

How swiftly, ah, how suddenly,
May death be here, and life be gone!

My God, for Jesus' sake I pray Thy peace may bless my dying day.

2 Teach me to ponder off my end,
And ere the hour of death appears,
To east my soul on Christ her Friend,
Nor spare repentant cries and tears.

3 And let me now so order all,
That ever ready I may be
To say with joy, whate'er befall,
Lord. do Thou as Thou wilt with me.

4 O Father, cover all my sins
With Jesus' merits, who alone
The pardon that I covet wins,
And makes His long-sought Rest my own.

5 From Him can naught my soul divide, Nor life nor death can part us now: I lay my hand upon His side, And say, my Lord and God art Thou!

6 In holy Baptism long ago
I joined me to the living Vine.
Thou lovest me in Him, I know,
In Him Thou dost accept me Thine.

7 And I have eaten of His Flesh
And drunk his Blood; nor can I be
Forsaken now, nor doubt afresh,
I am in Him and He in me.

8 Then death may come or tarry yet; I know in Christ I perish not. He never will His own forget;

410 He gives me robes without a spot.

PREPARATION FOR DEATH.

9 And thus I live in God at peace,
And die without a thought of fear,
Content to take what God decrees,
For through His Son my faith is clear;
His grace shall be in death my stay,
And peace shall bless my dying day.

Miss Winkworth. 1858.
Tr. Emilia Juliana, Countess of
Schwarzburg Rudolstadt. 1686.

182 Iambie 8, 7.

Wenn mein Stündlein vorhanden ist.

When my last hour is close at hand,
My last sad journey taken,
Do Thou, Lord Jesus! by me stand,
Let me not be forsaken.

O Lord, my spirit I resign

O Lord, my spirit I resign
Into Thy loving hands divine;
Tis safe within Thy keeping.

2 Countless as sands upon the shore,
My sins may then appall me;
Yet, though my conscience vex me sore,
Despair shall not enthrall me:
For as I draw my latest breath,
I'll think, Lord Christ! upon Thy Death,
And there find consolation.

3 I shall not in the grave remain,
Since Thou death's bonds hast severed;
But hope with Thee to rise again,
From fear of death delivered.
For where Thou art, there I shall be,
That I may ever live with Thee:
This is my joy in dying.

4 And so to Jesus Christ III go, My longing arms extending; So fall asleep in slumber deep, Slumber that knows no ending,

DEATH AND ETERNITY.

Till Jesus Christ, God's only Son, Opens the gates of bliss, leads on To Heaven, to life eternal.

Edgar Alfred Bowring. 185-, Tr. Nicholas Hermann. 1560.

583_ L. M. 6

- 1 When the last agony draws nigh, My spirit sinks in bitter fear: Courage! I conquer though I die, For Christ with death once wrestled here. Thy strife, O Christ, with death's dark powe Upholds me in this fearful hour.
- 2 In faith I hide myself in Thee; I shall not perish in the strife; I share Thy war, Thy victory, And death is swallowed up of Life. Thy strife, O Christ, with death of yere Hath conquered, and I fear no more.

Miss Winkworth. 1855 From the German.

584 L. M. 6 Herr Jesu Christ, wehr'r Mensch und Gott.

- 1 Lord Jesus Christ, true Man and God, Who borest anguish, scorn, the rod, And diedst at last upon the Tree, To bring Thy Father's grace to me: I pray Thee, through that bitter wee, Let me, a sinner, mercy know.
- 2 When comes the hour of failing breath, And I must wrestle, Lord, with death, When from my sight all fades away, And when my tougue no more can say, And when mine care no more can bear, And when my heart is racked with Sear.

PREPARATION FOR DEATH.

- 3 When all my mind is darkened o'et, And human help can do no more; Then come, Lord Jesus! come with speed, And help me in my hour of need; Lead me from this dark vale beneath, And shorten then the pangs of death.
- 4 Joyful my Resurrection be,
 Thou in the Judgment plead for me,
 And hide my sins, Lord, from Thy face,
 And give me Life, of Thy dear grace!
 I trust Thee atterly, my Lord,
 For Thou hast promised in Thy Word!
- 5 Dear Lord, forgive us all our guilt; Help us to wait until Thon wilt That we depart; and let our faith Be brave, and conquer even in death: Firm resting on Thy sacred Word, Until we sleep in Thee, our Lord.

Miss Winkworth. 1855. Tr. Paul Eber. 1557.

In near prospect of Death.

185 Mein Gott, in Deine Hände. C. I.

- 1 My God, to Thee I now commend My soul; for Thou, O Lord, Dost live and love me without and, And wilt perform Thy word.
- 2 To whom else should I make my ples, That heavenly life be mine? All souls, my God, belong to Thee; My soul is also Thine.
- 3 Thou gavest my spirit at my birth; Take back what Thou hast given; And with the Lerd I served on earth Grant me te live in heaven.

DEATH AND STERNITY.

- 4 My soul is sprinkled with the Blood Thy Son hath shed for us, And in Thy sight is pure and good, Adorned and radiant thus.
- 5 Thou my Deliverer wast of yore; From sin Thou madest me free: Now, faithful God, do Thou once more In death deliver me.
- 6 Thou livest and lovest without end, And dost perform Thy word: My parting soul I now commend To Thee, my God and Lord!

Miss Winkworth. 1855. Tr. Philip Frederic Hiller. 1765.

- 586 O Herre Gott, ich ruf zu Dir. L. M. 6 l.

 1 O Lond my God, I cry to Thee!
 In my distress Thou helpest me.
 To Thee myself I all commend:
 O swiftly now Thine angel send
 To guide me home, and cheer my heart,
 Since Thou dost call me to depart!
 - 2 O Jesus Christ, Thou Lamb of God, Once slain to take away our load! Now let Thy Cross, Thine agony, Avail to save and solace me: Thy Death to open heaven, and there Bid me the joy of angels share.
 - 3 O Holy Spirit, at the end,
 Sweet Comforter, be Thou my Friend!
 When death and hell assail me sore,
 Leave me, O leave me nevermore,
 But bear me safely through the strife,
 As Thou hast promised, into Life!

Miss Winkworth. 1858. Tr. Nicholas Selnecker 1587.

BURIAL.

BURIAL.

C. M.

- 1 Beneath our feet and o'er our head Is equal warning given; Beneath us lie the countless dead, Above us is the heaven.
- 2 Their names are graven on the stone, Their bones are in the clay; And ere another day is done Ourselves may be as they.
- 3 Death rides on every passing breeze, He lurks in every flower; Each season has its own disease, Its peril ever hour.
- 4 Our eyes have seen the rosy light Of youth's soft cheek decay, And fate descend in sudden night On manhood's middle day.
- 5 Our eyes have seen the steps of age Halt feebly towards the tomb; And still shall earth our hearts engage, And dreams of days to come?
 - 6 Turn, mortal, turn! thy danger know; Where'er thy foot can tread, The earth rings hollow from below, And warns thee of her dead.
- 7 Turn, Christian, turn! thy soul apply To truths divinely given; The bones that underneath thee lie Shall live for hell or heaven.

Reginald Heber. 1827. **588 118**.

1 Things of the earth in the earth let us lay,
Ashes with ashes, the dust with the clay:
But lift up the heart, and the eye, and the love,
Lift up the soul to the regions above!

DEATH AND STERNITY.

- 2 Since He, the Immortal, hath entered the gate, 80 too shall we mortals, or sooner or late. Stand we on Christ: let us mark Him ascend, Whose is the glory and life without end.
- 3 There with His own ones, the Giver of good, Blessing them once more, a little while stood: Nothing can part us, nor distance, nor foes, For lo! He is with us, and who can oppose?
- 4 So, Lord, we commit this our brother to Thee, Whose body is dead, but whose spirit is free: We know that, through grace, when our life here is done,

We live ever in Thee, and forever in one.

5 All glory to Thee, Father, Spirit, and Son, Who Three art in person, in substance but One, In Whom we have victory over the grave, Who lovest Thy people to pardon and save.

John Mason Neale. 1864. a. From the Greek.

589 Ach, wie so sanft entschläfest du. C. M.

- 1 Ar length released from many woes, How sweetly dost thou sleep! How calm and peaceful thy repose, While Christ thy soul doth keep!
- 2 In earth's wide field thy body now We sow, which lifeless lies, In sure and certain hope that thou More glorious shalt arise.
- 3 Then rest thee in thy lowly bed, Nor shall our hearts repine. Thy toils and woes are finished: A happy lot is thine.

BURIAL.

- 4 The Bridegroom will not long delay; The Shepherd soon will come, And take His cherished lamb away To His eternal home.
 - 5 Blest, who have Jesus' love esteemed
 O'er every earthly thing;
 For none of all His flock redeemed
 Will Jesus fail to bring.

Frances Elizabeth Con. 1841, a. Tr. Gottfried Neumann. 1778.

590

L. M.

- 1 ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep, From which none ever wakes to weep: A calm and undisturbed repose, Unbroken by the last of foes.
- 2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet To be for such a slumber meet; With hely confidence to sing That Death has lost his venomed sting!
- 3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest, Whose waking is supremely blest: No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour That manifests the Savior's power.
- 4 Asleep in Jesus! O, for me May such a blissful refuge be: Securely shall my ashes lie, And wait the summons from on high.
- 5 Asleep in Jesus! time nor space Affects this precious hiding-place: On Indian plains or Lapland snows Believers and the same repose.
- 6 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
 Thy kindred and their graves may be;
 But thine is still a blessed sleep,
 From which none ever wakes to weep.

 Mrs. Mackay. 1835.

417 .

DEATH AND ETERNITY.

591

C. H

- Why do we mourn departing friends, Or shake at death's alarms?
 Tis but the voice that Jesus sends To call them to His arms.
- 2 Are we not tending upward too
 As fast as time can move?
 Nor should we wish the hours more slow,
 To keep us from our love.
 - 3 Why should we tremble to convey Their bodies to the tomb? There the dear flesh of Jesus lay, There hopes unfading bloom.
 - 4 The graves of all His saints He blessed, And softened every bed: Where should the dying members rest, But with their dying Head?
 - 5 Thence He arose, ascending high, And showed our feet the way; Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly At the great rising-day.
 - 6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound, And bid our kindred rise; Awake, ye nations under ground; Ye saints, ascend the skies.

Watte. 1709. a

C. P. 1

592

1 Ir death our friends and us divide, Thou dost not, Lord, our sorrow chide, Or frown our tears to see;

Or frown our tears to see; Restrained from passionate excess, Thou bidd'st us mourn in calm distress. For them that rest in Thee.

. 418

BURIAL.

- We feel a strong immortal hope,
 Which bears our mournful spirits up
 Beneath their mountain load;
 Redeemed from death, and grief, and pain,
 We soon shall find our friend again
 Within the arms of God.
 - 3 Pass a few fleeting moments more, And death the blessing shall restore Which death has snatched away; For us Thou wilt the summons send, And give us back our parted friend, In that eternal day.

C. Wesley. 1762. a.

193

78.

- 1 HARK! a voice divides the sky; Happy are the faithful dead, In the Lord who sweetly die; They from all their toils are freed.
- 2 Them the Spirit hath declared Blest, unutterably blest; Jesus is their great Reward, Jesus is their endless Rest.
- 3 Followed by their works, they go Where their Head had gone before; Reconciled by grace below, Grace hath opened mercy's door.
- 4 Justified through faith alone, Here they knew their sins forgiven; Here they laid their burden down, Hallowed and made meet for heaven.
- 5 When from flesh the spirit freed Hastens homeward to return, Mortals cry, "A man is dead!" Angels sing, "A child is born!"

C. Wesley. 1742.

14

1 BLESSING, honor, thanks, and praise, Pay we, gracious God, to Thee; Thou, in Thine abundant grace, Givest us the victory!

2 True and faithful to Thy word, Thou hast glorified Thy Son; Jesus Christ, our dying Lord, He for us the fight hath won.

3 Lo, the prisoner is released, Lightened of his fleshly load: Where the weary are at rest, He is gathered into God!

4 Lo, the pain of life is past, All his warfare now is o'er; Death and hell behind are cast, Grief and suffering are no more.

5 Yes, the Christian's course is run, Ended is the glorious strife; Fought the fight, the work is done, Death is swallowed up of Life! C. Wesley. 1742. 71

595

Death of a Child.

WHEREFORE should I make my moas, Now the darling child is dead? He to early rest is gone, He to paradise is fled: I shall go to him, but he Never shall return to me. 2 God forbids his longer stay;

God recalls the precious loan; God hath taken him away From my bosom to His own: Surely what He wills is best; Happy in His will I rest.

BURIAL.

3 Faith cries out, It is the Lord,
Let Him do as seems Him good!
Be Thy holy Name adored;
Take the gift awhile bestowed:
Take the child no longer mine;
Thine he is, forever Thine.

C. Wesley. 1749.

Guter Hirt, Du hast gestillet. 7, 8, 7.

1 GENTLE Shepherd, Thou hast stilled
Now Thy little lamb's long weeping:
Ah how peaceful, pale, and mild,
In its narrow bed'tis sleeping!
And no sigh of anguish sore
Heaves that little bosom more.
2 In this world of care and pain,

2 In this world of care and pain,
Lord, Thou wouldst to longer leave it:
To the sunny heavenly plain
Dost Thou now in joy receive it.
Clothed in robes of spotless white,
Now it dwells with Thee in light.

3 Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we
Where it lives may soon be living,
And the lovely pastures see
That its heavenly food are giving.
Then the gain of death we'll prove,
Though Thou take what most we love.

Miss Winkworth. 1858.

Tr. - Meinhold.

RESURRECTION.

And must this body die,
This mortal frame decay?
And must these sotive limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the olay?

322

S. M.

DEATH AND ETERNITY.

- 2 Corruption, earth, and worms, Shall but refine this flesh, Till my triumphent spirit comes To put it on afresh.
- 3 God my Redeemer lives,
 And often from the skies
 Looks down and watches all my dust,
 Till He shall bid it rise.
- 4 Arrayed in glorious grace
 Shall these vile bodies shine,
 And every shape, and every face,
 Look heavenly and divine.
- 5 These lively hopes we owe
 To Jesus' dying Love:
 We would adore His grace below,
 And sing His power above.
- 6 Dear Lord, accept the praise Of these our humble songs, Till tunes of nobler sound we raise With our immortal tongues.

Watte, 1709.

598

C. M

- 1 THROUGH sorrow's night and danger's path, Amid the deepening gloom, We soldiers of an injured King Are marching to the tomb.
- 2 There, when the turmoil is no more, And all our powers decay, Our cold remains in solitude Shall sleep the years away.
- 3 Our labors done, securely laid
 In this our last retreat,
 Unheeded o'er our silent dust
 The storms of life shall beat.

RESURBBOTION:

- 4 Yet not thus thus lifeless, thus inane,
 The vital spark shall lie,
 For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise
 To seek its kindred sky.
 - 5 These ashes too, this little dust, Our Father's care shall keep, Till the last angel rise, and break The long and dreary sleep.
 - 6 Then love's soft dew o'er every eye Shall shed its mildest rays, And the long silent dust shall burst With shouts of endless praise.

Henry Kirke White. 1806.

599

H. M.

1 My life's a shade, my days
Apace to death decline:
My Lord is Life; He'll raise
My dust again, even mine.
Sweet truth to me!
And with these eyes
I shall arise,
My Savior see.

2 My peaceful grave shall keep
My bones till that sweet day;
I shall awake from sleep
And leave my bed of clay.

Sweet truth to me! | And with these eyes
I shall arise, My Savior see.

3 Then welcome, harmless grave!
By thee to heaven I'll go:
My Savior's Death shall save

Me from the flames below.

Sweet truth to me! And with these eyes
I shall arise. My Savior see.

My Savior see.

Samuel Crossman. 1664. a.

DRATH AND STERRITY.

-	•	^

PSALM 17.

1 What sinners value I resign:
Lord, 'tis enough that Thou art mine!
I shall behold Thy blissful face,

And stand complete in rightcourness.

This life's a dream, an empty show;
But the bright world to which I go

Hath joys substantial and sincere: When shall I wake and find me there?

3 O glorious hour! O blest abode! I shall be near and like my God; And flesh and sin no more control. The sacred pleasures of the soul.

4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Savior's image rise,
Watts. 1719.

601

C. M

- 1 'Trs sweet to rest in lively hope, That when my change shall come, Angels will hover round my bed, And wast my spirit home.
- 2 There shall my disimprisoned soul Behold Him and adore; Be with His likeness satisfied, And grieve and sin no more.
- 3 Shall see Him wear that very flesh On which my guilt was lain; His Love intense, His merit fresh, As though but newly clain.
- 4 Soon too my slumbering dust shall hear The trumpet's quickening sound; And, by my Savior's power rebuilt, At His right hand be found.

RESURRECTION.

5 These eyes shall see Him in that day, The Lerd that died for me: And all my rising bones shall say, Lord, who is like to Thee!

6 If such the views which grace unfolds,
Weak as it is below,
What raptures must the Church above
In Jesus' presence know!
Augustus M. Tooladu, 1777

Augustus M. Toplady. 1777. a.

78.

1 "Spirit, leave thy house of clay:
Lingering dust, resign thy breath!
Spirit, cast thy chains away;
Dust, be thou dissolved in death!"

Dust, be thou dissolved in death!"
Thus the mighty Savior speaks,
While the faithful Christian dies;
Thus the bonds of life he breaks.

And the ransomed captive flies.

2 "Prisoner, long detained below, Prisoner, now with freedom blest; Welcome from a world of woe, Welcome to a land of rest!" Thus the choir of angels sing,

As they bear the soul on high, While with hallelujahs ring All the regions of the sky.

3 Grave, the guardian of our dust, Grave, the treasury of the skies, Every atom of thy trust

Rests in hope again to rise.

Hark! the judgment-trumpet calls,

"Soul, rebuild thy house of clay; Immortality thy walls,

And eternity thy day!"

James Montgomery. 1803. a.

JUDGME

603

1 THE Lord will come! the The hills their fixed seat And withering, from the The stars withdraw their

- 2 The Lord will come! but As once in lowly form He A silent Lamb to slaught The bruised, the suffering
- 3 The Lord will come! a.d With wreath of flame. an On cherub wings, and wir Anointed Judge of huma
- 4 Can this be He who wont A pilgrim on the world's By power opprest, and me O God, is This the Crucif
- 5 Go, tyrants, to the rocks Go, seek the mountain's c But faith, victorious o'er Shall sing for joy, the Lo

604

1 Lo! He comes, with eld Once for favored sing Thousand thousand sai Swell the triumph of Hallelujah! God appears on earth

2 Every eye shall now be Robed in dreadful in Those who set at naug



JUDGMENT.

Pierced and nailed Him to the tree, Deeply wailing, Shall the true Messiah see.

3 The dear tokens of His Passion Still his dazzling Body bears: Cause of endless exultation To His ransomed worshippers;

With what rapture
Gaze we on these glorious scars!

4 Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne!
Savior, take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdom for Thine own!
Come, Lord Jesus!

Everlasting God, come down!

C. Wesley. 1758. a.

605

Iambic 8, 7.

1 GREAT God, what do I see and hear!

DEATH AND ETERNITY.

y of grace is past and gone; ling they stand before the throne, unprepared to meet Him.

God, what do I see and hear! e end of things created! Judge of all men doth appear, a clouds of glory seated: eath His Cross I view the day en heaven and earth shall pass away, and thus prepare to meet Him.

Partiy William Bengo Collyer. 1812.

L. M.

ar Day of wrath, that dreadful Day, en heaven and earth shall pass away, at power shall be the sinner's stay? w shall he meet that dreadful Day? ensh, rivelling like a parched scroll, a flaming heavens together roll; en louder yet, and yet more dread, ells the high trump that wakes the dead: d! on that Day, that wrathful Day, en man to judgment wakes from clay, Thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay, pugh heaven and earth shall pass away.

Sir Walter Scott. 1805. α.

The harvest of the Lord!

or all the earth, with fatal sweep,
Wide waves his flaming sword.

and who are they, in sheaves to bide
The fire of vengeance bound!

te tares, whose rank laxuriant pride

Choked the fair crop around.

15 W No Bo

6000

17 Be St St St 18 D

De Ca

M 19 T 0 S



JUDGMENT.

- 3 And who are they, reserved in store God's treasure-house to fill? The wheat, a hundred fold that bore. Amid surrounding ill.
- 4 O King of mercy! grant us power
 Thy flery wrath to flee!
 In Thy destroying angel's hour,
 O gather us to Thee!

Henry Hart Milman. 18.

BOR

L.

- 14 Worthless are my prayers and sighing; Yet, good Lord, in grace complying, Rescue me from fires undying!
- 15 With Thy favored sheep, O place me! Nor amid the goats abase me: But to Thy right hand upraise me.
- 16 While the wicked are confounded, Doomed to flames of wee unbounded, Call me, with Thy saints surrounded.
- 17 Bows my heart in meck submission, Strewn with ashes of contrition; Succor Thou my lost condition!
- 18 Day of sorrows, Day of weeping, When, in dust no longer sleeping, Man awakes in Thy dread keeping!
- 19 To the Rest Thou didst prepare me, On Thy Cross, O Christ, upbear me! Spare, O God, in mercy spare me!

William Joseph Irons. 1853. a. Tr. Thomas de Celano. ab. 1250.



DEATH AND LIEBNITY. Trochaic 8s.

Dies Irse, Dies illa. 1 DAY of wrath, that Day of mourning! See fulfilled the prophet's warning, Heaven and earth in ashes burning! 09

2 O what fear man's bosom rendeth, When from heaven the Judge descendeth, On whose sentence all dependeth!

3 Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth, Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth, All before the throne it bringeth.

THAT Day of Wrath, that dreadful Day, When heaven and earth shall pass away, What power shall be the sinner's stay? 606 How shall be meet that dreadful Day?

2 Whensh, rivelling like a parched scroll, The faming heavens together roll; When loader yet, and yet more dread, Swells the high trump that wakes the 3 Lord! on that Day, that wrathful De When man to judgment wakes from

Be Thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay; Though heaven and earth shall pass

THE angel comes, he comes to red The harvest of the Lord! O'er all the earth, with fatal swe 607 Wide waves his faming sword 2 And who are they, in sheaves to The fire of vengeanes bound The tares, whose rank levarias Choked the fair grop store



JUDGMENT.

- •11 Righteous Judge of retribution, Grant Thy gift of absolution, Ere that day's dread execution.
 - 12 Guilty, now I pour my moaning,
 All my shame with anguish owning!
 Spare, O God, Thy suppliant, groaning
 - 13 Thou the woman gavest remission, Heard'st the dying thief's petition: Hopeless else were my condition.
 - 14 Worthless are my prayers and sighing Yet, good Lord, in grace complying, Rescue me from fires undying!
 - 15 With Thy favored sheep, O place me! Nor amid the goats abase me: But to Thy right hand upraise me.
 - 16 While the wicked are confounded, Doomed to flames of woe unbounded, Call me, with Thy saints surrounded.
 - 17 Bows my heart in meek submission, Strewn with ashes of contrition; Succor Thou my lost condition!
 - 18 Day of sorrows, Day of weeping, When, in dust no longer sleeping, Man awakes in Thy dread keeping!
 - 19 To the Rest Thou didst prepare me, On Thy Cross, O Christ, upbear me! Spare, O God, in mercy spare me! William Joseph Irone. 1853. Tr. Thomas de Celano, ab. 1

DEATH AND PRESNITY.

a	•	^
o	1	v

- And must the dead arise,
 And not a single soul escape
 His all-discerning eyes?
- 2 How will my heart endure
 The terrors of that day,
 When earth and heaven before His fact
 Astonished shrink away?
- 3 But ere that trumpet shakes
 The mansions of the dead,
 Hark, from the Gospel's gentle voice
 What joyful tidings spread!
- 4 Ye sinners, seek His grace, Whose wrath ye cannot bear; Fly to the shelter of His Cross, And find salvation there.
- 5 So shall that curse remove, By which the Savier bled; And the last awful day shall pour His blessings on your head.

Doddnidge.

611

- 1 When Thou, my righteous Judge, shalt of To call Thy ransomed people home, Shall I among them stand? Shall such a worthless worm as I, So sinful and unfit to die, Be found at Thy right hand?
- 2 Blest Savior, grant it by Thy grace; Be Thou my soul's sure Hiding-place, In this my gracious day: Thy pardoning voice O let me hear, To still my unbelieving fear, Nor let me fall away!

JUDGMENT.

Whene'er the archangel's tramp shall sound,
To see Thy smiling face;
Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
The riches of Thy grape.

Selina, Countees of Huntingdon. 1772. a.

612

C. M.

- 1 When rising from the bed of death,
 O'crwhelmed with guilt and fear,
 I see my Maket face to face,
 O how shall I appear!
- 2 If yet, while pardon may be found, And mercy may be sought, My heart with inward horror shrinks, And trembles at the thought:
- 3 When Thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed In majesty severe, And sit in judgment on my soul, O how shall I appear!
- 4 But Thou hast told the troubled mind,
 Who does her sins lament,
 The timely tribute of her tears
 Shall endless wee prevent.
 - 5 Then see the serrows of my heart,
 Ere yet it be too late;
 And hear my Savior's dying groans,
 To give those sorrows weight.
 - 6 For never shall my soul despair Her pardon to procure, Who knows Thine only Son has died. To make her pardon sure.

Joseph Addison. 1728.

613

S. M

- 1 Thou Judge of quick and dead,
 Before whose bar severe,
 With holy joy or guilty dread
 We all shall soon appear;
 Our cautioned souls prepare
 For that tremendous day,
 And fill us now with watchful care,
 And stir us up to pray:
- 2 To pray, and wait the hour, That awful hour unknown, When, robed in majesty and power, Thou shalt from heaven come down, The immortal Son of Man, To judge the human race, With all Thy Father's daszling train, With all Thy glorious grace.
 - 3 To damp our earthly joys,
 To increase our gracious fears,
 Forever let the archangel's voice,
 Be sounding in our ears
 The solemn midnight cry,
 "Ye dead, the Judge is come:
 Arise, and weet Him in the sky,
 And meet your instant doom!"
- 4 O may we all be found
 Obedient to Thy word,
 Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
 And looking for our Lord!
 O may we thus insure
 A lot among the blest;
 And watch a moment to secure
 An everlasting rest. C. Wesley. 17

- 2 There everlisting spring abides, And never-withering flowers. Death, like a narrow sea, divides This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood, Stand drest in living green: So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink To cross this narrow see, And linger, shivering, on the brink, And fear to launch away.
- 5 O could we make our doubts remove,... Those globay doubts that rise, And view the Cansan that we love With unbedouded eyes!
- 6 Could we but climb where Masse stood, And view the landscape o'er, Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

Watte. 1709.

С. М.

616

I On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye To Cansan's fair and happy land,

HEAVEN.

615

1 THERE is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign; Infinite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain. C. M.

2 0 that hope, how bright, how glorious! 'Tis His people's blest reward; In the Savior's strength victorious, They at length behold their Lord: In His kingdom they shall rest, In His love be fully blest.

Thomas Kelly. 1:

S

619

I We know, by faith we know,
If this vile house of clay,
This tabermacle, sink below
In ruinous decay;
We have a House above,
Not made with mortal hands;
And firm as our Redoemer's Love
That heavenly fabric stands.

It stands securely high,
Indissolubly sure;
Our glorious mansion in the sky
Shall evermore endure.
O may we enter there,
To perfect heaven restored!
O may we be caught up to share
The triumph of our Lord!

3 Absent, alas! from God,
We in the body mourn,
And pine to quit this mean abode,
And languish to return.
Jesus, regard our vows,
And change our faith to sight;
And clothe us with our nobler House
Of everlasting light!

4 O let us put on Thee
In perfect holiness,
And rise prepared Thy face to see,
Thy bright, unclouded face!

438

HEAVEN.

Thy grace with glory crown, Who hast the earnest given; And then triumphantly come down, And take us up to heaven!

O. Wesley. 1758. a.

620

С. М.

1 JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end
In joy, and peace, and thee?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls And pearly gates behold? Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,

And streets of shining gold?

3 0 when, thou city of my God, Shall I thy courts ascend, Where evermore the angels sing, Where sabbaths have no end?

4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom, Nor sin nor sorrow know: Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes I onward press to you.

5 Why should I shrink from pain and woe, Or feel at death dismay? I've Canaan's goodly land in view, And realms of endless day.

6 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there Around my Savier stand; And soon my friends in Christ below Will join the glorious band.

7 Jerusalem, my happy home! My soul still pants for thee; Then shall my labors have an end, When I thy joys shall see.

Unknown. 1801. a.

G	2	1
v.	~	_

8,

Y. 5

:::

1 Hean what God the Lord hath spoken:
O my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afficted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you.
Thorns of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways:
You shall name your walls salvation,
And your gates shall all be praise.
2 There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures without end shall flow;
For the Lord, your faith rewarding;
All His bounty shall bestow.

Still in undisturbed possession,

Peace and righteousness shall reign:
Never shall you feel oppression,

Hear the voice of war again.

3 Ye no more your suns descending,

Waning moons no more shall see;
But, your griefs forever ending,
Find eternal noon in Me.
God shall rise, and shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night:
He, the Lord, shall be your Glery,
God your everlasting Light.

William Comper. 1779.

622

1 Who are these in bright array,
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar night and day
Hymning one triumphant song?
"Worthy is the Lamb, once alain,
Blessing, honor, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches to obtain,
New dominion every hour."

HEAVEN.

2 These through fiery trials trod;
These from great affliction came;
Now, before the throne of God,
Sealed with His Almighty Name,
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Through their great Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb amidst the throne
Shall to living fountains lead:
Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels all fears;
And forever from their eyes
God shall wipe away their tears.

James Montgomery. 1819. a.

928

6, 8, 4.

1 The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty blest:
A land of secred liberty,
And endless rest.
There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound,
And trees of life forever grow,
With mercy crowned.

There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our Righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace;
On Zion's sained height,
His kingden still maintains;
And glorious, with His saints in light,
Forever reigns.

3 He keeps His own secure;
He guards them by His side;
Arrays in garments white and pure
His spotless Bride;
With streams of sacred bliss,
With groves of living joys,
With all the fruits of paradise,
He still supplies.

Hefore the great Three-One
They all exulting stand,
And tell the wonders He hath done
Through all their land:
The listening spheres attend,
And swell the growing fame;
And sing, in songs which never end,
The wondrous Name.

Thomas Olivers. 1772.

624

Continued.

6, 8, 4

1 THE God who reigns on high,
The great archangels sing,
And "Holy, holy, holy," ory,
"Almighty King!
Who was and is the same,
And evermore shall be;
Jehovah, Father, great I AM,
We worship Thee."

2 Before the Savior's face
The ransomed nations bow,
O'cowhelmed at His almighty grace,
Forever new:
He shows His prints of love;
They kindle to a flame,
And sound, through all the worlds above,
The slaughtered Lamb.

HEAVEN.

The whole triumphant host Give thanks to God on high; "Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!" They ever cry: Hail, Abraham's God, and mine! I join the heavenly lays; All might and majesty are Thine, And endless praise.

Thomas Olivers. 1772.

69K

To God the Father, Son, And Spirit, One in Three, Be glory, as it was, is now, And shall forever be.

3

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom earth and heaven adore,
Be glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here below; Praise Him above, ye heavenly host; Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

5

4

L. M. 6 l.

To God the Father, God the Son, And God the Spirit, Three in One, Be glory in the highest given, By all on earth, and all in heaven; As was through ages heretofore, Is now, and shall be evermore.

44.

7 So when my latest breath Shall rend the veil in twain, By death I shall escape from death, And Life eternal gain.

8 Knowing as I am known, How shall I love that word, And oft repeat before the throne, "Forever with the Lord!"

James Montgomery. 1853.

And tell the wonders He hath done
Through all their land:
The listening spheres attend,
And swell the growing fame;
And sing, in songs which never end,
The wondrous Name.

Thomas Olivers, 1772.

624

Continued.

6, 8, 4.

1 The God who reigns on high,
The great archangels sing,
And "Holy, holy," ory,
"Almighty King!
Who was and is the same,
And evermore shall be;
Jehovah, Father, great I AM,
We worship Thee."

2 Before the Savior's face
The ransomed nations bow,
O'erwhelmed at His almighty grace,
Forever new:
He shows His prints of love;
They kindle to a fiame,
And sound, through all the worlds above,
The slaughtered Lamb.

.442



1

2

3

4

5

33.

i

DOXOLOGIES.

DOXOLOGIES.

Iambic.

1 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, The God whom we adore, Be glory, as it was, is now, And shall be evermore.

To God the Father, Son, And Spirit, One in Three, Be glory, as it was, is now, And shall forever be.

To Father, Son. and Holy Ghost,
The God whom earth and heaven add
Be glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

Praise Him, all creatures here below; Praise Him above, ye heavenly host; Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

> To God the Father, God the Son, And God the Spirit, Three in One, Be glory in the highest given, By all on earth, and all in heaven; As was through ages heretofore, Is now, and shall be evermore.

DOXOLOGIES.

6	С. Р. М.
	To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, The God whom heaven's triumphant host And saints on earth adore; Be glory, as in ages past,
	And now it is, and so shall fast, When time shall be no more.
_	
7	н. м.
•	To God the Father, Son,
	And Spirit, ever blest,
	Eternal Three in One,
	All worship be addrest;
	As heretofore, And shall be so
	It was, is now, For evermore.
8	× c
•	7, G
	To Father, Son, and Spirit, Eternal One and Three,
	As was, and is forever,
	All praise and glory be.
	. An praise and giory be.
_	
y	6,4
	To God the Father, Son,
	And Spirit, Three in One.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, Three in One,
All praise be given:
Crown Him in every song;
To Him our hearts belong:
Let all His praise prolong
On earth, in heaven.

Trockaie,

78.

HOLY Father, holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One!
Glory, as of old, to Thee
Now and evermore shall be.

DONOLOGIES:

PRAISE the Name of God most high; Praise Him, all below the sky; Praise Him, all ye heavenly host, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost: As through countless ages past, Evermore His praise shall last.

. 1.5

٠,٠

PRAISE the Father, earth and heaven, Praise the Son, the Spirit praise; As it was, and is, be given Glory through eternal days.

8, 7.

PRAISE the God of all oreation;
Praise the Eather's boundless Love;
Praise the Lamb, our Expistion,
Priest and King, enthroned above;
Praise the Fountain of salvation,
Him by whom our spirits live;
Undivided adoration
To the one Jehovah giva.

8. 7.

GREAT Jehovah, we adore Thee, God the Father, God the Son, God the Spirit, joined in glory On the same eternal throne: Endless praises To Jehovah, Three in One.

449

DOXOLOGIES.

13

GLORY be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory be to God the Spirit,
Everlasting Three in One:
Thee let heaven and earth adore,
Now, henceforth, and evermore.

16

GLORY be to God most high, Glory to the Savior, Glory to the Holy Ghost, Now, henceforth, forever.

17

FATHER, Son, and Spirit, Endless One in Three, Now, henceforth, forever, Glory be to Thee.

Dactylic.

18

O FATHER Almighty, to Thee be addrest, With Christ and the Spirit, one God ever bles All glory and worship from earth and from he As was, and is now, and shall ever be given. رسال آثر بو

*	indicates	the	hymn	to	be of	Germa	n origin.
†	indicates	the	hymn	to	be of	f Latin	origin.
ŧ	indicates	the	hvmn	to	be of	Greek	origin.

	н:	1313.
Abide with me; fast falls the eventide		551
*Abide with us, our Savior		55
'Accept, O Lord, Thy servants' thanks		315
According to Thy gracious word .		325
A charge to keep I have		489
·A few more years shall roll		576
Affliction is a stormy deep		515
. A glory gilds the sacred page		312
†-A great and mighty wonder .		130
*Ah, this heart is void and chill		487
· Ah, wretched souls, who strive in vain		394
†A hymn of glory let us sing		199
·Alas, and did my Savior bleed		180
†-Alleluia, best and sweetest	•	31
+All glory, praise, and honor .	_	212
All hail the power of Jesus' Name	•	213
All is o'er, the pain, the sorrow .	_	184
All praise to Thee, my God, this night	٠	556
· All that I was, my sin, my guilt .		107
*All ye Gentile lands awake	•	142
Almighty God, in humble prayer		498
Almighty God, Thy Word is cast	•	52
Am I an Israelite indeed		502
- Am I a soldier of the Cross	•	49
Am 1 a soldier of the Closs		. 857

Amidst a world of hopes and fears .		_	439
And art Thou, gracious Master, gone	_	٠.	471
And art Thou with us, gracious Lord	•	. •	89
· And is the time approaching .		•	346
And let this feeble body fail	٠.		528
And must this body die	-1 "	. •	597
And will the Judge descend .	•	_	610
1 And wilt Thou pardon, Lord .	_		356
·Another six days' work is done .	•		37
*A pilgrim and a stranger .	ì	٠,	485
Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat	•	_	370
Arise, my soul, arise		٠,.	208
· Arise, O God, and shine			145
Arise, O King of grace, arise .	_	•	- 41
*-Arise, the kingdom is at hand .	•	_	118
*A safe strenghold our God is still		••	271
Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep .	•	_	590
As with gladness men of old	٠.	•	139
*At length released from many wees	•		589
Author of good, to Thee we turn	_	•	437
Author of life divine	•	_	339
Awake, my soul, and with the sun	٠.	•	546
· Awake, my soul, in joyful lays	•		15
· Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve	Ι.	•	490
Awake, our souls, away our feers	. •		491
Awake, Thou Spirit, who didst fire :		٠	289
Away from every mortal care		:	45
Away, my needless fears	٠	٠, ٠	456
Baptised into Thy Name	٠.	٠. :	324
· Before Jehovah's awful throne .		٠.	1
Before the Lord we bow	٠,	ر نهای	531
. Behold the amazing sight .	. '	•	179
Behold the Prince of Peace	•	٠. ١	152
Behold the Savior of mankind .	. :		178
· Behold the sure Foundation Stone .	- '		258
Behold, where in a mortal form	•	٠.	149
	-,	-	
: :> 452			



REDUX OF FIRST LINES.

g of beings; God of leve		299
t my only wisdom here		499
eath our feet and o'er our head .		587
t with snares on every hand .		479
sed Jesus, at Thy word		· 47
sed Jesus, here we stand .		316
sed Savior, who hast taught me .		320
sing, honor, thanks and praise		594
t be our everlasting Lord		62
t day of God, most calm, most bright		34
t Instructor, from Thy ways .		408
t Spirit, one with God above .	•	242
v ye the trumpet, blow		102
id of heaven, on Thee we feed .	•	336
if life is here our portion		626
ied in shadows of the night .		93
dren of the heavenly King		388
ist is our Corner-Stone	٠	· 48
ist the Lord is risen te-day		190
ist, Thou art the sure Foundation	•	291
ist, whose glory file the skies .		. 39
rch of the everlasting God .	•	262
ie, divine and peaceful Guest .		251
ie, divine Emmanuel, come	•	303
ie, gracieus Spirit, heavenly Dove .		248
te hither, all ye weary souls .	•	343
ae hither, ye faithful :		129
ne, Holy Ghost, in love	•	241
ae, Holy Chost, our souls inspire		239
ne, Holy Spirit, come	•	247
ne, Holy Spirit, God and Lord .		243
ae, Holy Spirit, beavenly Dove .	•	246
ne, let us join our cheerful sougs .		162
ne, let us join our friends above .	. •	279
ae, my soul, thy suit prepare .		26
ne, said Jesus' sacred voice .		344

- 453

	· Come, sound His praise abroad .				. 3
	Come, Thou almighty King .				256
	· Come, Thou Fount of every blessing				27
	· Come, Thou long-expected Jesus				126
	· Come Thou now, and be among us				292
+	Come, Thou Savier of our race				121
	Come to Calvary's holy mountain	-			347
	Come to Thy temple here on earth		٠.		269
	·Come, ye disconsolate		_	•	519
	1-Come, ye faithful, raise the strain		-		192
	Come, ye that love the Lord	٠.		•	385
	Come, ve weary sinners, come				346
	Commit thou all thy griefs .		_	•	457
	Conquering Prince and Lord most h	ich		_	205
	† Creator of mankind	6-		•	405
	L'oronor or manana	,	•		200
	·Day divine, when in the temple				238
	† Day of wrath, that Day of mourning			•	609
	Dear Refuge of my weary soul	•	•		517
,	† Desire of nations, Lord of grace	•		•	115
	Do not I love Thee, O my Lord		•		500
	Dread Jehovah, God of nations.	•		•	532
	· Dust and ashes, sin and guilt	'	•		158
	. Dust and esues, ein and gant	•		•	100
	*Emmanuel, we sing Thy praise				132
	A thuman noit we sind Inh braise		•		104
	Far from the world, O Lord, I flee				567
	Father-for Thou my Father art	•		•	235
	Father, glorify Thy Son	•	•		234
	Father, how wide Thy glory shines	•		•	101
	-Father, in whom we live	,	•		255
		•		:	276
	Father of all, in whom we trace	•	•		421
	Father of eternal grace	•	,	•	
	Father of heaven, whose Love profe	un	ı	٠.	257
	Father of Jesus Christ, my Lord	•		•	196
	Father of lights, Thy needful aid	. •	•		440
	Father of mercies, in Thy Word	•		•	·311

ur feeble race .		512
, and Holy Ghost .		402
1, and Holy Spirit .		321
ugh I have sinned, with I	Chee	875
Thee my soul I lift .		438
ate'er of carthly bliss .		412
o hast created all .		817
o the light this day		32
little flock, the foe .		263
pless, how shall I .		153
saints, O Lord .	•	282
re my rest shall be .		377 - 5
th the Lord		625
not, my God		466
dear, dear country .		627
ercy and Thy grace .		137
he Day of God returns		50
nat dwell below the skies		308
7 stormy wind that blows		390
nland's icy mountains .		298
oe this fear and unbelief		459
pherd, Thou hast stilled .		596
God immortal praise		100
winds thy fears		458
ings of thee are spoken		260
God on high		16
Jesus	•	161
our native land		530
z yet! shall I not hear		348
re; His mercy brightens .		74
in a mysterious way		79
upporter and my Hope .		436
redeeming grace		400
lighty love		420
rnal love		406
roy, God of grace.		P48 .
		226

' (lod of my life, whose gracious power .		450
God of my life, to Thee I call		516
(lod of my salvation, hear		361
· God of unbounded power		536
*·Good news from heaven the angels bring		131
· Go to dark Gethsemane		172
Grace! 'tis a charming sound		163
Gracious God, to Thee we pray	•	5 1 i
Gracious Spirit, Dove divine		249
Great Father of mankind .	•	1#
Great God, how infinite art Thou		64
Great God, the nations of the earth		296
Great God, we sing that mighty Hand .		136
Great God, what do I see and hear .	•	685
* Great High-Priest, who deignedst to be		397
Great is the Lord our God	٠	261
· Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah .		411
· Hail, all hail, Thou Lord of glory .	•	188
Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost		61
Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord, Let powers Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord, Whom One	٠	213
liail, noly, noly, noly Lord, whom One		253
Hail the day that sees Him rise	•	198
· Hail, Thou once despised Jesus		169
Hail, Thou Source of every blessing	•	141
Hail, to the Lord's Anointed		123
. Happy the souls to Jesus joined .	•	278
† Hark, an awful voice is sounding		116
Hark, a voice divides the sky	•	593 422
-Hark, my soul, it is the Lord .		
Hark, ten thousand harps and voices	•	203
Hark, the glad sound, the Savior comes		124
Hark, the herald angels sing	•	123
Hark, the song of Jubilee		365
Hark, what mean those holy voices .	•	127
Hasten, Lord, the glorious time		299
· Hosten, sinner, to be wise .		W



;			
Hear what God the Lord hath spoken			621
Heaven and earth, and sea and air .			77
* Heavenward still our pathway tends			480
• He dies, the Friend sinners dies .			189
· Heirs of unending life			46
*Here behold me, as I lay me .			2
*Here I can firmly rest			4 1
He who once in righteous vengeance			160
t-His trial o'er, and now beneath			17
· Holy and reverend is the Name .			6.
10 Holy Ghost, dispel our sadness .			24
Holy Ghost, my soul inspire			25.
-Holy Chost, with light divine .			25
· Holy, holy, holy Lord			
· Holy Jesus, in whose name			2
Holy Jesus, Savior blest			22
à Holy Spirit, Lord of light .			21
# Holy Spirit, once again			24
Hosanna to the living Lord			12
· Hosanna to the Son			16
· How are Thy servants blest, O Lord			8
· How beauteous are their feet .			28
· How beautiful upon the hills .			28
How blessed, from the bonds of sin			40
How happy is the man who hears			38
Mow helpless guilty nature lies .			Ð
· How oft, alas, this wretched heart			35
How precious is the Book divine .			31
How shall the young secure their hear	ts	•	. 31
: . How shall we show our love to Thee			51
How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds			21
. How welcome was the call	-		54
· How wondrous and great .		٠.	30
/ t.Humbly I adore Thee	-		33
		-	
If death our friends and us divide	-/		59
If God Himself he for me	Ξ,		

.

INED'S OF FIRST LINES.

· If Thou impart Thyself to me		367
·I heard the voice of Jesus say		103
* I know my end must surely come .		59
I know that my Redeemer lives .		206
*I know Thy thoughts are peace toward me	,	419
·1 lay my sins on Jesus		374
I'll praise my Maker whilst I've breath		2
· I love the volume of Thy Word .		389
· I love Thy Zion, Lord		272
· I love to steal awhile away .		568
In duties and in sufferings too .		150
In His temple now behold Him		146
In holy contemplation		454
In one fraternal bond of love		280
Inspirer and Hearer of Prayer .		557
In the Cross of Christ I glory		154
* Into Thy gracious Hands I fall		496
· In weariness and pain		521
· In vain we seek for peace with God .		98
'In vain would boasting reason find.		97
·Is God's peculiar people mine		27:
* I thirst, Thou wounded Lamb of God		375
· I was a wandering sheep		109
♣ I will leave my Jesus never		47
• I would not live alway		577
Jerusalem, my happy home .	•	620
† Jerusalem the glorious		628
Jesus, and shall it ever be	•	475
† Jesus, Brightness of the Father		91
* Jesus, I know, hath died for me	•	38
Jesus, I my cross have taken		47
Jesus invites His saints	,	320
* Jesus lives; no longer now		194
Jesus, Lord of life and glory	٠	21
Jesus, Lover of my soul		227
Josna Master of the feast		. 10



 Jesus, my great High-Priest . Jesus, my Lord, attend Jesus, my Redeemer, lives · Jesus, my Strength, my Hope Jesus, mv Truth, mv Wav t∙Jesus, Name all names above · Jesus, our Lord, how rich Thy grace · Jesus shall reign where'er the sun **≠.J**esus, still lead on * Jesus. Sun of Righteousness · Jesus, the gift divine I know • Jesus, the sinner's Friend, to Thee . † Jesus, the very thought of Thee ✓ Jesus, the weary wanderer's Rest - Jesus, Thou art my Righteousness *Jesus, Thy Blood and Righteousness * Jesus, Thy boundless Love to me Jesus, Thy soul forever blest . Jesus, Thy wandering sheep behold · . Jesus, truest Friend, unite Jesus, when a little Child · Join all the glorious names . · Joy to the world; the Lord is come Just as I am, without one plea · Lamb of God, I look to Thee Leave us not comfortless . Let all the earth their voices raiso Let earth and heaven combine · Let God, the mighty God Let others hoast how strong they be · Let songs of praises fill the sky Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates *. Light of light, enlighten me ♣.Light of the gentile world · Light of those whose dreary dwelling

· Like Noah's weary dove

· I ike sheep we went astray		95
· Lo, He comes, with clouds descending,		604
Long as I live I'll bless Thy Name .		5
· Long have I sat beneath the sound .		49
. Lord, accept our feel-le praise .		338
Lord, all I am is known to Theo	·4	68
· Lord, and whither should I go?		222
Lord, diemiss us with Thy blessing .		54
Lord, forever at Thy side . D		508
Lord, for the mercies of the night .		549
· Lord God the Holy Ghost		237
. Lord, I believe Thy precious blood .		380
* Lord, I believe were sinners more .		111
Lord, If Thou Thy grace impart .		507
Lord, in the strength of grace		401
Lord, it belongs not to my care		529
* Lord Jesus Christ, true Man and God		584
*. Lord Jesus, who our souls to save .		187
 Lord, lead the way the Savior went 		510
Lord, not to us, we claim it not .		270
Lord of hosts, to Thee we raise .		293
· Lord of the Church, we humbly pray .		285
Lord of the gospel harvest, send .		288
Lord of the harvest, hear		287
Lord of the worlds above		42
* Lord, remove the veil away		20
.Lord, should we leave Thy hallowed feet		223
· Lord, teach us how to pray aright .		23
Lord, Thine image Thou didst lend me		423
Lord, Thou art my Rock of strength .		446
Lord, Thou art the Truth and Way .		56
· Lord, Thou hast searched and seen me throu	agh	67
* Lord, Thy Death and Passion give .	•	4C0
Lord, we confess our numerous faults .		58
Lord, what is man, that child of pride		86
Lord, when before Thy throne we meet .	٠	3:'9
Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise Thee	•	110

Lo, to the hills I lift mine eye to, upon the altar lies
Love divine, all love excelling

. † Maker of earth, to Thee alone Many woes had Christ endured .

May the grace of Christ our Savior
 May we Thy precepts, Lord, fulfil
 Mighty God, while angels bless Thee

My dear Redeemer and my Lord My faith looks up to Thee

My God, accept my heart this day

My God, and is Thy table spread.

My God, I know that I must die

My God, I leave to Thee my ways.

*My God, I love Thee; not because My God, my King, Thy various prais My God, my only Help and Hope

My God, my Portion and my Love : My God, permit me not to be

My God, the Spring of all my joys . My God, to Thee I now commend

My God, to Thee I now commend
My gracious Lord, I own Thy right

My Hope, my All, my Savior Thou My Jesus, as Thou wilt

-My life's a shade; my days
-My Maker and my King

* My Savior, how shall I proclaim

My Savior, my almighty Friend

My Savior, my almighty Friend
 My soul, before thee prostrate lies

My soul, be on thy guard My soul, praise the Lord

My soul, repeat His praise
 My spirit looks to God alone

- My spirit on Thy care

my opinio on may cure

Nearer, my God, to Thee

· Not all the blood of beasts · Now from the altar of our hearts . Now I have found the ground wherein Now let our souls, on wings sublime Now may He who from the dead Now may the God of power and grace † Now, my soul, thy voice upraising . Now thank we all our God t. Now that the sun is beaming bright Now that the sun's last beam of light Now to the Lamb that once was slain Object of my first desire . O blessed souls are they O bless the Lord, my soul O Bread to pilgrims given O Christ, our Hope, our Heart's Desire O Christ, our true and only Light • 0 Christ, Thou bright and morning Star † O come, O come, Emmanuel . O could I find from day to day . * 0 draw me, Savior, after Thee 'O'er those gloomy hills of darkness O for a closer walk with God O for a faith that will not shrink O for a heart to praise my God O for a principle within . ·O for a thousand tongues to sing • O God, I long Thy light to see . O God, in whom the happy dead O God, mine inmost soul convert O God of Jacob, by whose hand O God unseen, yet ever near O gracious Hand, that freely gives . O happy day, that stays my choice O hear me, Lord, for I am poor O help us. Lord each hour of need



٠.		562	
		117	
		221	- 1
		19	
		337	•
		465	
		443	
		586	
		90	
		429	23.7
		229.	13
		273	_ `
		217	•
		113	
		616	
		5 3	
		177	
		58	
		134	
		151	
		800	
		105	
		358	
		302	
		410	
		404	
		527	
L		36 4	
		353	
		360	
		478	
		416	
		156	
•		563	
	•	3 50	
٠.	•	2 01	
		 	117 221 19 337 465 443 586 90 429 273 217 113 616 53 177 113 800 158 134 151 800 105 358 302 410 404 527 364 586 478 478 478 478 478 478 478 478 478 478

ity of threefold light .			5 †
lod, our Help in ages past .	•		573
ord is risen from the dead		-	197
at a narrow, narrow path .	٠		369
at terror in thy forethought	_	•	578
ere shall rest be found	•	_	96
on, tune thy voice	_	•	261
n, take thy toke, .	•		
oned through redeeming grace			319
be within this sacred place		•	43
e to God, immortal preaise .	•		537
se ye the Lord: 'tis good to raise		•	4
e ye the nord: the good to larse	•		•
., Lord, my froward heart .			505
., Doru, my nowaru near		•	300
emer, whither shall I fice .			474
emer, whither span I nee .	•		119
ice, all ye helievers		•	204
ice, the Lord is King .	•		185
of the weary, Thou		•	
on, ride on in majesty	•		166
my soul, and stretch thy wings		•	484
of ages, cleft for me	•		373
r of the hosts of light		•	232
y through another week .		٠.	36.
tion, O the joyful sound	•.		104
or, all my sins confessing .		•	57
or, meet it is indeed .			477
or, when in dust to Thee .		•.	171
or, who Thy flock art feeding			566
ther of hearts, before Thy face .			503
ig I am Jesus' lamb .			565
[srael's gentle Shepherd stand .			318
he vineyard Thou hast planted			267
herd of tender youth	٠.		559
e on our souls, eternal God		•	87
pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive .	-	_	352
, prog, moral o moral rollare		•	



454

• Softly now the light of day .				550
* Soldiers of Christ, arise				494
So let our lips and lives express Songs of immortal praise belong				407
Songs of immortal praise belong				66
· Songs of praise the angels sang				10
Songs of praise the angels sang Son of God, to Thee I cry				228
Sons of men, behold from far .				140
Source of light and life divine				552
Sovereign Ruler of the skies .				453
 Spirit, leave thy house of clay 				602
Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fe	ars			492
1-Stars of the morning .				92
Stricken, smitten, and afflicted .				181
·Suffering Savior, Lamb of God				335
Suffering Son of Man, be near me				170
Sweeter sounds than music knows				219
·Sweet is the memory of Thy grace				71
Sweet is the work, my God, my Ki	ng			44
Sweet is the work, my God, my King Sweet the moments, rich in blessing	5	•		167
Teach me, my God and King				396
· Teach me, O teach me, Lord, Thy v	va v			500
+ Teach us. Lord. Thy Name to know	, ·			544
76 That Day of wrath, that dreadful I	ay			606
That fearful Day, that Day of drea	ď			€08 ,
The abyss of many a former sin				35
The Advent of our God .				112
The angel comes, he comes to reap				607
t. The day is past and over .				554
The day of Resurrection				191
Thee we adore, eternal Lord				7
Thee we adore, eternal Name .				574
# Theo will I love you Channeth man	Tov	ver		426
The God of Abram praise				391
· The God who reigns on high				624
✓ • The goodly land I see				623
. The Head that once was crowned wi	tp,	rods	BT:	505
				<i>684</i>

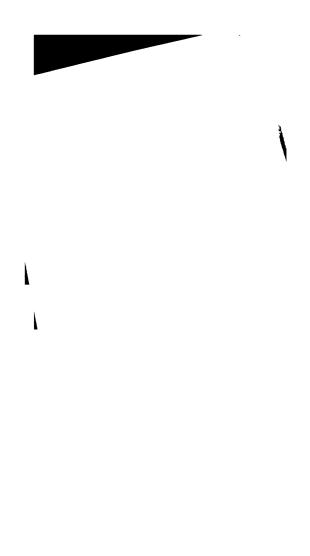
The King of heaven His table spreads .	341
The Lord my Shepherd is	. 81
The Lord my pasture shall prepare	8:
The Lord of glory is my Light	. 26
The Lord of glory is my Light The Lord will come the earth shall quake	603
·The man is ever blest	. 38
There is a fountain filled with blood .	15
There is a land of pure delight .	. 61
There is a voice of sovereign grace	36
·The reseate hues of early dawn .	. 48
† The royal banner is unfurled	17
The Savior calls; let every ear .	. 34
The Savior comes: no outward pomp .	16
The spacious firmament on high .	. 7
The Spirit in our hearts	34
The voice that breathed o'er Eden .	. 54
The year begins with Thee	13
Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love	. 61
1. Things of the earth in the earth let us lay	58
This day the light of heavenly birth	. 3
This is the day the Lord bath made .	3
Thou art my Hiding-Place, O Lord .	. 52
Thou art my Portion, O my God .	39
Thou art the Way: to Thee alone .	. 22
*. Thou hidden Love of God, whose height	42
Thou Judge of quick and dead .	. 61
Thousands of thousands stand around .	. 6
Thou seest my feebleness	. 46
·Thou very present Aid	52
·Thou wast O God, and Thou wast blest	. 7
· Thou who hast in Zion laid	29
Thou whose almighty word	. 30
Thrice happy souls, who, born of heaven	54
Through all the changing scenes of life	. 8
· Through sorrow's night and danger's patl	
· Through the day Thy Love has spared us	. 55
Thy coaseless, unexhausted Love	
z=, competent, anominationed more	•



y, O God, is in the sea		80
rd, O Ged, like gentle dews .		814
oint I long to know		504
this fleshly robe alone		230
et to rest in lively hope .		601
be glory, peace on earth .		18
the only wise		470
Name of our salvation		210
temple I repair		46
Friend, who canst not fail .		467
l I lift mine eyes		452
•		
ord, Thy habitation		28
aan, tell us of the night .		304
of wandering from my God .		357
sinner, keep thine eyes .		183
3 Thee but Thine own		513
l Thee, Lord, Thy Church's Rock		268
w, by faith we know		619
ie, Thou Victor in the strife .	•	195
our hearts to Thee		548
r him who all things losing .		481
ise and bless Thee, gracious Lord		468
re the heavens, O God of heaven		106
heering words are these		387
ur Father does is well .	•	539
hall I render to my God		12
inners value I resign		600
trange perplexities arise		501
Il Thy mercies, O my God .		14
ill with awe shall stand around .		614
shall my tears begin .		354
sathering clouds around I view .		209
His salvation bringing .		560
can read my title clear.		388

s now her his in tool most July his irnst in tool most July we mount departing friends we mount departing friends he had not, my shepherd true on not, my shepherd true estasy of joy we unite own views my poor heart hath estasy of joy we unite own views with sorow worn years opprest, with sorow worn unbe souls, approach your God unbersts of the Lord servants of the







3 2044 077 904 654